POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST NOVEMBER 2 • 1963 20c

STORM OVER SUPERCARRIERS
McNamara fights the Admirals

The Jean Harlow look
CARROLL BAKER GROWS
FROM BABY DOLL TO SCREEN SIREN

Mind-distorting drugs
the weird saga of LSD

Nightmare of a police witness / Are women a captive sex?

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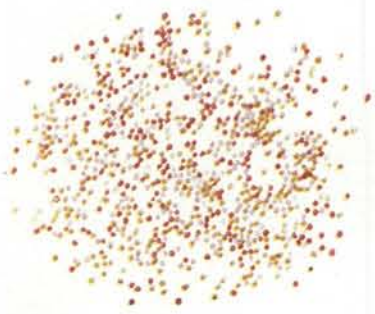

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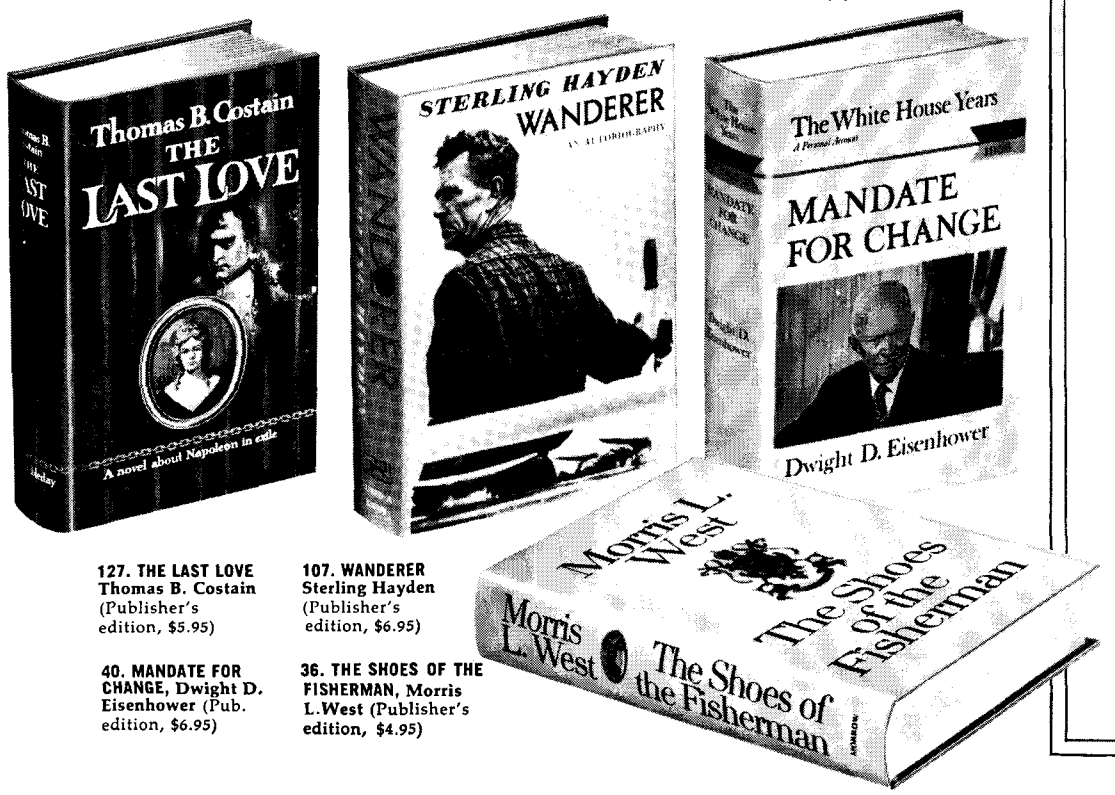

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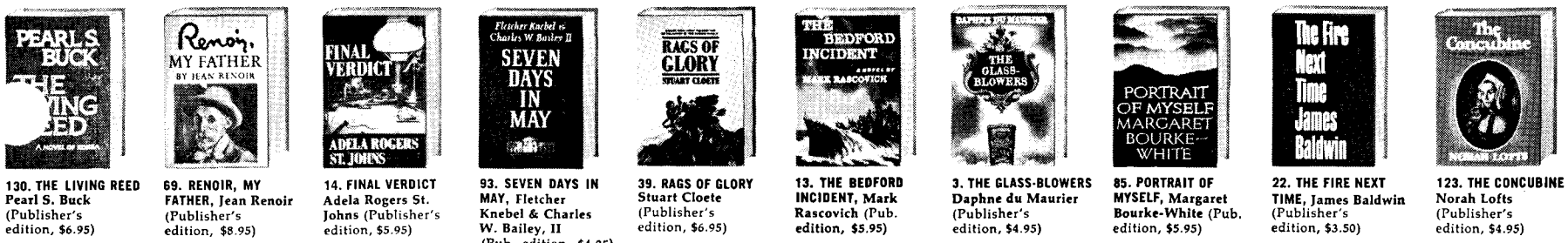

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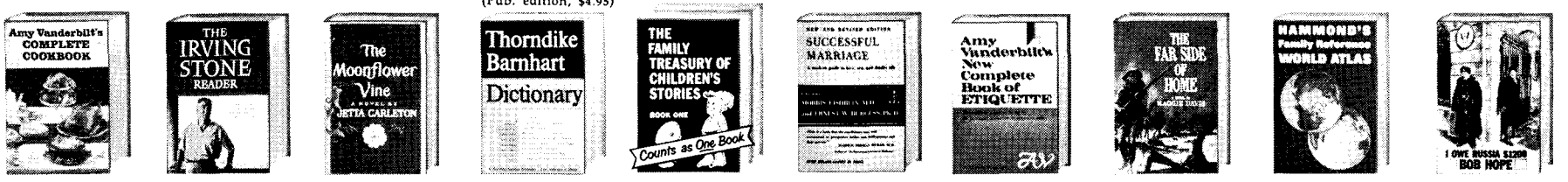
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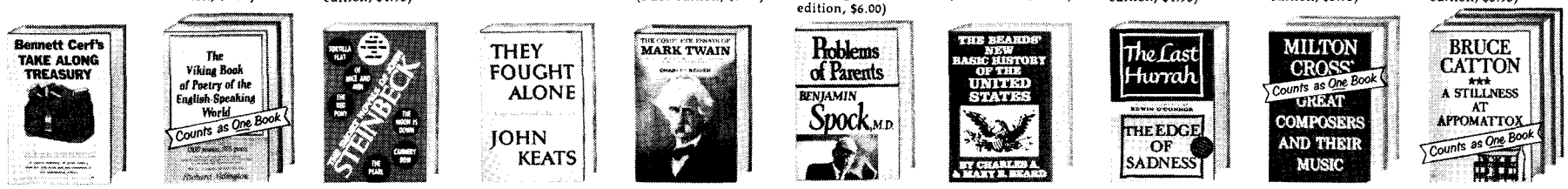

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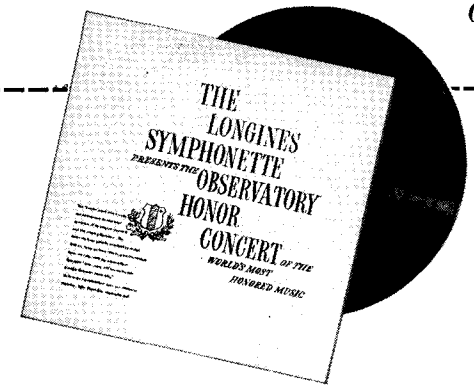

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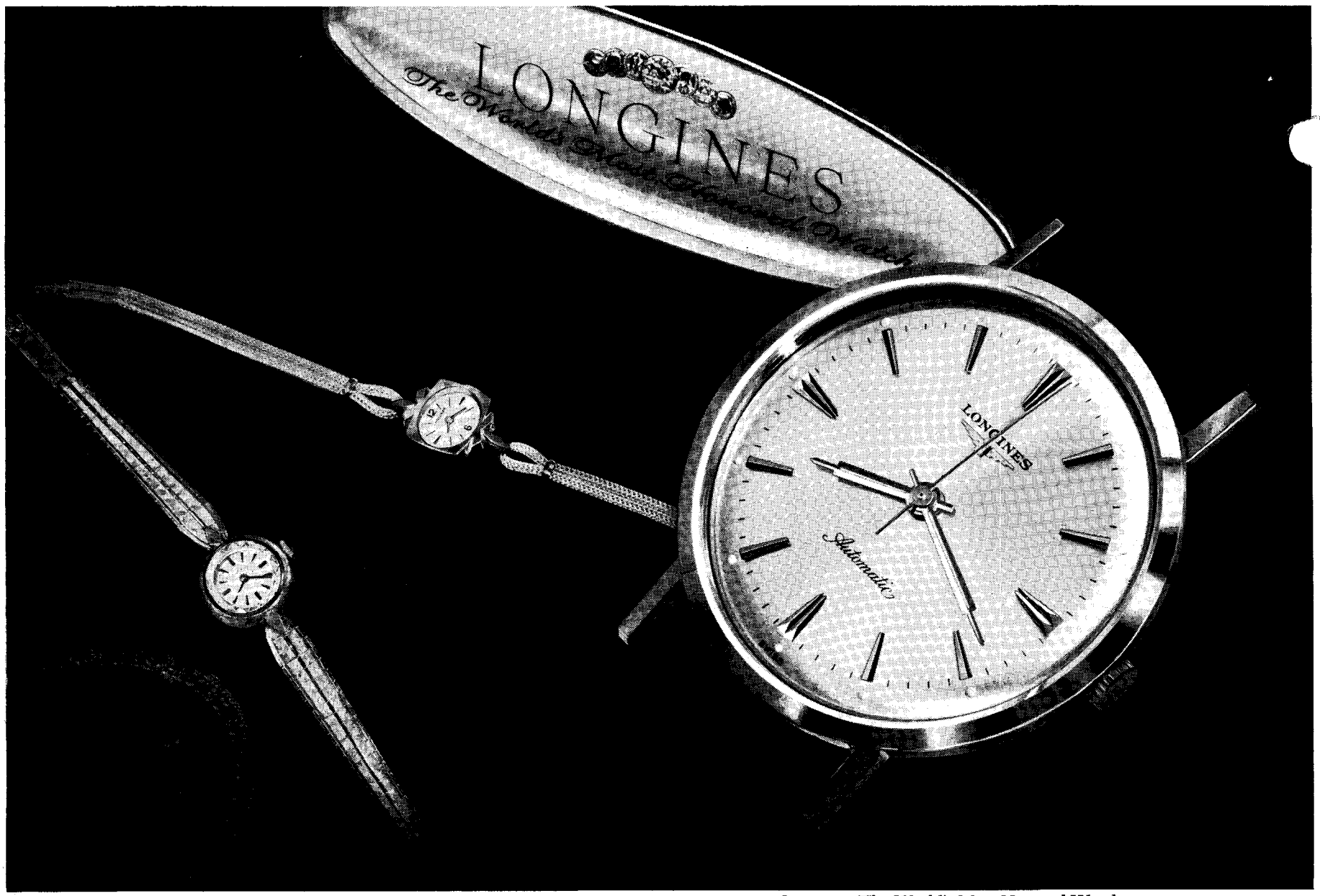

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POST

NOVEMBER 2, 1963 • 236th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 38

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The greatest sea battle in peacetime history is under way. On one side: Cost-conscious Defense Secretary Robert McNamara attacks to get more for the defense dollars. On the other side: The admirals defend the world's greatest and most costly fleet. *The Post*'s Robert K. Massie, who spent a week aboard the supercarrier *U.S.S. Independence*, also talked with the highest Navy braid and with McNamara's Pentagon lieutenants. From behind the scenes, he explains how the outcome of this struggle will profoundly affect our military strategy.

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The authors. **Frank X. Tolbert,** prizewinning newspaperman and magazine writer, first got to know John Nance Garner through their mutual interest in baseball. . . . The more contributing writer **John Kobler** probed into the mind-distorting world of LSD, the less he felt compelled to experience the drug itself, even in the interests of journalism. . . . **Bill Libby,** who writes of auto-racing champion Tony Foyt, is a free-lance sportswriter. . . . When questioned by **Richard Warren Lewis** on her recent emergence as a screen siren, Carroll Baker answered, somewhat cryptically, "Yes, I know what a sex symbol is, but what is sex?". . . Veteran Far East newsman **Rafael Steinberg,** now living in Tokyo, considers his research on the new Hilton Hotel there as "certainly among the most comfortable of all my assignments." . . . Contributing writer **Bard Lindeman** writes of the uncomfortable and threatened life of Artie Schlitz, star witness for the prosecution. . . . *The Post*'s Southeast Asia correspondent **Jerry A. Rose** reports on the turbulent career of Indonesian President Achmed Sukarno, leader of the fifth-most-populous nation in the world and an avowed enemy of the newly formed Federation of Malaysia. . . . **George Cuomo,** a former New Yorker and the author of *Jack Be Nimble,* now teaches literature at Victoria College in British Columbia. . . . Texas-born **William Harrison,** who has taught writing in the South and Midwest, is completing his first novel.

The cover portrait of versatile actress Carroll Baker was photographed by **Philippe Halsman.**

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LETTERS

Alsop's fables

Stewart Alsop's re-reading of *Tobacco Road* [AFFAIRS OF STATE, Oct. 5] is sheer fantasy. One hopes that some journalist will one day do a thorough analysis of Southern politics and not simply wade into the hyacinth and honeysuckle with a monumental prejudice.

JAMES A. HAMMOND
New York, N.Y.

• While I take no issue with Mr. Alsop on his poll of the citizens of Rome, Ga., I do resent his implication that Southerners, and in particular Georgians, whom he quoted, offend the sensibilities and the ears with poor grammar and distorted English.

H. D. PERRY
Newnan, Ga.

• Won't you please encourage Mr. Alsop to stay in the lovely ivory tower known as Washington, D.C., where his unbiased reporting will not be influenced by contact with reality?

MRS. E. W. ISAACS
Clayton, N. Mex.

• As native Romans we feel compelled to disagree with Alsop's Fables.

GEORGIA C. HARDWICK
KIKI PETROPOLE
Rome, Ga.

• Mr. Alsop's quoting a Mrs. Albert Dempsey who says, "We all must do what's right as Christians," is timely. In my opinion the lady echoes the spirit of the United States as a whole in its attitude toward the Negro as a fellow-citizen.

PATRICK A. CRORKIN
Santa Ana, Calif.

Good advice

That article by former Ambassador George F. Kennan [CAN WE DEAL WITH MOSCOW?, Oct. 5] is the finest diplomatic advice this nation or any other western nation has received in the full period of the Cold War. May the present Administration heed it to the letter.

DAVID L. SWAIN
Saint Augustine, Fla.

Soul-searching with Saroyan

I enjoyed the privilege of sitting down, in front of William Saroyan [THE FUNNY BUSINESS OF MARRIAGE, Oct. 5], listening to him, and watching him talk to himself and to me. If I could read Mr. Saroyan frequently, his way of expressing himself would improve my understanding of myself, my patients and their problems.

F. B. ROBINSON, M.D.
Oxford, Pa.

• Many thanks for sharing this provocative bit of soul-searching with your readers.

NELL YOUNG
Westminster, Md.

• Since *The Post* would be all things to all men, we assume at least a theoretical coherency for the elect in William Saroyan's piece. Our sympathies went out vaguely to his former wife.

FREDERIC BARNETT
Lionville, Pa.

• Saroyan may be a famous writer, but he is plenty stupid about the everyday things of life. Maybe he is trying to be funny. Be not deceived! He is a failure. "30 or 40 words per day"—a housewife with five children, doing all her own work, beats that. I know of such a woman who writes a daily column for a newspaper. Married life did not throw her. Why did it throw Mr. Saroyan? Too much is too much.

MINNIE MAY MARRS
Satanta, Kans.

• "Where do we go from here?" I hope Mr. Saroyan will go back to work. Certainly we need him, and it is possible that he needs us, his devoted readers.

FRANK D. HAMMER
Garden Grove, Calif.

Compounded crisis

Robert A. Liston's RIOT IN CAMBRIDGE, MARYLAND in the October 5 issue certainly restores some of this writer's badly shattered faith in our supposedly free press. Not only have you told America that all the white natives of this small town are not illiterate, vicious baboons bent on the annihilation of the colored race; you have also alerted people in all parts of the country to read all the civil-rights news calmly and critically.

WILLIAM R. MILLS
Cambridge, Md.

• It is a shame that a magazine of your stature and influence would publish so biased an article, giving practically no space to Mrs. Gloria Richardson's side of the story. Nowhere in the article does Mr. Liston point out that the Cambridge public-accommodation amendment does not include theaters, bowling alleys, etc., but is limited to restaurants and hotels. And in a canvassing project for the CNAC [Cambridge Nonviolent Action Committee] this past summer, I could see the pathetically substandard Negro housing for myself. Hardly any of the houses have such basic essentials as indoor toilets, telephones and hot water.

ANDY MOURSUND
Durham, N.C.

I WOULDN'T MIND RUNNIN' FOR PRESIDENT-- EXCEPT THAT IF I GOT ELECTED I'D HAFTA GIVE UP TRYIN' TO GET LAUGHS EVERY DAY.
NOT NECESSARILY...
Post
FERD JOHNSON

We want Moon

I enjoyed reading your editorial on the comics [THE FUNNY (?) PAPERS, Sept. 28] and send the enclosed drawing as my way of showing what a kick I got out of seeing Moon mentioned in such an illustrious forum.

FERD JOHNSON
Beverly Hills, Calif.

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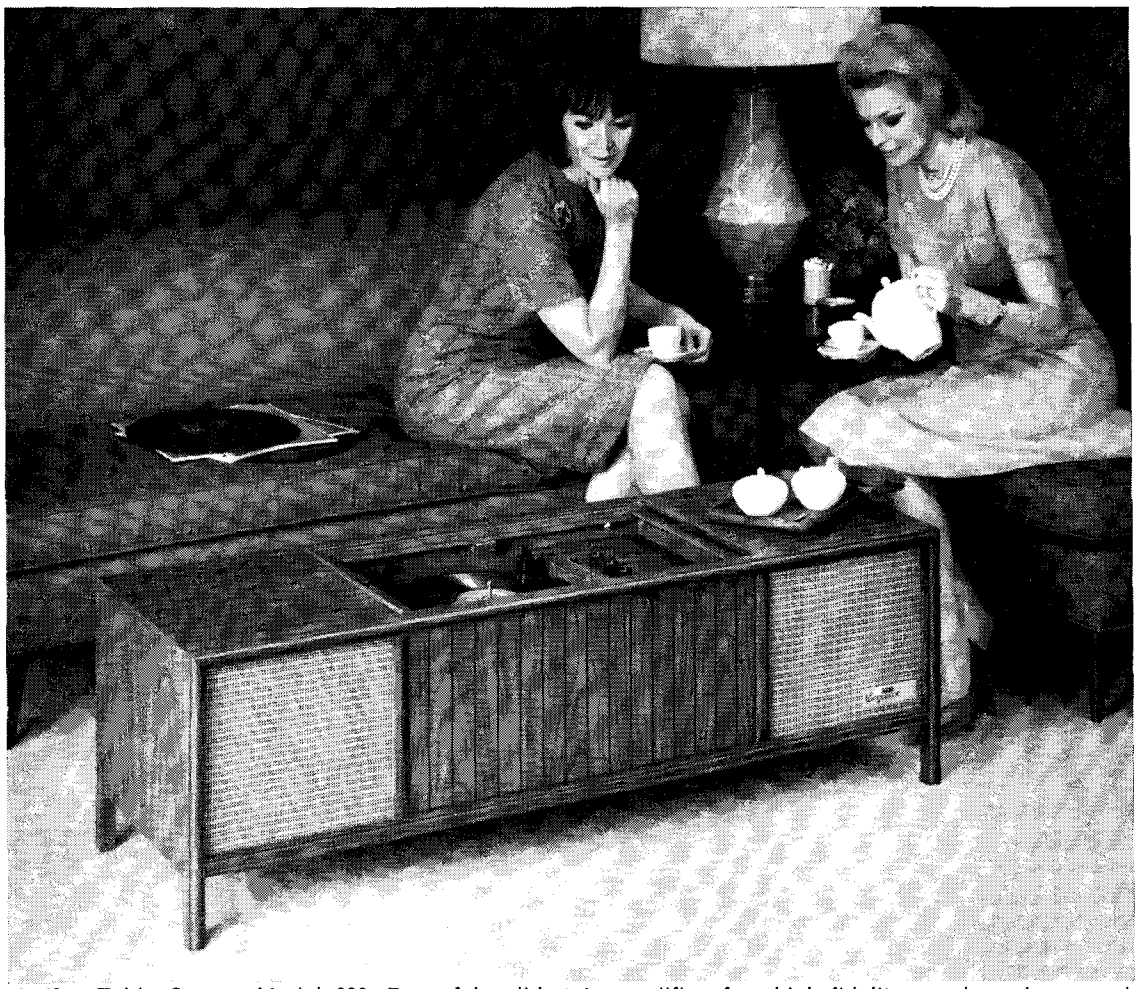

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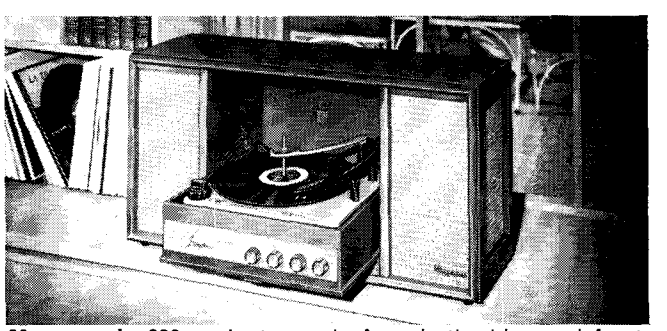

Magnasonic 602 projects music from both sides and front. Powerful solid-state amplifier—Micromatic record player folds into space-saving cabinet 10" D, 17½" H, 34" W. Only $149.5 Model 644 with FM/AM radio, $198.50.

the magnificent Magnavox

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The Country Doctor—Symbol of American Strength

The country doctor: living American symbol of a time when an independent spirit was a man's chief strength. Today there may not be as many country doctors. But the spirit they symbolize is still a part of all that is America.

That spirit lives on in the professions, businesses and industries that serve you today—enterprises built and run by free and independent people. Businesses owned by investors—people like you—who prize freedom and individuality.

Yet some other people think that our federal government—rather than individuals—should own certain businesses. Our investor-owned electric light and power companies are one of their chief targets. These are companies built, run, owned by and employing people who believe in individual effort—companies that have served you well. You, and others like you, have helped them grow by your support as a customer.

When you consider what our country has always stood for, can you see why anyone should want our federal government to do any job it doesn't have to do—such as owning and managing the electric light and power business? Isn't it best to leave that to individuals, like you, who believe individual effort is the quality that will always keep our nation strong?

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Get fast, effective 5-way WINTER SKIN RELIEF with DERMASSAGE

1. PROMOTES HEALING of chapped, dry, cracked, irritated skin; chafed backs, knees, and elbows.
2. RELIEVES PAIN of windburn, winter irritations with medicated lubrication.
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5. HELPS PROTECT against infection in open skin cracks—it's medicated!

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Used in over 4,000 hospitals

TRY NEW SUPER-MOISTURIZING DERMASSAGE SKIN CREAM

Just apply . . . it liquefies before your eyes!

LETTERS

The teen feel

I was never so disgusted as I was when I read POP MUSIC: THE DUMB SOUND [by Alfred G. Aronowitz, Oct. 5]. The truth is that the American adult is jealous that the teen-ager has something he doesn't.

HARRY KEVORKIAN
Pontiac, Mich.

• The asinine, irresponsible act of stupidity that made you print THE DUMB SOUND is absolutely beyond reproach. Alfred G. Whatsiz-name should first try to find out what he's talking about before he opens his big mouth.

RICHARD SMITH
Stockton, Calif.

• Teen-agers won't stop liking pop music, for it is in their blood. It's happy music. With classical music I feel that pride and joy aren't present.

RAY BILYARD
Littleton, Colo.

Time to grow on

Your editorial on married versus single bliss and the draft drew a painfully wrong conclusion [MARRIED MEN NEED NOT APPLY, Oct. 5]. If you'll examine the other side of the coin, I'm sure you'll find that marriages were proposed but the girls preferred to give Junior growing-up time in the armed services instead of a substitute mother.

MRS. R. J. VAN HERP
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Castro's company

Re RED JUNKET TO CUBA [by Barry Hoffman with Roul Tunley, Oct. 5]: I'm wondering how much of a squawk those 58 law-breakers would have made had they been made to *stay* in Castro's Cuba.

RICHARD H. FANNING
Washington, N.J.

• The article was most disturbing. Mr. Hoffman's statements indicate that his perspective was at least as biased as that of the other students. His purpose being to confirm his own preconceived notions about the "preconceived notions" of the other participants, it is apparent that he missed a real opportunity to learn more about Cuba.

JAMES L. VAUGHAN
New Haven, Conn.

Country planning

Peter Blake's suggestions [THE SUBURBS ARE A MESS, Oct. 5] are excellent. While in Guatemala I lived in a communal arrangement such as he describes and loved it. Friends who took our house when we left love it also. Upon my arrival in Texas, I asked a builder-friend about undertaking such a project and he said that sounded like some Northerner's idea. Next summer we will return to Guatemala to live again in the same group of houses.

KEN HARGESHEIMER
Lubbock, Tex.

• Me, I like to be free to plant a tree or pluck a blossom from my own plot of land, however small it may be.

MRS. N. C. EDWARDS
Reidsville, N.C.

COMING SOON...in The Post

EXCLUSIVE:
Explosive report on
CHICAGO
A city under Cosa Nostra rule

Bob Hope's funniest golf stories

I. Q. TESTS:
Will they ruin your child's future?

Rollicking adventure in color
ACROSS AFRICA BY BALLOON

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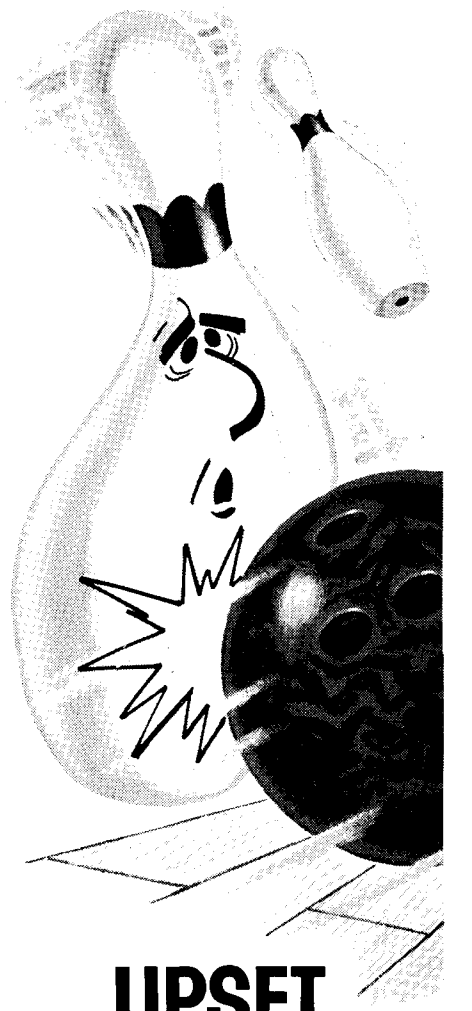

UPSET STOMACH?

If you've never tried Alka-Seltzer you don't know how speedy relief can be!

When you have an upset stomach there's nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer.

Alka-Seltzer contains a soothing stomach alkalizer, ready to go to work instantly to soothe and settle upset stomach.

Headache, too? Alka-Seltzer provides the effective pain-reliever, sodium acetylsalicylate, in a completely dissolved solution. In the first ten minutes—when you really need it—the system quickly absorbs more of this Alka-Seltzer pain-reliever.

Take two Alka-Seltzer tablets before bed and wake up feeling better!

SPEEDY IS ITS MIDDLE NAME

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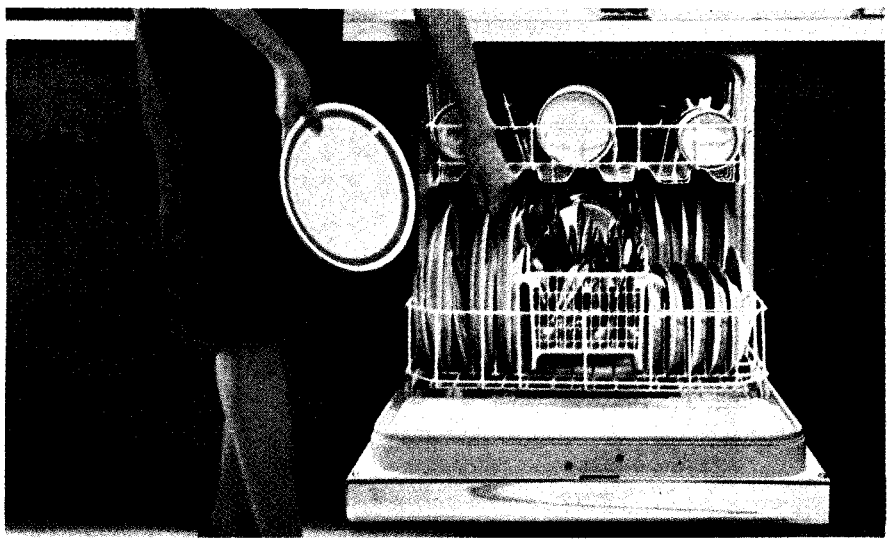
Model WA-1250Y

This General Electric 12-lb. washer has Mini-Basket for things you now wash by hand.

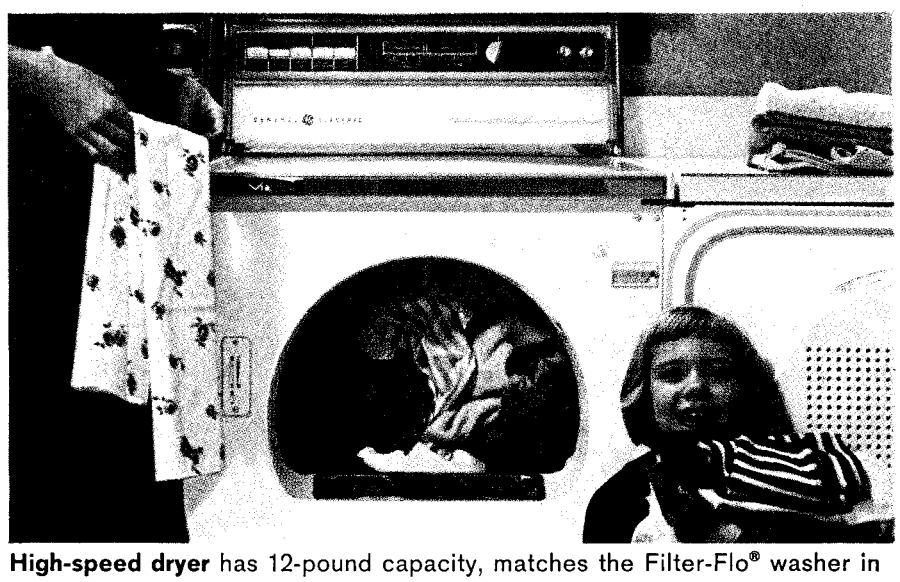
This is a washer for all your washables. Large wash basket gets big 12-lb. family loads truly clean. And MINI-BASKET* takes care of lacy slips, blouses, sweaters, all the "handwashables" you never dared machine-wash before.

MINI-BASKET fits neatly onto the Activator® inside the washer. It is part of the MINI-WASH* system, which has separate speeds and controls. Gentle washing action for delicate things, normal action for little leftover loads of regular laundry. And it uses about one-fourth the water the big basket does.

General Electric's Filter-Flo® System makes everything come out fresh and clean. In both baskets, lint-fuzz is trapped in the filter, not on your clothes. See this remarkable washer now at your General Electric dealer's.



No screens to clean with this General Electric built-in dishwasher, thanks to exclusive Flushaway Drain. No rinsing or scraping either. 3-level washing action with Power Shower, washes down, up, all around. Washes and dries 15 full table-settings (NEMA standards). Model shown, SD 403.



High-speed dryer has 12-pound capacity, matches the Filter-Flo® washer in quality and dependability. This model (DA-1220Y) has an extremely sensitive Compensated Control which automatically determines right time and temperature for fabrics being dried. Also variable time control for special fabrics.

*TRADEMARK OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, MAJOR APPLIANCE DIV., LOUISVILLE, KY.

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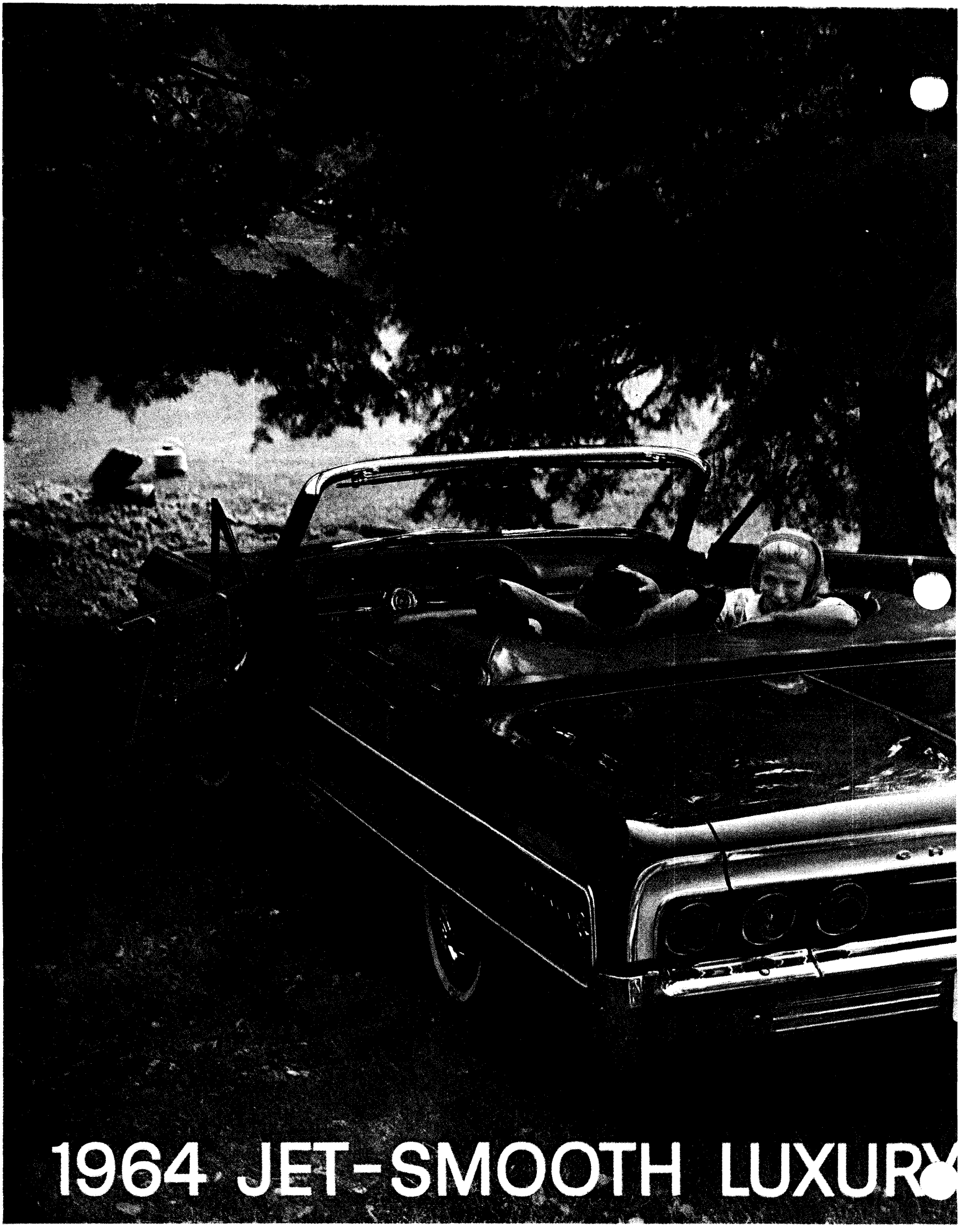

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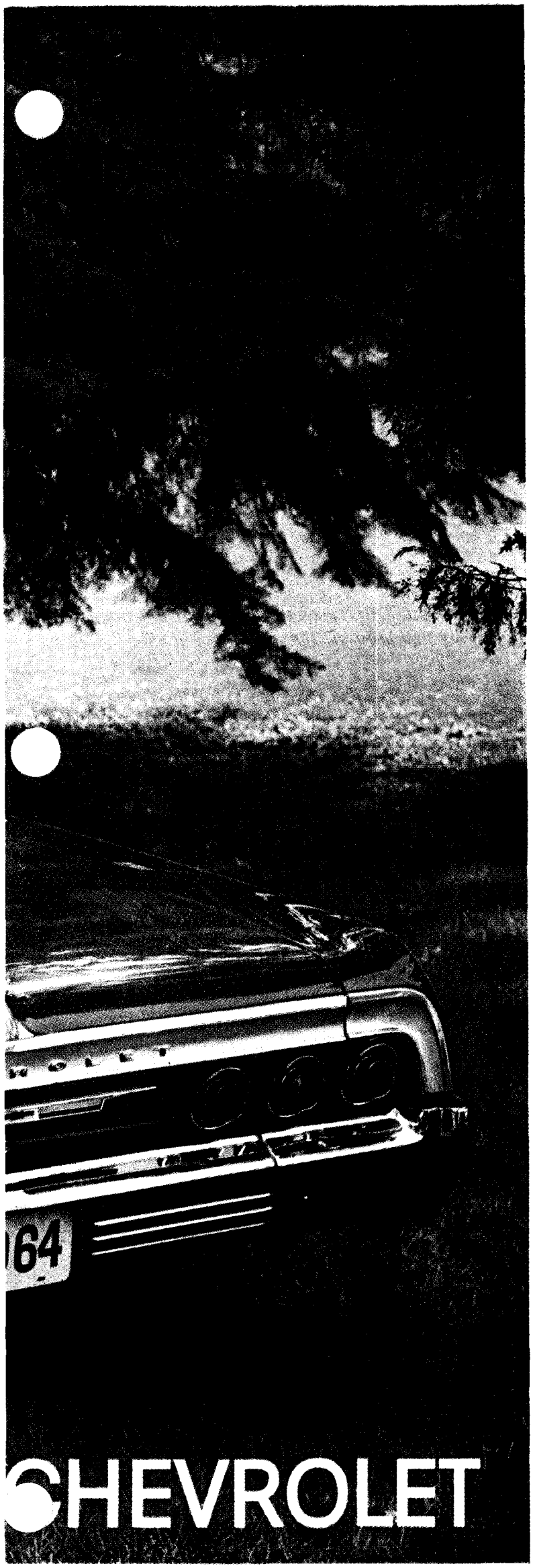

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Any car this luxurious should have its price examined! This new 1964 Chevrolet brings you more pure luxury per dollar than anybody—even Chevrolet—ever brought you before. For example, the rich and spacious interiors are finished with refinements you generally expect to pay much more for. Expensive vinyls and new fabrics precision-fitted without skimping. Generous foam cushion seating for delicious comfort. Deep-twist nylon carpeting you'd be proud to have in your home. ~ Yet, all this luxury is meaningless unless it's matched by fine riding qualities. You get this in Chevrolet's famous Jet-smooth ride—made possible by a giant coil spring at each wheel to soak up road shocks. ~ Best thing to do if you're thinking about a new car is to see your Chevrolet dealer. You can ask him all the questions you like about models (new Super Sport Series!) . . . and engines (seven, in all) . . . and extra-cost options (new am-fm radio, to name just one) . . . and colors (many new ones). As for price—that's the only thing that doesn't look expensive about the '64 Chevrolet. And, of course, it doesn't cost much to run and to keep up. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

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SPEAKING OUT

WOMEN ARE PRISONERS OF THEIR SEX

By Brigid Brophy

Miss Brophy, who argues that women are like animals in a zoo, is wife of the Assistant Keeper —— of the National Gallery in London. A book critic for The London Magazine and The New Statesman, she is author of four novels and of the nonfiction work, Black Ship to Hell.

Craftily insisting that "there are some things women just don't do," society keeps women as enslaved as ever, says this critic. Just let a female tackle a serious task and all the world brands her "sexless."

All right, nobody's disputing it. Women are free. At least, they *look* free. They even feel free. But in reality women in the western, industrialized world today are like the animals in a modern zoo. There are no bars. It appears that cages have been abolished. Yet in practice women are still kept in their place just as firmly as the animals are kept in their enclosures. The barriers which keep them in now are invisible.

It is about 40 years since the pioneer feminists raised such a rumpus by rattling the cage bars that society was at last obliged to pay attention. The result was that the bars were uprooted, the cage thrown open: whereupon the majority of the women who had been held captive decided that they would rather stay inside the cage anyway.

To be more precise, they *thought* they decided; and society, which can with perfect truth point out, "Look, no bars," *thought* it was giving them the choice. There are no laws and very little discrimination to prevent western, industrialized women from voting, being voted for or entering the professions. If there are still few women lawyers and engineers, let alone women Presidents of the United States, what are women to conclude except that this is the result either of their own free choice or of something inherent in female nature?

Many of them do draw just this conclusion. They have come back to the old argument of the antifeminists that women are unfit by nature for life outside the cage. And in letting this old wheel come full cycle, women have fallen victim to one of the most insidious and ingenious confidence tricks ever perpetrated.

In point of fact, neither female nature nor women's individual free choice has been put to the test. As American Negroes have discovered, to be officially free is by no means the same as being actually and psychologically free. A society as adept at propaganda as ours has become should know that "persuasion," which means the art of launching myths and artificially inducing inhibitions, is every bit as effective as force of law. No doubt the reason society eventually agreed to abolish its antiwomen laws was that it had become confident of a commanding battery of hidden dissuaders which would do the job just as well. Cage bars are clumsy methods of control, which excite the more rebellious personalities inside to rattle them. Modern society, like the modern zoo, has contrived to get rid of the bars without altering the fact of imprisonment. All the zoo architect needs to do is run a zone of hot or cold air, whichever the animal concerned cannot tolerate, round the cage where the bars used to be. Human animals are not less sensitive to social climate.

The ingenious point about the new-model zoo is that it deceives both sides of the invisible barrier. Not only cannot the animal see how it is imprisoned; the visitor's conscience is relieved of the unkindness of keeping animals shut up. He can say, "Look, no bars round the animals," just as society can say, "Look, no laws restricting women," even while it keeps women rigidly in place by zones of fierce social pressure.

There is, however, one great difference. A woman, being a thinking animal, may actually be more distressed because the bars of her cage cannot be seen. What relieves society's conscience may afflict hers. Unable to perceive what is holding her back, she may accuse herself and her whole sex of craven timidity because women have not jumped at what has the appearance of an offer of freedom. Evidently quite a lot of women have succumbed to guilt of this sort, since in recent years quite an industry has arisen to assuage it. Comforting voices make the air as thick and reassuring as cotton wool while they explain that there is nothing shameful in not wanting a career, that to be intellectually unadventurous is no sin, that taking care of home and family may be personally "fulfilling" for a woman and socially valuable.

This is an argument without a flaw—except that it is addressed exclusively to women. Address it to both sexes and instantly it becomes progressive and humane. As it stands, it is merely antiwoman prejudice revamped.

That many women would be happier not pursuing careers or intellectual adventures is only part of the truth. The whole truth is that many people would be. If society had the clear sight to assure men as well as women that there is no shame in preferring to stay noncompetitively and nonaggressively at home, many masculine neuroses and ulcers would be avoided, and many children would enjoy the benefit of being brought up by a father with a talent for the job of child-rearing instead of a mother with no talent for it but a sense of guilt about the lack.

But society does nothing so sensible. Blindly it goes on insisting on the tradition that men are the ones who go out to work and adventure—an arrangement which simply throws talent away. All the homemaking talent born inside male bodies is wasted; and our businesses and governments are staffed largely by people whose aptitude for the work consists solely of their being what is, by tradition, the right sex for it.

The pressures society exerts to drive men out of the house are very nearly as irrational and unjust as those by which it keeps women in. The mistake of the early reformers was to assume that men were emancipated already and that therefore reform need ask only for the emancipation of women. What we ought to do now is go right back to scratch and demand the emancipation of both sexes.

The zones of hot and cold air which society uses to perpetuate its uneconomic and unreasonable state of affairs are the simplest and most effective conceivable. Society is playing on our sexual vanity. Tell a man that he is not a real man, or a woman that she is not 100 percent woman, and you are threatening both with not being attractive to the opposite sex. No one can bear not to be attractive to the opposite sex. That is the climate which the human animal cannot tolerate.

So society has us all at its mercy. It has only to murmur to the man that staying home is a feminine characteristic, and he will be out of the house like a bullet. It has only to suggest to the woman that logic and reason are the exclusive province of the masculine mind, whereas "intuition" and "feeling" are the female forte, and she will throw her physics textbooks out of the window, barricade herself into the house and give herself up to having wishy-washy poetical feelings while she arranges the flowers.

She will, incidentally, take care that her feelings *are* wishy-washy. She has been persuaded that to have cogent feelings, of the kind which really do go into great poems—most of which are by men—would make her an unfeminine woman, a woman who imitates men. In point of fact, she would not be imitating men as such, most of whom have never written a line of great poetry, but poets, most of whom so far happen to be men. But the bad logic passes muster with a woman because part of the mythology she has swallowed ingeniously informs her that logic is not her forte.

Should a woman's talent or intelligence be so irrepressible that she insists on producing cogent works of art or water-tight

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Hate that gray? Wash it away!

without changing your natural hair color!

Makes your husband feel younger, too... just to look at you!

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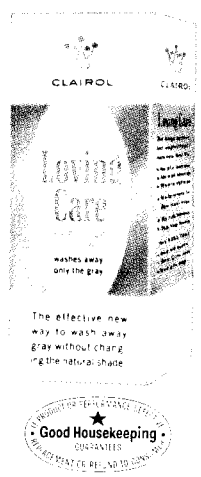
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RIBS IN A CAN

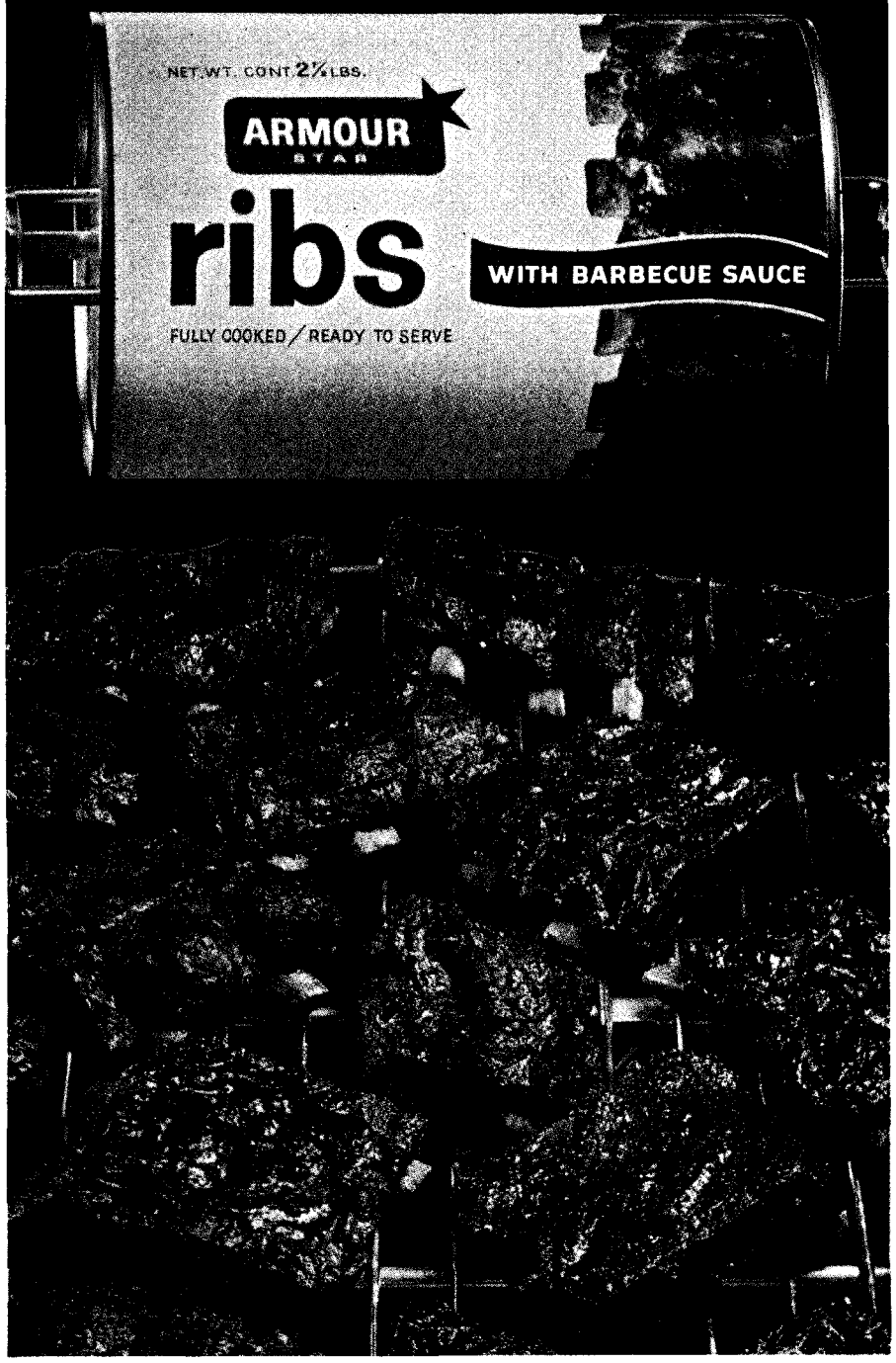
2½ POUNDS...
ALL SMOKED, SAUCED AND COOKED!

A big 2½ pound can of royally good ribs. No ordinary spareribs—but ribs specially selected, specially cut. Slim in bone—heavy on the good, rich meat.

ALL SMOKED. For meat this good, only the best will do. So we use sweet hickory smoke. A mellow drift.

ALL SAUCED. And this Barbecue Sauce never saw the inside of any bottle. Nine special ingredients in it—six worldly spices.

ALL COOKED. Nothing for you to do but heat. The big 2½ pound can serves 3 to 4. If you're looking for the cheapest ribs, forget ours. If you are hungry for the meatiest—come a-running!



meshes of argument, she will be said to have "a mind like a man's."

What is more, this habit of thought actually contributes to perpetuating a state of affairs where most good minds really do belong to men. It is difficult for a woman to want to be intelligent when she has been told that to be so will make her like a man. She inclines to think an intelligence would be as unbecoming to her as a moustache; and, pathetically, many women have tried in furtive privacy to disembarrass themselves of intellect as though it were facial hair.

Discouraged from growing "a mind like a man's," women are encouraged to have thoughts and feelings of a specifically feminine tone. Women, it is said, have some specifically feminine contribution to make to culture. Unfortunately, as culture had already been shaped and largely built up by men before the invitation was issued, this leaves women little to do. Culture consists of reasoned thought and works of art composed of cogent feeling and imagination. There is only one way to be reasonable, and that is to reason correctly; and the only kind of art which is any good is good art. If women are to eschew reason and artistic imagination in favor of "intuition" and "feeling," it is pretty clear what is meant. "Intuition" is just a polite name for bad reasoning, and "feeling" for bad art.

In reality, the whole idea of a specifically feminine—or, for the matter of that, masculine—contribution to culture is a contradiction of culture. A contribution to culture is not something which could not have been made by the other sex; it is something which could not have been made by any other *person*. The arts are a sphere where women seem to have done well; but really they have done too well—too well for the good of the arts. Rather than women sharing the esteem which ought to belong to artists, art is becoming smeared with femininity. We are approaching a Philistine state of affairs where the arts are something which it is nice for women to take up in their spare time—men having slammed out of the house to get on with society's "serious" business, like making money, running the country and the professions.

In that "serious" sphere it is still rare to encounter a woman. A man sentenced to prison would probably feel his punishment was redoubled by indignity if he were to be sentenced by a woman judge under a law drafted by a woman legislator—and if, on admission, he were to be examined by a woman prison doctor. If such a thing happened every day, it would be no indignity but the natural course of events. It has never been given the chance to become the natural course of events and never will be so long as women remain persuaded it would be unnatural of them to want it.

So brilliantly has society contrived to terrorize women with this threat that certain behavior is unnatural and unwomanly, that it has left them no time to consider—or even sheerly observe—what womanly nature really is. For centuries arrant superstitions were accepted as natural law. The physiological fact that only women can secrete milk for feeding babies was extended into the pure myth that it was women's business to cook for and wait on the entire family. The kitchen became woman's "natural" place because, for the first few months of her baby's life, the nursery really was. To this day a woman may fear she is unfeminine if she can discover in herself no aptitude or liking for cooking. Fright has thrown her into such a muddle that she confuses having no taste for cookery with having no breasts, and conversely assumes that nature has unfailingly endowed the human female with a gift for handiness with frying pans.

Even psychoanalysis, which in general has been the greatest benefactor of civilization since the wheel, has unwittingly reinforced the terrorization campaign. The trouble was that it brought with it from its origin in medical therapy a criterion of normality instead of rationality. On sheer statistics every pioneer, genius and social reformer, including the first woman who demanded to be let out of the kitchen and into the polling booth, is abnormal, along with every lunatic and eccentric. What distinguishes the genius from the lunatic is that the genius's abnormality is justifiable by reason or aesthetics. If a woman who is irked by confinement to the kitchen merely looks around to see what other women are doing and finds they are accepting their kitchens, she may well conclude that she is abnormal and had better enlist her psychoanalyst's help toward "living with" her kitchen. What she ought to ask is whether it is rational for women to be kept to the kitchen, and whether nature really does insist on that in the way it insists women have breasts.

And in a far-reaching sense to ask that question is much more normal and natural than learning to "live with" the handicap of women's inferior social status. The normal and natural thing for human beings is not to tolerate handicaps but to reform society and to circumvent or supplement nature. We don't learn to live minus a leg; we devise an artificial limb.

Superstitions in sex

That, indeed, is the crux of the matter. Not only are the distinctions we draw between male nature and female nature largely arbitrary and often pure superstition, they are completely beside the point. They ignore the essence of *human* nature. The important question is not whether women are or are not less logical by nature than men, but whether education, effort and the abolition of our illogical social pressures can improve on nature and make them—and, incidentally, men as well—more logical. What distinguishes human from any other animal nature is its ability to be unnatural. Logic and art are not natural or instinctive activities; but our nature includes a propensity to acquire them. It is not natural for the human body to orbit the earth; but the human mind has a natural adventurousness which enables it to invent machines whereby the body can do so.

Civilization consists not necessarily in defying nature but in making it possible for us to do so if we judge it desirable. The higher we can lift our noses from the grindstone of nature, the wider the area we have of choice; and the more choices we have freely made, the more individualized we are. We are at our most civilized when nature does not dictate to us, as it does to animals and peasants, but when we can opt to fall in with it or better it. If modern civilization has invented methods of preparing baby foods and methods of education which make it possible for men to feed babies and for women to think logically, we are betraying civilization itself if we do not set both sexes free to make a free choice. THE END

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1. Greater Dependability—with Gold Precision Wiring in the most vital areas. This quality advance—like the precision jewels in a fine watch—assures long, trouble-free life. And only Admiral has it! Using electro-deposition, Admiral applies 5 micro-inches of pure 24-karat gold to precision-wiring for the greatest dependability ever in the most vital areas of a color tv set.

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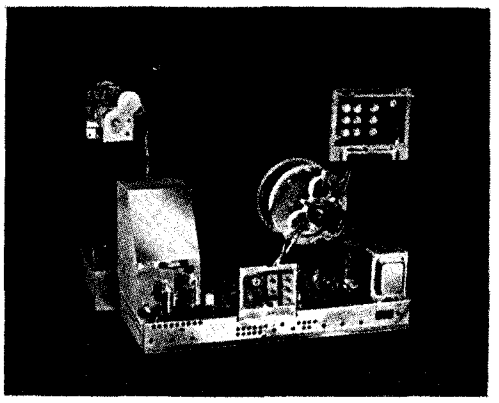

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Presidents don't lose....

Is he unbeatable?

WASHINGTON: It is beginning to be fashionable in Washington to say that Barry Goldwater just might beat Jack Kennedy. Hardly anybody really believes it, but a lot of people are beginning to say it.

Just about a year before the election people always begin to say that the President can be beaten. For months before the 1936 election, hard as it is to believe now, you could get odds in big bundles against Franklin Roosevelt. A year before the 1948 election only one person—Harry S Truman—believed that Harry S Truman could be elected. It should have been obvious by 1955 that only a reincarnated George Washington could beat Dwight D. Eisenhower in 1956, but a lot of people seriously maintained that the right Democratic candidate could win.

Why this phenomenon? For one thing, after three years in office, a President has made a lot of enemies, and his enemies make a noise in the land. By now John F. Kennedy has almost as many enemies as Franklin Roosevelt had in 1936, and because of the race issue, they are not confined to the country-club set. When it is easy to find Kennedy-haters in normally Democratic working-class districts, it seems sensible to conclude that Kennedy might be licked.

What is more, political journalists have an interest in suggesting that the incumbent might be beaten. Like racing touts, they have to make a living. Nobody will go to the race if everybody knows it's fixed, and nobody will read political reports like this one if everybody knows the election is no contest. Moreover, ever since Harry Truman made a public ass out of every political prognosticator in the country in 1948, political writers have been quivering cowards, shying away from predictions like a horse from a rattlesnake.

There is also the happy human propensity for self-delusion. Barry Goldwater is the only living politician, not excepting the President, capable of arousing really fanatical support. It is odd that this is so—the objects of political idolatry are usually humorless, self-regarding fellows like William Jennings Bryan, and Goldwater has a hard time taking himself seriously. But it is so, and the Goldwater-worshipers have hypnotized themselves into thinking Goldwater really might win.

Perhaps they have hypnotized Goldwater too. He used to make jokes about how ridiculous it would be to have a ham-radio operator (which he is) as President, and he used to say that anyone who could take 45 percent of the popular vote from Kennedy would score par for the course. Now there are signs that he is beginning to take what he calls "this President thing" seriously—that he is beginning to have those vagrant night thoughts about what it would *really* be like to be President.

Heretofore, Goldwater's great strength has been that he was relaxed about "this President thing"—he's been like a tennis player slamming the ball around just for the hell of it. If he suddenly begins to think he might win the championship, he's likely to tense up. But there is really no reason for him to tense up. He's not going to win the championship—not in 1964, anyway. Goldwater doesn't have a prayer of beating John F. Kennedy in 1964. Neither does anyone else.

Maybe the above ought to be written in disappearing ink. For it is true that Goldwater has a serious chance to do what no Republican has ever done—sweep the whole South. Kennedy himself has privately written off the South, except for Texas and maybe Georgia. It is true that the race issue is a sleeper, and that the issue is sure to hurt Kennedy, North as well as South. It is true that Goldwater looks strong in the Southwest, the mountain states, the farm states, even in such industrial states as Illinois.

Even so, Kennedy is going to win next year. There are certain obvious reasons why he is going to win. Compare, for example, Kennedy's situation in 1964 with his situation in 1960. The religious issue, which almost defeated Kennedy in 1960, is moribund if not dead. As for the "youth and inexperience" issue, it is amusing to recall that only three years ago Kennedy's aides searched frantically for campaign pictures which made him look older than he was. That will not be necessary in 1964, now that the President is a middle-aged fellow with thickening jowls, a tendency to lose his reading glasses, and the remembered fear of nuclear war written clear on his face.

At the same time, all the things that worked for Kennedy in 1960 are working for him now, only more so. Kennedy was elected in the big cities, of course. Democratic Chairman John Bailey has a map in his office with the counties taken by Richard Nixon marked in red, those taken by Kennedy in green. A glance at the map, and you would suppose that Nixon had won in a landslide. In fact, outside the South, Nixon won the countryside and Kennedy won the cities—and the cities are where the votes are. The cities are also where the minorities are. And the minorities—notably the Catholics, the Jews and the Negroes, who together add up almost to a majority—are for Kennedy solid.

But there is an even more compelling reason why neither Goldwater nor any other Republican is going to beat John F. Kennedy in 1964. Incumbents don't get beaten. The surest way to get elected President of the United States is to be President of the United States already.

The power of the Presidency—the power to reward and punish, to lead and persuade—is an unmatchable political asset, and Kennedy is as shrewd as Franklin D. Roosevelt was in exploiting this asset.

Another enormous asset is the mystique which surrounds the presidental office—while he was President, even Harry S Truman trailed an invisible nimbus, a glory cloud. A mere senator, a human being like the rest of us, cannot compete against the Great Seal; or the band playing *Hail to the Chief;* or that swelling murmur in the crowd: "Look, look, it's the President."

Finally, there is what pollster Louis Harris dubbed "terminal horror." Terminal horror occurs in the final lonely moment in the voting booth, when fear of the unknown suddenly impels the voter who had fully intended to vote for a Thomas Dewey to vote for dear old familiar Harry Truman instead. Terminal horror will elect any incumbent President who does not carry around his neck some awful albatross—like Hoover in 1932, whose albatross was the great depression, and Taft in 1912, whose albatross was Theodore Roosevelt.

Kennedy has no albatross. Some people, inevitably, are beginning to hate him, but most people think he is a pretty good President, as anyone can find out by going out and ringing doorbells. They will continue to think so as long as the President can Point with Pride to Peace and Prosperity. Any incumbent President who can so point just is not going to be beaten. THE END

Is he hypnotized?

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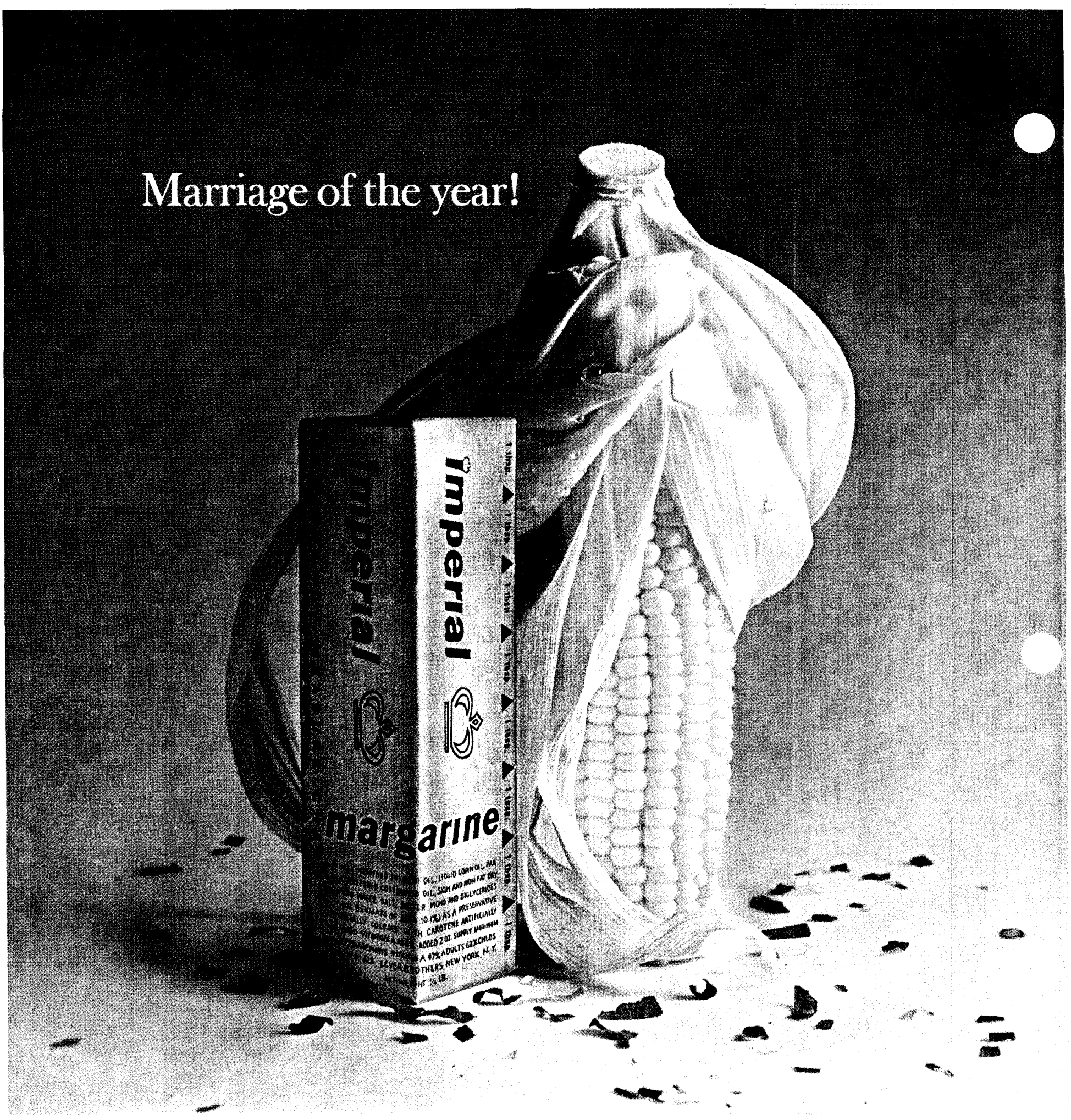

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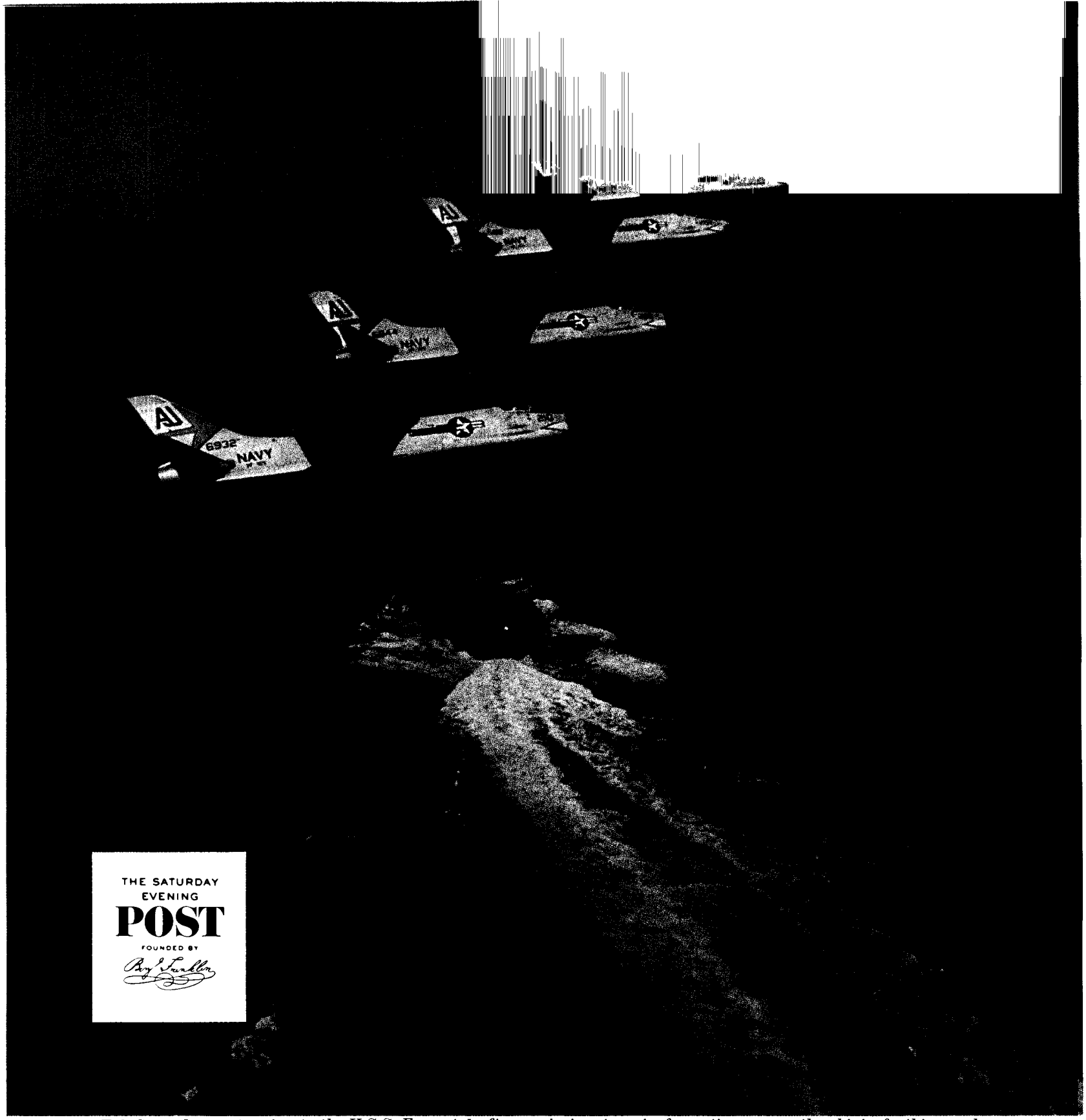

Supersonic F-8 Crusaders, returning to the U.S.S. Forrestal after a mission, turn in formation across the ship's frothing wake.

FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL OF THE SUPERCARRIER

Huge, fast and nuclear-armed, they display American power all over the world. But their enormous cost has now touched off a critical battle between the fleet admirals and Secretary McNamara.

By ROBERT K. MASSIE

Leaving Murmansk far to the Northeast, the big Russian "Bear" reconnaissance plane droned steadily across the gray waters of the North Atlantic. Suddenly, 3,000 miles from home, the Soviet Bear found its target and dropped through the low overcast. From 2,000 feet, the Russian crew peered down on a moving mountain of gray steel—the 76,000-ton American supercarrier *U.S.S. Forrestal*. Russian aerial cameras snapped the flight deck, more than a fifth of a mile long, its four acres packed with swept-wing, supersonic jets. Soviet electronic devices probed the frequencies of the *Forrestal's* powerful radar. Then, its mission accomplished, the Bear turned to go. Close to its wing tips flew an escort of U.S. Navy Phantom II and Crusader fighters which had intercepted the Russian plane 100 miles from the *Forrestal*. The American fighter pilots waved at the Russian airmen. "One of the Russian pilots produced a handkerchief and

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OPERATING 15 ATTACK CARRIERS AND ESCC 'S

waved back," said Cmdr. Julian Lake, the *Forrestal's* air-group commander.

Since this midair exchange of courtesies last spring, Russian Bears have tracked four other U.S. supercarriers across both the Atlantic and the Pacific. The fact that Soviet planes have been able to do this does not, in itself, particularly worry the Navy. "The Russians knew where to find our carriers because we announced their schedule," said one admiral. "We saw the planes when they were over two hundred miles out. We intercepted them one hundred miles out. We could have shot them down fifty times, in three or four different ways."

What does seriously worry the Navy is the bad publicity the overflights have brought them, particularly in the Pentagon. For the Russian snoopers intruded at a time when Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara had just asked the Navy to prove, in terms of doctrines and purpose, techniques and costs, its claims for our growing fleet of huge modern aircraft carriers.

The admirals who rule the Navy today are mostly carrier men. But in defending the $300 million *Forrestal* and her six mammoth sisters—*Saratoga*, *Ranger*, *Independence*, *Kitty Hawk*, *Constellation* and the $450 million nuclear-powered *Enterprise*—the carrier admirals are not defending aircraft carriers alone. They are, in effect, also fighting for the future of cruisers, destroyers, tankers and supply ships—in fact, of all surface seapower.

"We stopped the Russians in Cuba with surface seapower," said one admiral with gold braid halfway up his sleeve. "We needed the smaller ships to provide the coverage. We needed the carriers to provide the punch."

To the brilliant, cool young men who accompanied Robert McNamara into the key civilian jobs in the Pentagon, however, an admiral talking about Cuba is a man discussing ancient history. They are thinking of the 1970's and beyond. When a naval officer speaks to them of "punch," they respond with questions like: "How many targets can you kill, at what radius from the carrier, in what length of time? What is the comparative survivability of land bases and carriers under nuclear attack? Under conventional attack?" Twice this year Secretary McNamara and his staff have rejected highly classified Navy studies arguing a continuing need for modern, H-bomber-equipped, atomic-powered carriers. Both times the studies went back to the Navy with demands for more facts, figures and alternatives.

Earlier this fall the Navy once again turned in its massive "Sea-Based Strike Force" study, and a second report comparing the merits of nuclear and conventional propulsion for carriers.

When McNamara's staff has completed evaluation of the two studies—before Thanksgiving, in all probability—the Secretary of Defense will be in position to decide three questions of vital importance to the Navy's future: (1) Will one projected supercarrier, money for which has already been appropriated by Congress, be designed for atomic or conventional power? (2) Will a request for another supercarrier be included in the budget for fiscal 1965, which goes before Congress this winter? (3) Most important to the Navy, will the present force of 15 attack carriers—eight are aging veterans of the World War II era—be cut back to 12 or fewer? By halting the Navy's carrier building program and reducing the present fleet to 12 ships, McNamara could save a quick two billion dollars. He also would "make it damn near impossible for the Navy to do its job," said bearded Vice Adm. Robert Pirie, USN (ret.).

The current Pentagon squeeze on carriers has been inevitable ever since Robert McNamara arrived in the Pentagon and ordered reclassification of all major weapons in the U.S. arsenal. Planes, ships, missiles and men were to be considered in terms of the mission they performed rather than the branch of service to which they belonged. Thus, the Navy's Polaris submarines were classified, along with SAC's H-bomb B-52's, as part of the Strategic Deterrent Force. The Army, the Marines, the Air Force's Tactical Air Command and most surface warships fitted easily into the General Purpose, Limited War, category. With our military forces organized this way, McNamara's staff could measure—"quantify" is the Pentagonese term—each weapon against other weapons which might perform the same mission.

Reluctantly and despite the carrier's considerable nuclear-war capability, the admirals placed the flattops on the General Purpose list. Even so, the carrier's obvious versatility appeared to rattle McNamara and his civilian aides. One of McNamara's uncertainties about aircraft carriers was revealed 18 months ago when he stood next to President Kennedy on the bridge of the carrier *Enterprise* off the Atlantic coast. As half a dozen different types of carrier-based jets whistled overhead, the Defense Secretary leaned toward his boss and asked, "What good are all those different kinds of planes?"

The first open clash

Last winter somebody pointed out to McNamara that the cost of converting heavy cruisers to antiaircraft missile ships was running $180 million per conversion. Noting that the sole function of missile cruisers is to protect aircraft carriers, McNamara asked in public, "How much is it reasonable to invest simply to defend the fleet against air attack?"

Surprisingly, however, the first open clash between Navy brass and Secretary McNamara was triggered, not by a direct threat to the Navy, but by the battle over the TFX fighter. Although the Navy is to get only 235 of the 1,700 TFX fighters which the Defense Department expects to buy for $6.5 billion, it was Adm. George Anderson, chief of Naval Operations, rather than Gen. Curtis LeMay, who protested in public against McNamara's "abrupt reversal" of military recommendations. Shortly thereafter, Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell Gilpatric told Admiral Anderson that he would not be reappointed to a second two-year term.

For the Navy, Admiral Anderson's dismissal is a heavy blow. Adm. David McDonald, 57, who moved into the big, blue-carpeted CNO office in August, is an able man but he has spent the past six years on duty outside Washington. Thus, as the Navy moves into one of its greatest peacetime battles, it is led by a man who has almost no experience in the political infighting of Washington.

Anderson himself, packed off across the Atlantic into the post of U.S. ambassador to Portugal, is bitter about his dismissal and the people who caused it. Only two days after he hung his four-star uniform in the closet, he told the press, "Civilian operations analysts are working at the wrong echelon [in the Pentagon]. They have been placed above the professional military man rather than in an advisory capacity to the military. There is a tendency to downgrade the role of the men who may have to fight our country's battles."

Anderson was referring to the cluster of brash young men with brilliant academic backgrounds known in the Pentagon as the Whiz Kids. Now in their thirties, they were schooled in war, not on the beaches of Normandy or Iwo Jima, but on the blackboards of secluded government-contract "think factories" like the Air Force-subsidized Rand Corporation in Santa Monica, Calif. They have little respect for service pride or traditions and none whatever for silver stars or gold braid.

"The chain of decision-making in the Pentagon is much too long," declared physicist Harold Brown when, at 33, he became the Defense Department's director of defense research and engineering. "We intend to telescope the top layers and eliminate the unnecessary layers."

"The ratio of emotion to actual knowledge among some of these service people is very high," said 37-year-old Russell Murray, a key operations analyst whose job has been to tell the Navy exactly how to prepare the current carrier study. "Last year the Navy sent us a carrier study. From our point of view, it was a crummy job. The analysis techniques were atrocious. We could tear most of the assumptions to bits."

Of all the bright young men who surround Secretary McNamara, the brightest and most influential is a tall, dark economics Ph.D. named Alain Enthoven. Enthoven, 32, is a product of Stanford, M.I.T., Oxford, and four years at Rand, where he helped direct a major study of SAC strategy and operations. Enthoven's title is deputy assistant secretary of defense for systems analysis; his job is to direct a 26-man "shop" in analyzing the cost and effectiveness of every major weapon in the U.S. arsenal.

"Are you an economist?" Enthoven asked a visitor in his large Pentagon office one day this summer. "No? Well, perhaps you can understand this simple curve here on the blackboard." His eyes gleaming with enthusiasm, he scooped up a piece of chalk and drew swiftly. The curve, he explained, showed that efficiency does not necessarily increase in proportion to cost and size.

"We want to know why the Navy thinks it needs these huge carriers. Their first answer is that the planes they are flying from carriers now are big and heavy. But why does the Navy need such big planes? One thing that worries us is this creeping giganticism that seems to afflict all of the armed forces."

Enthoven knows that his demands for facts and figures, his attempt to distill salt spray into logic, have caused deep resentments. He doesn't really care.

"I wish the military wouldn't keep personalizing what should be purely military arguments. I've been told more than once, 'Look, sonny, I was fighting a war when you were still in school.' We don't think that kind of argument is good enough to justify spending hundreds of millions or even billions of dollars. Operating fifteen attack carriers and their escorts costs this country about five billion dollars per year. When a single weapons system costs one third of the Navy budget, one tenth of the entire defense budget, then we think we ought to take a pretty close look at it. Right?"

But a really close look at a modern supercarrier, Navy men feel, ought to reveal more than the ship's incredible size or staggering cost. Somehow, it should include both the total, unchallenged nature of U.S. control of the sea and the unmatched performance of the carriers' supersonic jets. A decade ag the Navy was humiliated in Korea because its carrier-based planes could not live in the same air with land-based Russian Mig-15's. "Sure, I saw a lot of Migs in Korea," said one veteran Navy pilot. "But thank God I was always looking up at them through a screen of Air Force F-86's." Today the Navy has reversed that pattern. Its two-man Phantom holds 15 world records for speed and altitude (1,650 mph, 100,000 feet). The U.S. Air Force, having no fighter to match the Phantom, has ordered hundreds of them from McDonnell Aircraft. Recently an Air Force control tower challenged Navy Cmdr. G.L. Tarleton, whose plane was sitting on the end of a runway: "We don't think you can catch that B-52 up there." Tarleton scrambled his Phantom on afterburner, shattered the sound barrier in a steep climb, and intercepted the B-52 at 41,000 feet, 72 miles from the field. From lift-off to intercept, the Phantom was clocked at three and a half minutes.

The Phantom's counterpart among Navy atomic bombers is the North American A-5A Vigilante, a needle-nosed monster only a wink slower than the Phantom.

A year ago the Navy threw all this modern power into the Cuba crisis. Hours after their captains received a signal, the supercarriers *Enterprise* and *Independence* were racing through the night to positions off eastern Cuba. For 46 days the two giants prowled the Caribbean, jets armed and poised for launching. Yet scarcely was the crisis over when Secretary McNamara asked the Navy to justify its faith in aircraft carriers.

The blow fell in January of this year, when McNamara discovered that the Navy planned to ask for another supercarrier in the fiscal 1965 budget and was preparing a new carrier study to support its request. McNamara decided that this study should be broadened into the kind

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of comprehensive review of the whole carrier Navy that he long had sought.

The Navy hurried to assemble a team of 21 Navy and Marine aviators under the leadership of Vice Adm. William A. Schoech, deputy chief of naval operations for air. Schoech, a small, lean aviator who had just returned from a tour of duty as commander of the Seventh Fleet in the Pacific, adopted the hopeful attitude that a cost-effectiveness study of carriers would be a good thing since it would prove the value of carriers once and for all.

Schoech's tentative optimism was echoed by his superiors. Secretary of the Navy Fred Korth, a tall Ft. Worth banker, declared in his office, "I have impressed on all professional naval officers the necessity to present more than conclusions. We must have a hard, factual backup for those conclusions."

Just as the Schoech team set to work, coincidence placed a second major question before McNamara and the Navy. In February the Defense Secretary got a letter from Glenn Seaborg, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, pointing out that AEC scientists had raised the efficiency and lowered the cost of large naval nuclear reactors, and asking whether the Navy might like to consider nuclear propulsion for its next supercarrier. McNamara ordered the Navy to make a thorough study.

But important as this second study is, Admiral Schoech's "Sea-Based Strike Force" is far more important. A recommendation that new carriers be powered with uranium rather than black oil would be meaningless unless the Secretary of Defense could first be persuaded that there should be new carriers. Aware that McNamara and most of his civilian advisers had had great experience with the Air Force—McNamara was an Army Air Forces lieutenant colonel in World War II—and almost none with the Navy, Admiral Schoech's group emphasized the theme that carriers are essential to the Navy's primary mission: maintaining control of the 70 percent of the earth's surface covered by salt water.

"What's the best way to get a Russian cruiser, destroyer or torpedo boat?" asked Admiral Anderson, paraphrasing the study. "Send a plane from a carrier. What's the best way to kill Russia's five hundred submarines? Deliver a precision attack by carrier planes against the subs before they leave their home ports. Imagine the situation if the U.S. and the Soviet Union exchanged naval fleets. The U.S. would have no aircraft carriers while task forces of Russian carriers would roam off both our coasts."

"The guys who really appreciate aircraft carriers are the men in the State Department," said another admiral. "Carriers allowed the U.S. to protect Formosa, Quemoy and Matsu, and to land Marines in Lebanon and Thailand."

The Navy has never discussed it in public, but its present carrier strength also permitted a simultaneous readiness on four widely separated fronts during last year's Cuba crisis. At the moment that jets from the *Enterprise* and *Independence* were poised to strike Cuba, other carriers in the Sixth and Seventh fleets were prepared to hit Communist targets from launch points in the Mediterranean and Western Pacific. Meanwhile, in secret, a fourth carrier task force was moving into the Indian Ocean to help blunt a threatened Chinese Communist drive onto the plains of India.

In recent years this hitherto unique talent of the Navy's for moving tactical air power easily around the globe, has been challenged by the U.S. Air Force. The Tactical Air Command, SAC's oft-forgotten little brother, has established a new mobile strike force of fighter-bombers backed up by strings of cargo planes. Whiz Kid Enthoven has taken a strong personal interest in this enterprise. "We've made a lot of improvements in the worldwide mobility of land-based air power," says Enthoven. "A squadron in the U.S. today can operate in the Middle East or Southeast Asia tomorrow. Since land-based tactical air is cheaper than sea-based, we feel that to some extent TAC can substitute for aircraft carriers."

Heat under Navy collars

This kind of argument sets Navy collars steaming. "Sure," said Capt. Evan Aurand, who served for four years as naval aide to President Eisenhower, and now is the working director of the Schoech study group. "With inflight refueling, TAC can fly its fighters overseas from the States. But where will they land? In most of Africa, Asia and Latin America we have no prepared bases. Those people don't want U.S. bases on their territory. And even if TAC finds a friendly airfield, how will they operate? A fighter-bomber uses up about twelve tons of fuel and bombs in a normal day of limited war operations. It would take weeks to build up supplies of that magnitude by air cargo."

"The best example of the comparative reaction time between carrier-based and other air power was the Lebanon crisis," says Vice Adm. P. D. Stroop, chief of the Navy's Bureau of Weapons. "Strike aircraft from the Sixth Fleet were flying 120 sorties a day on the first day—within twelve hours of President Chamoun's request for aid—covering the landing of 5,500 Marines. The carrier planes continued this sortie rate for three weeks until the first land-based aircraft—a TAC strike group flown in to the big NATO jet base at Adana, Turkey—was available for sustained operations."

Air Force and Navy pilots have been arguing back and forth for years in this manner. What gives the arguments an almost desperate tone this year is McNamara's policy of "one or the other, but not both." Considering the cost of modern weapons, duplication, in McNamara's mind, becomes almost criminal.

"Add it up," invites an Air Force colonel. "One carrier: $300 million. Cruisers, destroyers, supply ships to keep her in business: Maybe $500 million, maybe more. That's pretty near a billion dollars, and we haven't bought any airplanes yet."

"Carriers have a high initial cost, but once we've paid for them, we own them for keeps," retorted a naval officer. "The Air Force put $300 million into its air bases in Morocco and the next day the Moroccans threw them out. For our $300 million we get a highly mobile, self-contained base, subject to no political strings, good for twenty to thirty years."

"Sure, we've had to withdraw from one or two of our dozens of airfields," counters the colonel. "But we've never had one sunk."

"Of course carriers might sink," Admiral Anderson has said. "The real question, however, is whether they have performed their mission before we lose them. In a nuclear war any carrier that could launch its air group equipped with nuclear weapons would have performed its mission. Even if ten of our fifteen attack carriers were caught before they could launch, planes from the five other attack carriers could destroy any country in the world."

But, Admiral Anderson went on, it will not be easy for an enemy to find and sink 10 U.S. carriers, or even one. The classic Navy statement on this point has always been that to find a carrier at sea under electronic silence would be like trying to find a needle in a haystack. A pair of bemedaled Air Force colonels in the Pentagon smiled when this familiar Navy claim was repeated to them.

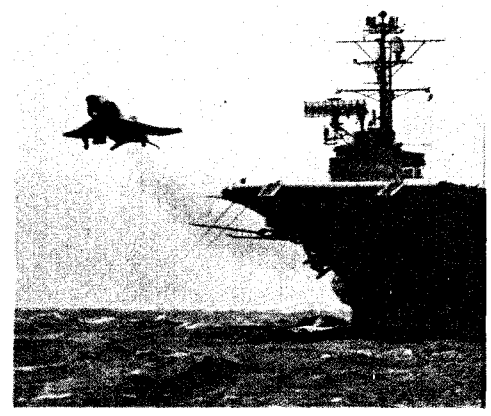
"It's really more like finding a needle on a pool table," said one of the colonels.

"A *banana* on a pool table," snorted the second.

In tones of tightly suppressed anger, a senior admiral explained, "The Air Force means that when they fly over the ocean in peacetime, a carrier shows up on their radarscopes as a blip. Anybody who came back in wartime would see blips too, lots of blips. Some might be destroyers with radar reflectors that make them look like carriers, some might not be ships at all, just electronic tricks. And when the attackers come in close to find out which blip they want—bang! Our interceptors and missiles have got them."

At first it seemed pure bad luck for the Navy that, just as the question of carrier vulnerability was on everyone's mind in the Pentagon, the Soviet Union began sending Bears on long-range overflights. But as the Russian prowlers thundered over one giant U.S. flattop after another, the admirals began to have second thoughts. It was known that the Soviet Union had never built aircraft carriers and, in fact, had downgraded all surface warships because Russia is primarily a land power.

In recent years, however, important Soviet foreign policy objectives—the attempt to reach into the Congo, the need to back up its missile bases in Cuba—have been thwarted by Russia's lack of surface seapower. Perhaps, American admirals reasoned, sharp questions had been asked in the Kremlin about Russia's inability to project power across the oceans. These questions might conceivably have triggered the flights of the Bears. Strong support for this theory appeared last spring in a book, *Soviet Military Strategy*, by Red Army Marshal Vassily Sokolovsky. In the book, Sokolovsky argues that one of the most important and complex tasks facing the



A catapulted Phantom takes to the air.

Soviet armed forces in wartime will be the destruction of U.S. aircraft carriers.

"I think the overflights have two objectives," says Admiral Schoech. "The Soviets don't know enough about carriers and they want to find out more. They also hope that by making our carriers seem vulnerable they can persuade us to stop building them. If they get away with that, they will have enjoyed one of the cheapest, most successful air strikes in the history of war."

What the Defense Secretary's ruling will be, none of the Navy fliers clustered in Pentagon corridors can guess. One frequent bet is that McNamara will permit the construction of the supercarrier for which Congress has already appropriated the money. Some officers even think that the carrier will be given nuclear propulsion. But most of them are gloomy about getting another carrier in fiscal 1965. "And if McNamara scratches that one," said a commander, "who knows when we'll be allowed to build another?"

Will the sea dogs fight, if they don't get what they want?

"We'll groan, but we can't fight," was one officer's reply. "This isn't 1949. McNamara is too strong."

But one famous old sea dog thinks that this kind of defeatist reasoning is so much bilge water. In retirement, Adm. Arleigh (31 Knot) Burke is still the bluff, sandy-hair saltwater sailor who ran the Navy as CNO for six years under the Eisenhower Administration. "Of course a fight is coming," Burke told a visitor to his small private office on Connecticut Avenue in Washington. "This whole Administration is full of bright, clever young fellows who worked like hell in the academic world and are very sure of their logic and analytical powers. But they have little respect for experience. I've been told by some of these youngsters, 'You can't be very bright or you wouldn't be in the military.' My answer has always been that you have to be kind of stupid to do stupid things like fight."

Burke glanced up at a model of the *Enterprise* on a shelf and then continued. "I worry about what's going to happen to the Navy. McNamara likes yes men around him. If you see the experienced senior officers being moved out and replaced by inexperienced men, it will be a bad sign. I'm certain, though, that Congress will fight for the Navy. Constitutionally, Congress is the watchdog of the people. And the U.S. Navy exists, not to defend Mr. McNamara, but to defend the American people." THE END

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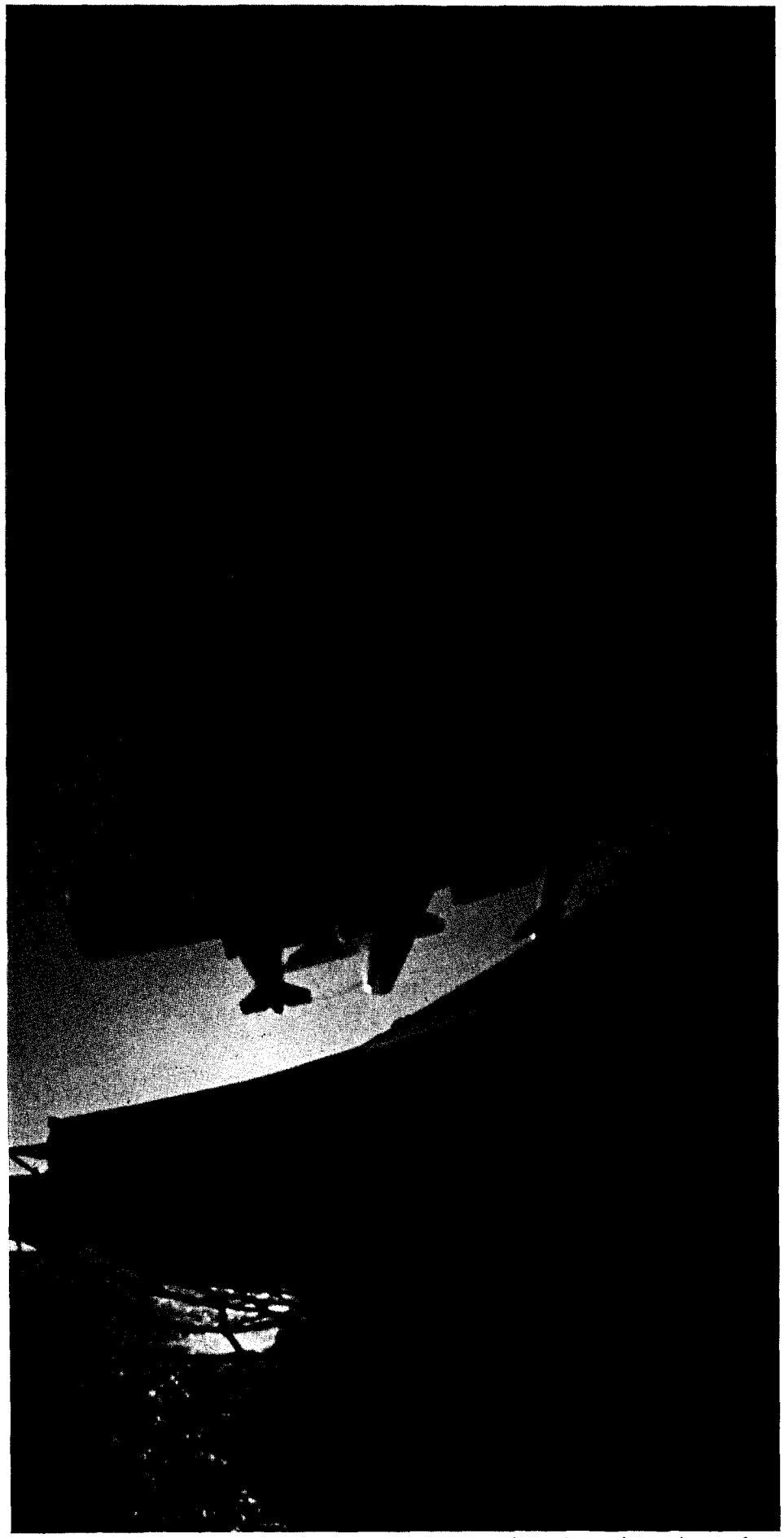
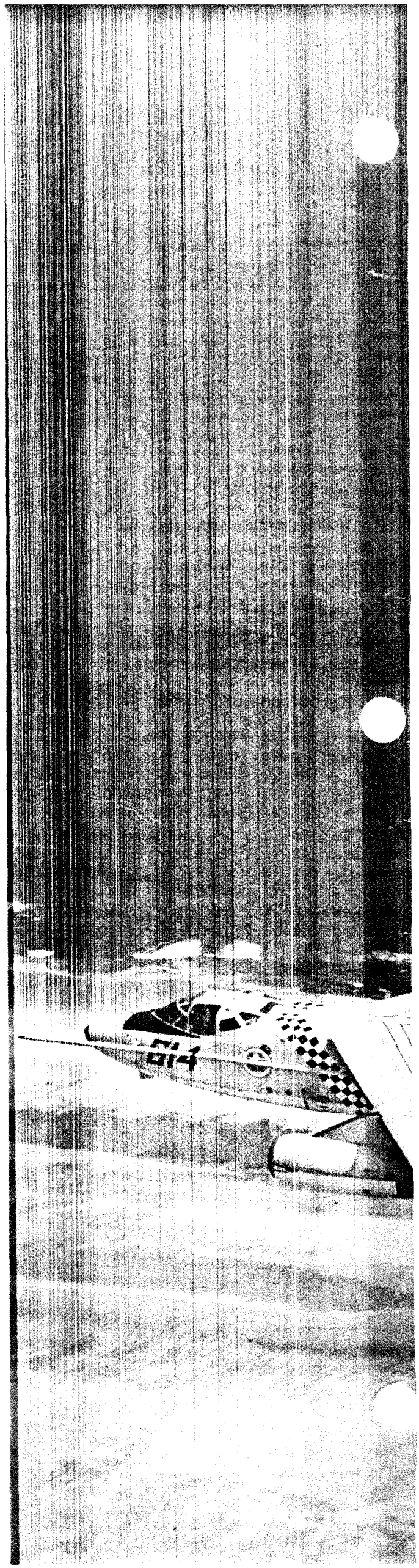
Photographs by John Launois

LETHAL NAVY WINGS FROM A FLOATING AIRFIELD— THE U.S.S. FORRESTAL



A delta-winged jet hurtles off the flight deck, 60 feet above the sea's surface.



A "gaggle" of aircraft, representing the four types of jets carried aboard Forrestal, engage in a naval air specialty over Cape Hatteras: low altitude, in-flight refueling at 200 knots.

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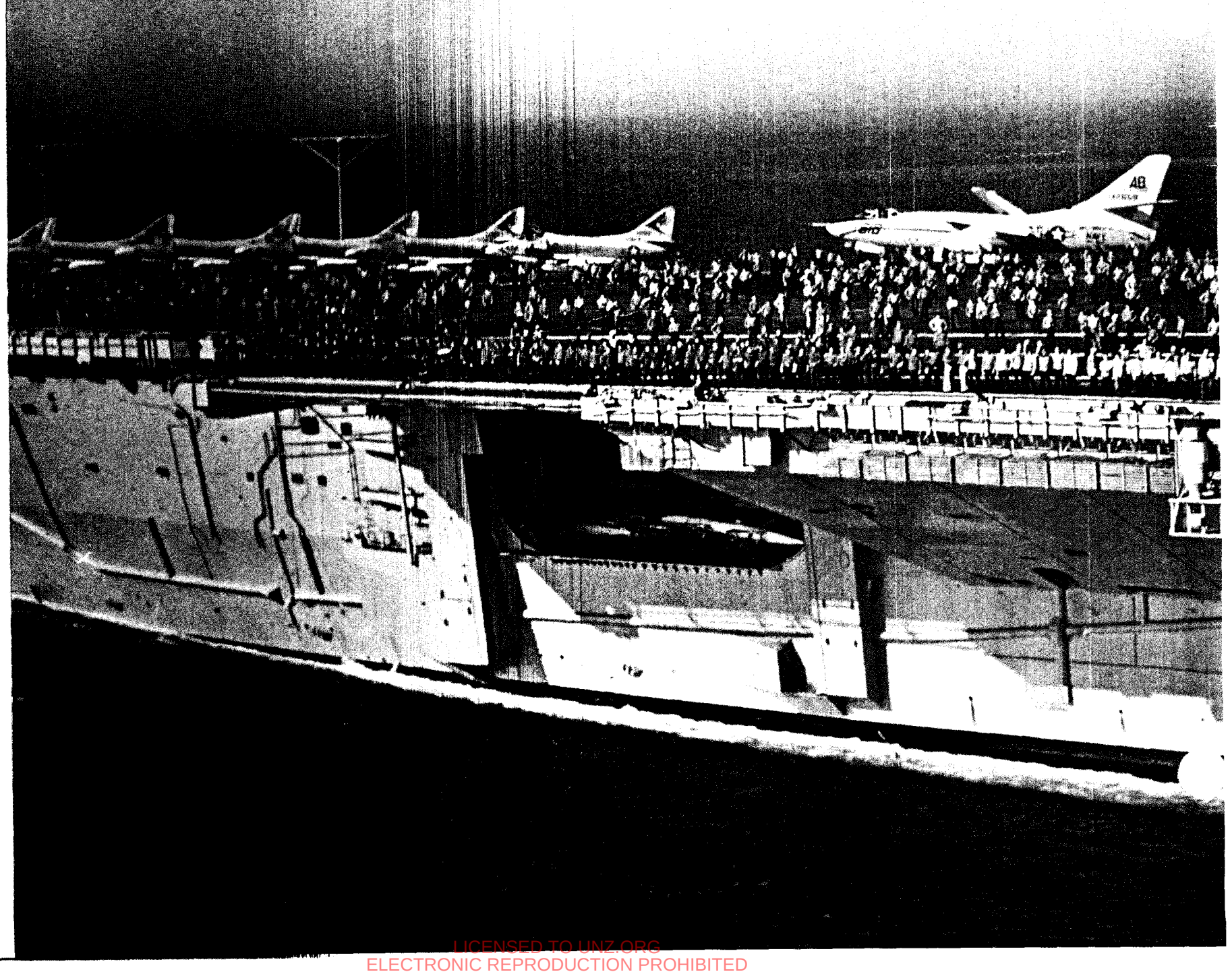
Bathed in tails of flame from a salvo of air-to-ground rockets, a carrier-based Douglas Skyhawk, one of the world's smallest

Nearly 2,500 men of the U.S.S. Forrestal's crew muster on the supercarrier's four-acre flight deck. Duties range from preparing



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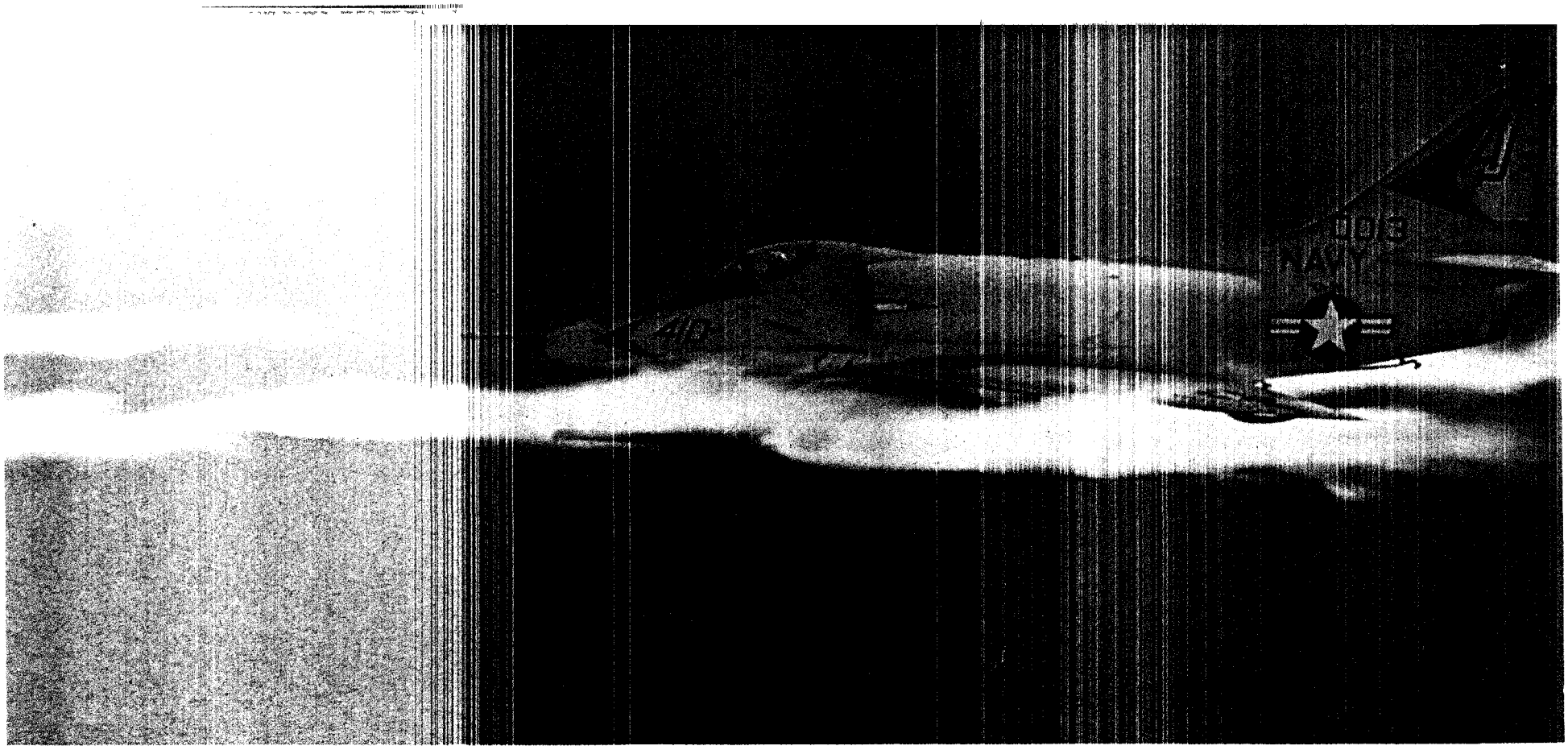
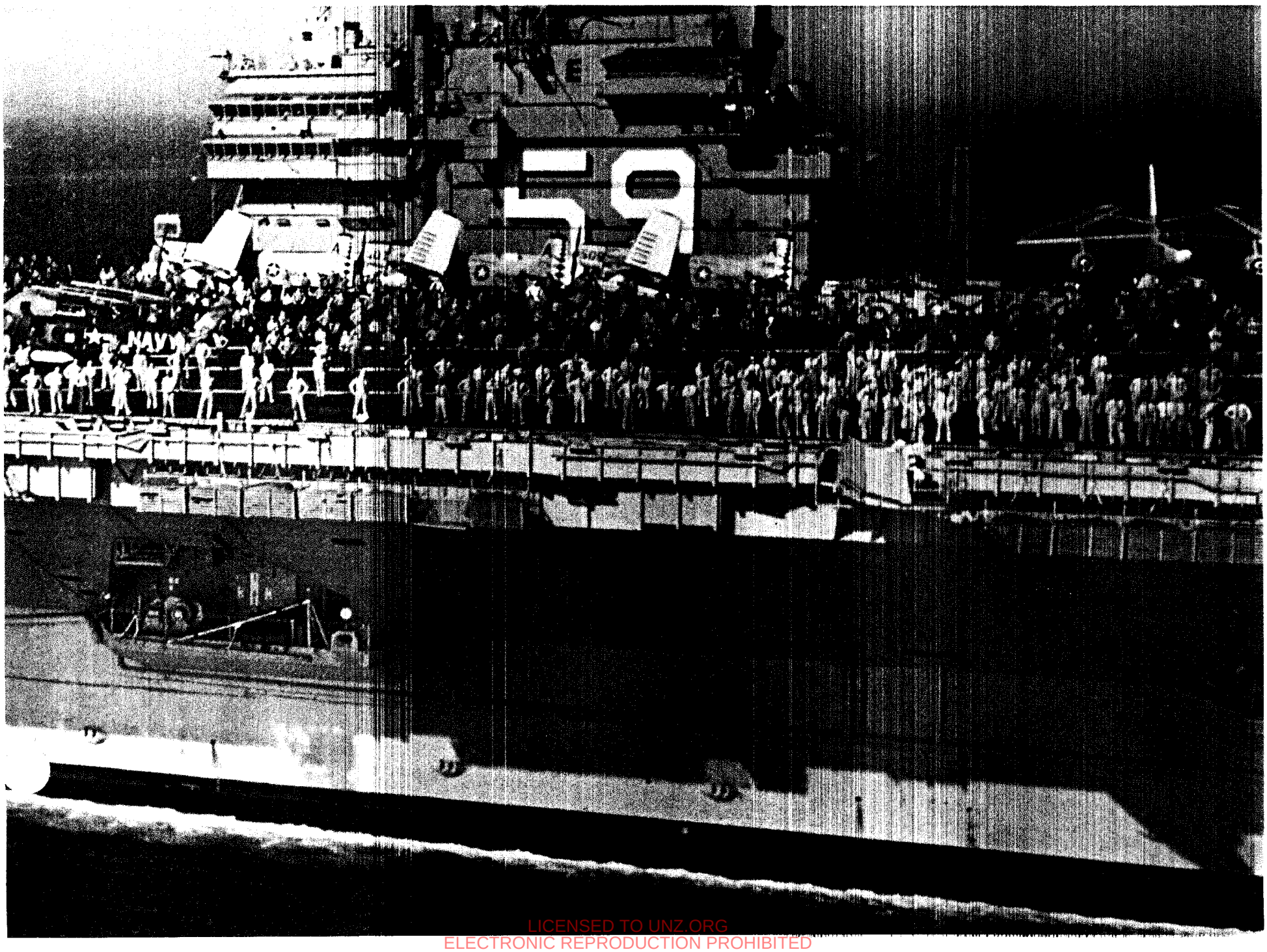


combat jet planes, makes a practice run on a towed target sled.

FIREPOWER IN THE SKY—MANPOWER ON THE SEA

13,000 meals a day to maintaining exotic atom-age equipment.



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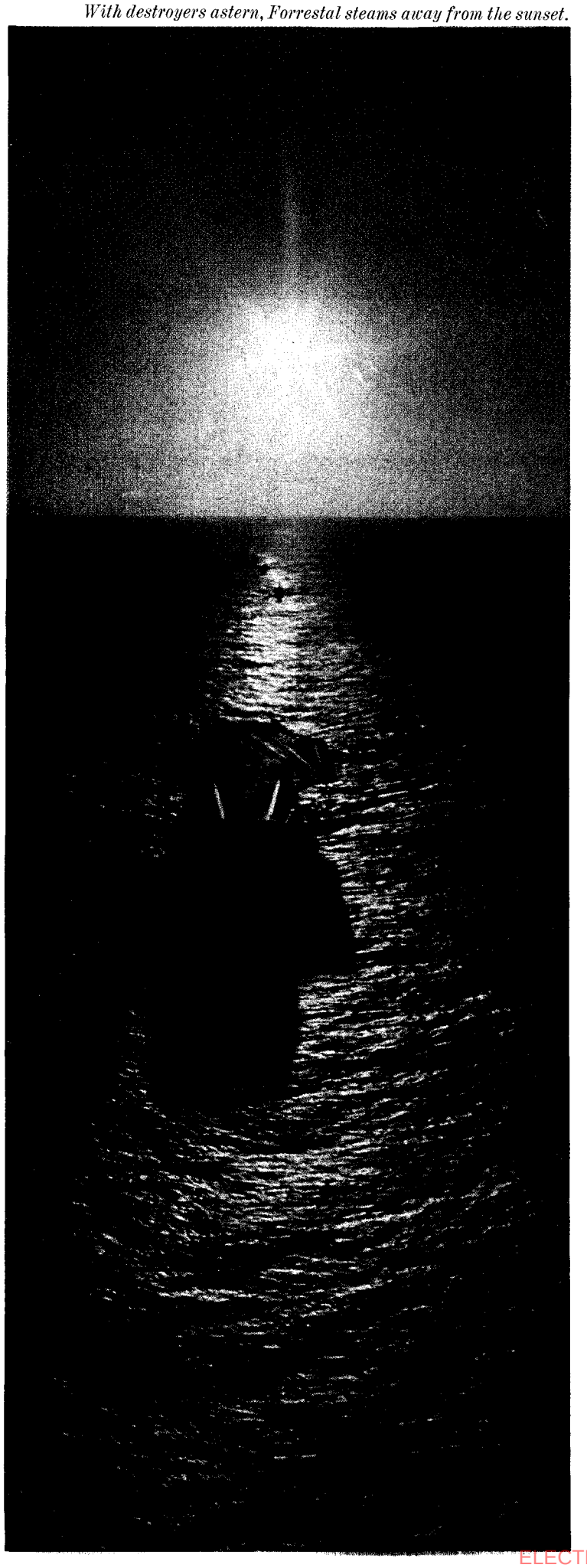
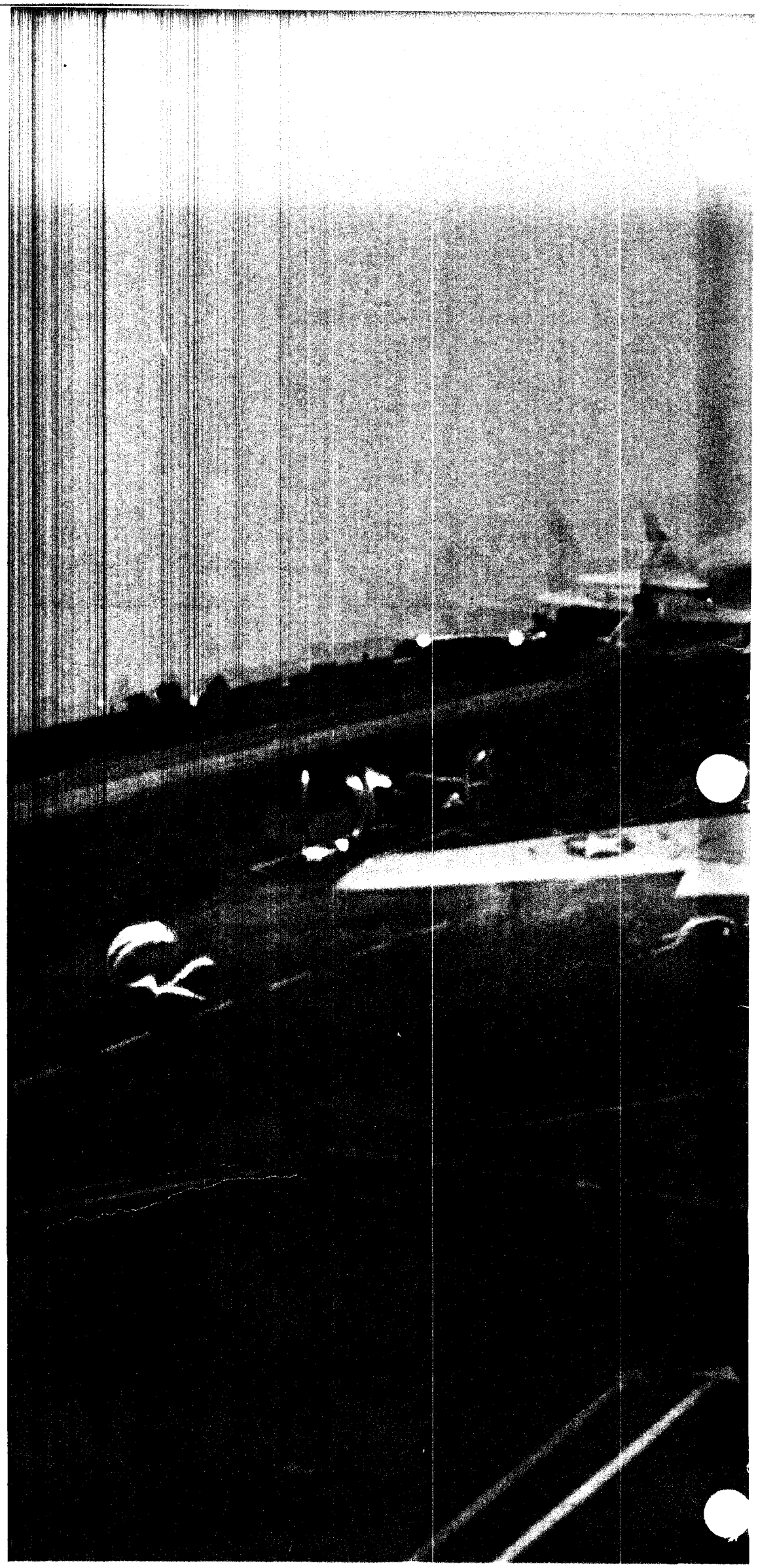
DAY AND NIGHT CARRIERS CAN BOTH PROWL AND FIGHT

With destroyers astern, Forrestal steams away from the sunset.





As dusk falls, an A-3B Skywarrior, largest carrier-based plane, accelerates ja

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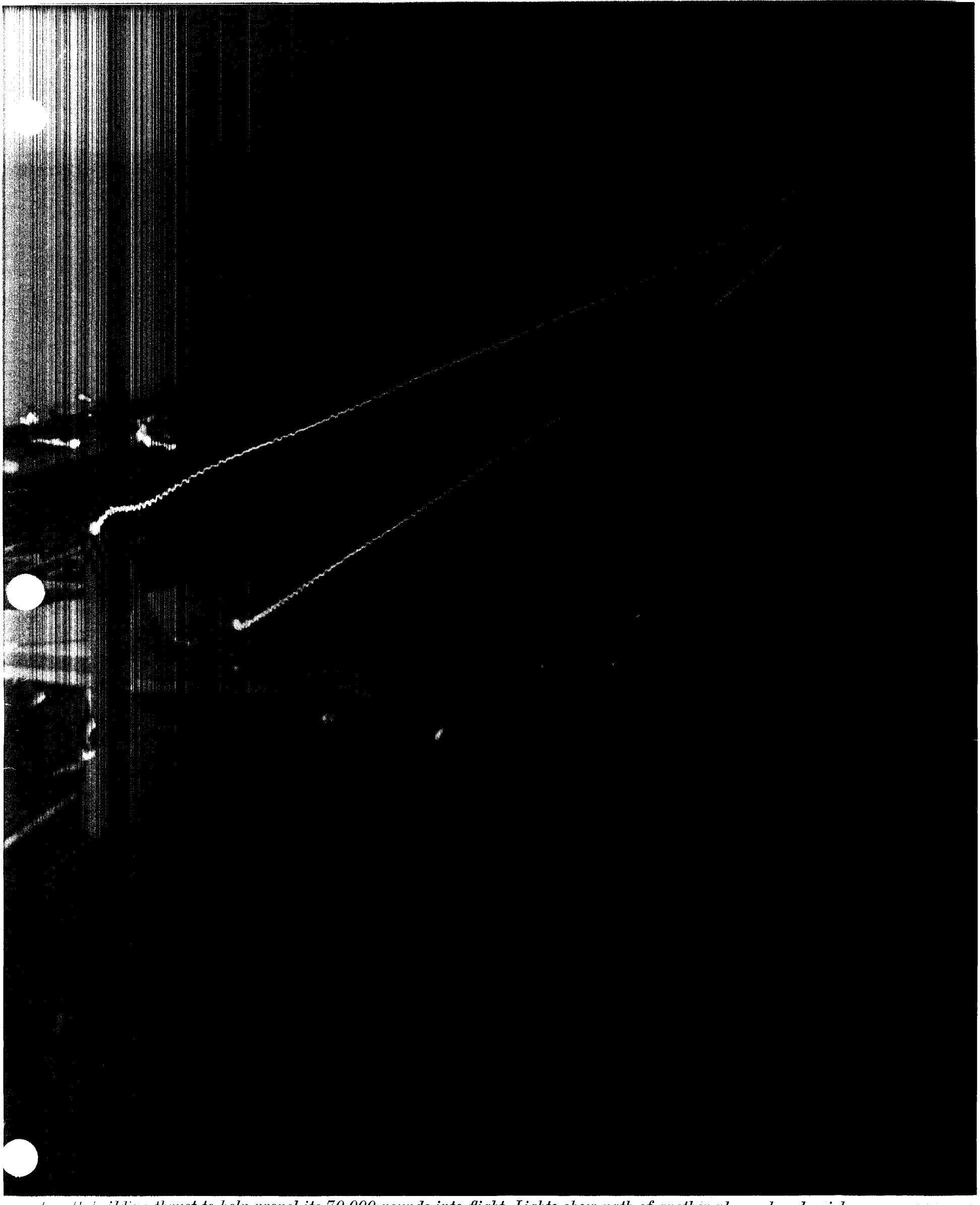

on catapult, building thrust to help propel its 70,000 pounds into flight. Lights show path of another plane already airborne.

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For most of his 95 years former Vice President Garner has been known as a tightwad.

What is Cactus Jack up to now?

By FRANK X. TOLBERT

"Worst damfool mistake I ever made was letting myself be elected Vice President of the United States," said John Nance Garner. "Should have stuck with my old chores as Speaker of the House. I gave up the second most important job in the Government for one that didn't amount to a hill of beans. I spent eight long years as Mr. Roosevelt's spare tire. I might still be Speaker if I hadn't let them elect me Vice President."

Cactus Jack Garner, who will be 95 years old on November 22, thought over what he'd just said. Then he added, "No, that's not right. I wouldn't still be Speaker. I'd be dead. If I'd stayed in Washington instead of coming home to this blessed place twenty-two years ago, I would have been long gone to glory."

By "this blessed place" he meant Uvalde, Texas, a town of 11,000 on the brushy, spiky Rio Grande Plain. "This is a town where you can be as lazy as a dog-goned shinglemaker," said Mr. Garner. "I used to hunt some, and hull a thousand pounds of pecans every winter. Now I'm pretty much on the no-'count list. I get up early, at around five A.M., so I can have more time to loaf."

The little man was in a mellow mood. He was sitting in a straight-backed metal chair on the lawn outside his small, old-fashioned frame house at the rear of 333 North Park Street. The main house, in front, is the two-story brick mansion which was once Mr. Garner's home, but which he gave to the city of Uvalde after the death of his beloved wife Ettie in 1948. His idea was that it might be used as a public library. Instead, it is now a tourist attraction called Garner Museum.

Sunset was about two hours away. It was a time of day when John Garner likes to have visitors, especially women visitors. There were several empty metal chairs around on the lawn.

I was there in the hopes of finding out why this lively old man with a well-established reputation as a tightwad had suddenly blossomed into a great philanthropist. The main object of his generosity has been Southwest Texas Junior College, on the outskirts of Uvalde. The Southwest Texas campus is on the site of a World War II Army flying school, Garner (naturally) Field. The college still uses many of the old flying-school buildings, but now, thanks mainly

Sitting in front of his small house in Uvalde, Texas, Garner enjoys the company of two visitors. Usually, though, he doesn't do his kissing at arm's length.

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Why is he now suddenly giving away a fortune?

to Cactus Jack's gifts, masonry buildings of contemporary design are rising from what was once just a nest of hangars, Quonset huts and other examples of crude military architecture.

At the last count, Mr. Garner had given Southwest Texas Junior College slightly more than $1,000,000 since 1961, and I wanted to get him talking about it.

At the moment, however, he wanted to discuss baseball. I had been to see Mr. Garner several times before, and I'd timed this visit not to conflict with any major-league baseball game. I knew that the worst time to call on him was on a summer weekend when he was watching a game on television. He has two television sets and remote controls. If there is baseball on two networks he sometimes has both sets going. When a commercial appears on the screen, he tunes down the volume on that set and gives the other set his full attention. While he's watching baseball, he tolerates company but discourages conversation, sometimes snarlingly, except for brief periods when he's "trapped" by commercials on both sets.

"I dearly love baseball, and went to as many games as I could when I was in Washington," he said. "At least two fellows who wrote books about me put it down that I was a baseball player during my early days back in East Texas. The truth is we just had a hard-rubber ball and some kind of a stick for a bat. In those days I was a right smart hitter. And I could run like a scalded dog."

Sitting there, talking, Cactus Jack had the look of a bold old owl, with his beaked nose and heavy white eyebrows and narrow, hooded eyes. Ruddy and round in his prime, he now is pink-faced and lean. Although he is usually dressed carelessly in khakis, this evening he wore his only suit of "store clothes," neatly pressed but with a few holes burned in the cloth by hot cigar ashes. A white Panama hat rode at a confident cant on his snowy head.

There came a pause in the baseball talk, and I decided to switch the conversation to philanthropy. "Mr. Garner," I said, "I've heard how you and Mrs. Garner lived simply in Washington and saved your money and bought land and bank stocks. You became a very wealthy man. You are also known as a man who is extra careful with his money. In fact, a few folks around here have said that you are tight enough to skin a flea for its hide and tallow. Why have you changed so much in the last two years? How does it happen that, all of a sudden, you decided to give away all that money?"

"Well," said the old man, "I'll start off trying to answer you by saying that next to Speaker of the House, the most important public office I ever held was in the 1890's when I was superintendent of Uvalde County public schools. I'm for education. I don't want these kids around here to have to suck on the hind tit when it comes to getting a good education. I can't explain my time schedule on what I've given to the college except to say that when you get in your nineties you can't afford to be a *mañana* man."

While talking, he had spotted a group of attractive young women coming across the lawn in our direction. He yanked a half-smoked Mexican cigar from his mouth. Very quickly he knocked out the ashes until there was no flame. Then the big, black cigar was wrapped in a handkerchief and stored in the breast pocket of his coat.

"Your chances for kissing a girl are mighty poor if you're puffing like a tea kettle on a big cigar," he explained. "And I aim to kiss those girls good-bye when they're through visiting and ready to take leave of me."

Sure enough, after he had chatted with the young women for about 15 minutes, there was quite a farewell scene. Cactus Jack was on his feet, grinning, bowing, holding hands. And he kissed each girl on the mouth except for one agile young thing who gave him a peck on the cheek and then squirmed out of his grasp.

When they'd gone, he said, "I guess some people who come here for the first time are disappointed. They may expect a big, imposing man. And all they see is me, a little old runt of a Democrat."

He took the handkerchief from his pocket, unwrapped it and examined the half-smoked cigar with displeasure.

"Dammit!" he said. "I broke the end off my cigar when I was playing the kissbug, and bowing and scraping around."

For most of his life Mr. Garner has smoked strong Mexican cigars. He has never favored Cuban brands. Then, five years ago, he announced he was through with cigars. Even more surprisingly, he swore off another favorite recreation, drinking bourbon whiskey.

"I see you're smoking cigars again, Mr. Garner," I said. "Have you gone back to whiskey drinking too?"

"I reconsidered about the cigars. I'm still on the wagon. You sound to me mighty like a man hinting for a drink of whiskey. Did you drive up here in a car?"

How to save on whiskey

"Yes, sir." I knew what he was going to say next.

"I can't serve no whiskey to anyone who is driving a car."

He saves a lot of whiskey with this rule.

Nowadays when Mr. Garner himself goes driving down Uvalde's broad streets and through the surrounding countryside, he is likely to be a passenger in a smoothly running 1950 International Harvester pickup truck, driven by Lucas Zamoro, aged 74, his handy man and lifetime friend. The pickup truck is his only motor vehicle. He acquired it in 1961. Before that he was driven around in "an old, smooth-mouthed" Ford sedan which he had owned since just before he finished his second and last term as Vice President in January, 1941.

"My wife, Ettie, wasn't one for show, and that old Ford suited her as well as it did me," said Mr. Garner. "It was still Cadillacking along, only my boy Tully was getting worried because some of the body was held together with bailing wire. So we swapped for this truck."

Mr. Garner and Mr. Zamoro are usually roughly dressed. A stranger, seeing them tooling along in the old pickup, might take them for poverty-stricken types. To the faculty and almost 600 students at Southwest Texas Junior College, though, Mr. Garner and his truck seem like Santa Claus and sleigh.

To have the required number of potential students for a state junior-college district, Southwest Texas Junior College has had to take in the 3,505 square miles of three counties, Uvalde, Real and Zavala. There used to be some hostility to the young college in Zavala County, especially in Crystal City, a prosperous town which claims to be the spinach capital of the hemisphere and has a statue in town square of Popeye, a cartoon character with a passion for that vegetable.

Zavala County opposition to Uvalde's college dwindled, however, after Mr. Garner gave Southwest Texas Junior the controlling interest in the Zavala State Bank of Crystal City and stock in another Zavala County bank, in the town of La Pryor. This package of bank stock is valued at a half million dollars.

After this offering, Mr. Garner wrote a check for $100,000 and mailed it to the college. Other gifts of bank stock and cash have followed.

Mind you, these magnificent donations have come from a man so penurious he won't crease his hats because, he says, "The wear shows up first in the creases."

While we talked on the lawn that July day, I kept trying to get Mr. Garner to discuss at more length the reasons for his recent philanthropies. But he would get interested in other things, such as the many mourning doves and white-winged doves which were nesting in his trees.

"I like dove calls of an evening," he said. "My doves fly fifteen miles and back every day bringing seeds from the fields and berries from the hill country to their babies." Mr. Garner seemed very positive about the doves' daily mileage. "I'm going to shoot some damn cats if they don't quit pestering my doves," he added.

Since he had denounced house cats, I thought I might maneuver him into some salty comment about contemporary Republican leaders—I knew he wouldn't "cuss" any Democrats.

"I quit politics in 1941, and that includes talking about it," he replied. "Anyway, if I was to say something bad about one of them big, fat Republicans, he might come down here and whip me."

It was then that he finally decided to speak more on his reasons for giving the college all that money: "When I came here in 1892 I only had $151.25 and a lung ailment. I owe my health and everything else I got to this blessed place. And, dammit, I'm going to give it back where it came from."

It was near sundown. Another delegation of visitors, including two women, approached across the wide lawn.

Mr. Garner had a freshly lit cigar. Deftly he knocked out the ashes until there was no flame. He wrapped the cigar carefully in the handkerchief and stowed it away in the pocket. He was ready to meet the girls. THE END

Garner has a taste for strong Mexican cigars, which he pockets when kissing is imminent.

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In If-If's Newton Center, Mass., meditation room, reachable only by ladder from the basement, a cultist squats amid incense fumes.

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A band of dedicated cultists led by two ex-Harvard professors wander the hemisphere like misplaced lotus-eaters, seeking the freedom to drug themselves with hallucinogens and to study and enjoy the unearthly raptures they call The Experience. Others, too, are discovering the allure, the perils, and the weird potentials in the modern lotus named LSD–25.

The dangerous magic of LSD

LSD dilates the pupils, reverse of most narcotics' effect.

"I became an angel floating delightfully through space . . . every cell in my body in a frenzy of joyous vibration. I became a Chinese coolie . . . a fat Turkish sultan . . . silkworms . . . a cobra. I became great streaks of lightning, cutting sheer splendors into the skies."

So wrote a Los Angeles author, using the pseudonym "Jane Dunlap," who volunteered not long ago as a subject for a psychiatric study of a drug called LSD. She also noted that she experienced headaches, dizziness, nausea and terror. After one dose of LSD, a Harvard student labored for two days under the delusion that he stood only six inches tall. Another student, thinking he was God and immune to injury, drifted into heavy traffic and nearly lost his life. A movie producer named Ivan Tors tells how the drug propelled his mind from the primordial cosmos through all of evolution. "I felt myself to be a reptile, a bird, a beast. I walked to a mirror. I saw in myself the face of an ape—and also master of the world."

The potent and mysterious drugs that produce such bizarre mental transformations are commonly called "hallucinogens" by psychiatrists. By far the most potent is the compound diethylamide tartrate of d-lysergic acid—in chemical shorthand, LSD. A barely visible speck swallowed in water can project the mind into a phantasmagoria lasting hours and sometimes days. The "buttons" of the peyote cactus and some mushrooms are hallucinogenic; some historians believe that the wild Dionysian revels of ancient Greece were nothing more—or less—than mushroom-eating orgies. The hallucinogens not only produce hallucinations but also distort the mind and alter personality. While they fascinate psychiatrists as research tools, the majority of investigators consider them too dangerous for widespread use.

But one small band of social rebels, led by two former Harvard psychology professors named Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert, emphatically disagree. Though they have had neither psychiatric nor medical training, they argue that the benefits of hallucinogens—what they call "The Experience"—far outweigh the dangers. Hallucinogens, they insist, can make people wiser, nobler and more loving, stimulate creativity and cure a host of mental disorders. They blithely admit to taking hallucinogens often themselves while administering the drugs to their "collaborators," a term they prefer to "subjects" or "patients." During the last three years each has undergone The Experience more than a hundred times and "turned on," as they express it in unprofessorial style borrowed from hipster and junkie lingo, some thousand collaborators. When conservative scientists object that such unscientific procedure prevents the experimenter from controlling his experiment, Leary and Alpert retort: "The Experience is essentially nonverbal, so that you can't follow your collaborator's responses, unless you're under the influence of the drug too."

Whatever the truth, their pursuit of The Experience has made virtual pariahs of Leary, Alpert and their followers, and sent them ranging the hemisphere in search of some haven for their unorthodox practices. The hegira began when Harvard fired the professors. Some of the group went to Mexico. The Mexican government threw them out. They turned to the British West Indies, considered the tiny island of Dominica, tarried a while on Antigua, and bought an uninhabited island as a possible refuge. But nowhere could they settle with any assurance of not being deported. They are still seeking.

Timothy Leary, a widower of 43 with two children, has the bold good looks, dash and silver tongue of his Black Irish forebears. The son of a Springfield, Mass., dentist, he took a Ph.D. in clinical psychology at the University of California, and was appointed director of psychology research at Oakland's Kaiser Foundation Hospital. A treatise he wrote on personality diagnosis is a classic in the field. He joined Harvard's Center for Research in Personality in 1959 at the urging of its director, Dr. David C. McClelland.

Leary sampled his first hallucinogen three years ago while vacationing in Cuernavaca, Mexico. An anthropologist friend turned up with a bag of *Psilocybe mexicana*, the so-called "sacred mushrooms" which the Mazatec Indians have been eating as a religious rite for centuries. Leary ate nine mushrooms, a prodigious feat, considering that most novices vomit after one. "I realized I had died," he recounts, "that I, Timothy Leary, the Timothy Leary game, was gone. I could look back and see my body on the bed. I relived my life, and re-experienced many events I had forgotten. More than that, I went back in time in an evolutionary sense to where I was aware of being

By John Kobler

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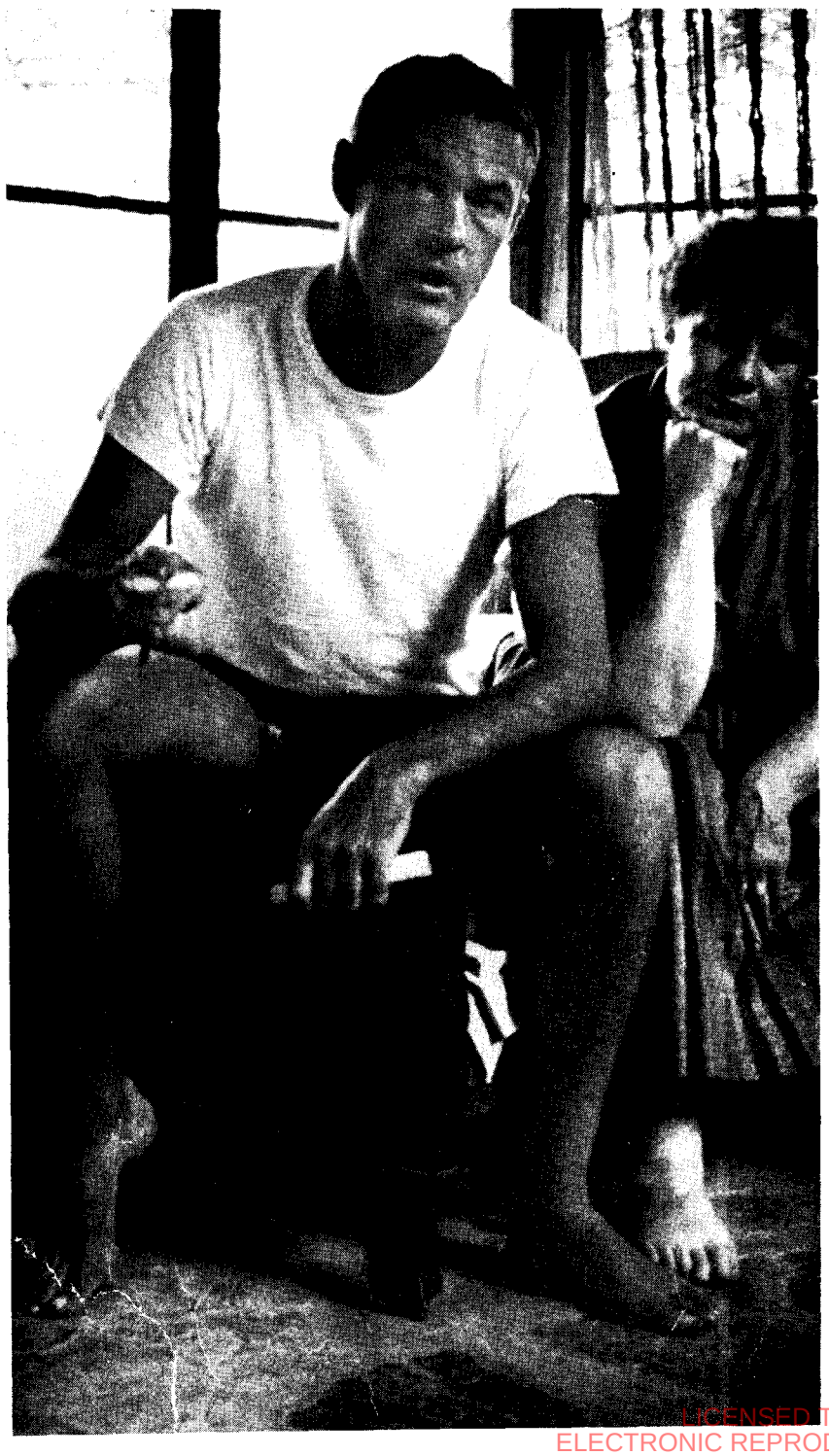
If-If leader Richard Alpert, after a wedding, in Harvard days.

Timothy Leary gives disciples the bad news: They must leave Mexico.



Perilous drug

"I was aware of being a one-celled organism."

a one-celled organism. All of these things were way beyond my mind."

Leary returned to Harvard longing to journey still further beyond his mind and his ardor infected Alpert, another clinical psychologist and McClelland protégé. A tall, thin, owlish bachelor, 10 years younger than Leary, Alpert who comes from a wealthy Boston family, had distinguished himself at Stanford University as a researcher in child development.

After Leary initiated Alpert into The Experience, the pair spread the message to a number of psychology students, and launched a program of experiments with psilocybin, a recently perfected synthesis of the active principle in the Mexican mushrooms. This drug has effects similar to LSD, although much heavier doses—5,000 to 10,000 micrograms as against 70 micrograms—are required to produce them. It is supplied gratis to recognized scientific investigators by Sandoz, Inc., of Hanover, N.J., the American subsidiary of the Swiss chemical company which holds the patents on both psilocybin and LSD, and is the sole licensed distributor in the United States. Since Leary and Alpert had impeccable academic credentials, the company felt free to supply them with psilocybin.

The experimenters quickly learned that the effects of hallucinogens are as variable as people. In general, earthly realities evaporate. Conscious memory, reasoning power, time and space perceptions stop functioning normally. During the early stages, sensory impressions are almost unbearably acute. Sounds and colors seem to reveal the quintessence of themselves. A landscape, a voice, a face may fill the subject with the sense of absolute beauty great poetry transmits. Even a commonplace object, a block of wood, a pebble, may hold his gaze enraptured for hours. One subject recalls: "I sat transfixed all evening before a tree, feeling in it the very treeness of trees."

As the effects reach deeper levels, the subject grows detached from his own ego; he undergoes a kind of psychological death. Then, reborn, he may believe he has penetrated the ageless imponderables of who-am-I?, what-is-the-meaning-of-life? A number of painters, writers, and musicians say that LSD enables them to understand their own creative processes and thus improve their work. Many subjects testify to mystical revelations. God, they maintain, appeared to them; they heard Him and talked to Him. Others are pervaded by an awareness of the unity of all things, of identification with the cosmos and a boundless, ego-dissolving love for mankind. And still others, struggling against the loss of their egos, suffer hideous torment. "I can't convey the horror of it except by analogy," says one such subject. "Imagine you were forced to look on helplessly while monsters hacked your children to bits. Intensify the emotion a thousandfold and you'll have some inkling of my ordeal."

The experience produced by hallucinogens depends partly on the subject's anxieties, defenses, expectations, partly on the interaction of his mind and the mind of the person supervising the experiment. A living room full of close friends is likelier to produce pleasant illusions than a psychiatric clinic and the doctor-patient relationship. But whether heavenly or hellish, the experience leaves most subjects shaken to their roots.

One of the early Leary-Alpert experiments, performed under the aegis of the Center for Research in Personality with McClelland's support, aimed to create changes in the minds of prisoners so they would be able to stay out of prison when released. Assisted by a Boston psychiatrist, Dr. Walter M. Presnell, the professors selected 33 volunteers from the maximum-security prison at Concord, Mass., all of them due for parole. With psilocybin they combined T. L. C. (Tender Loving Care), as the sociologists say. They maintained a warm, personal relation to their subjects, set up a halfway house to shelter them temporarily on the outside, and tried to find them jobs. They also shared the drug with them.

The rate of ex-convicts' return to Concord Prison had been averaging from 50 percent to 70 percent after eight months of liberty. After 10 months, Leary triumphantly reported, only 25 percent of the psilocybin volunteers were returned, and those merely for technical violations of parole.

Yet the experiment proved little, because it incorporated no scientific controls. A normal precaution would have been to select a second, similarly composed group of prisoners and apply T.L.C. alone; this might have produced an equally sharp drop in recidivism.

Believing that a nonclinical atmosphere, with both experimenter and subject sharing The Experience, conduces to blissful visions, Leary and Alpert began holding home sessions by candlelight to the accompaniment of soulful music. Examinations to weed out poor psychological risks were skimped. Frequently no doctor attended. At first the university authorities, fearing to invade academic freedom, did not interfere. They eventually regretted their permissiveness.

To promote a quarterly the professors planned to publish, one perfervid follower scattered flyers through the dormitories announcing: MESCALINE! EXPERIENCE OF MYSTICISM! MUSHROOMS! ECSTASY! LSD-25! EXPANSION OF CONSCIOUSNESS! PHANTASKTIKA! HASHISH! VISIONARY BOTANY! OLILUQUI! PHYSIOLOGY OF RELIGION! INTERNAL FREEDOM! MORNING GLORY! POLITICS OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM!

Exploiting the curiosity stimulated among undergraduates generally, black marketeers began pushing hallucinogens on the campus. Sugar cubes saturated with an LSD solution fetched a dollar each. "A fine thing!" exclaimed a faculty member. "They'll be saying, 'If you want kicks, go to Harvard.'" Ostensibly Leary and Alpert confined their experiments to the less potent psilocybin. Sandoz, in fact, never supplied them with LSD. But Alpert admits they also used LSD obtained for them by friends with access to clinical supplies.

Hostilities against the professors mounted. At a staff meeting in McClelland's department an expert on social psychology, Herbert C. Kelman, declared, "The work violates the values of the academic community. Its emphasis is on pure experience, not on verbalizing

The blind shall lead the blind and they both shall fall in the ditch.

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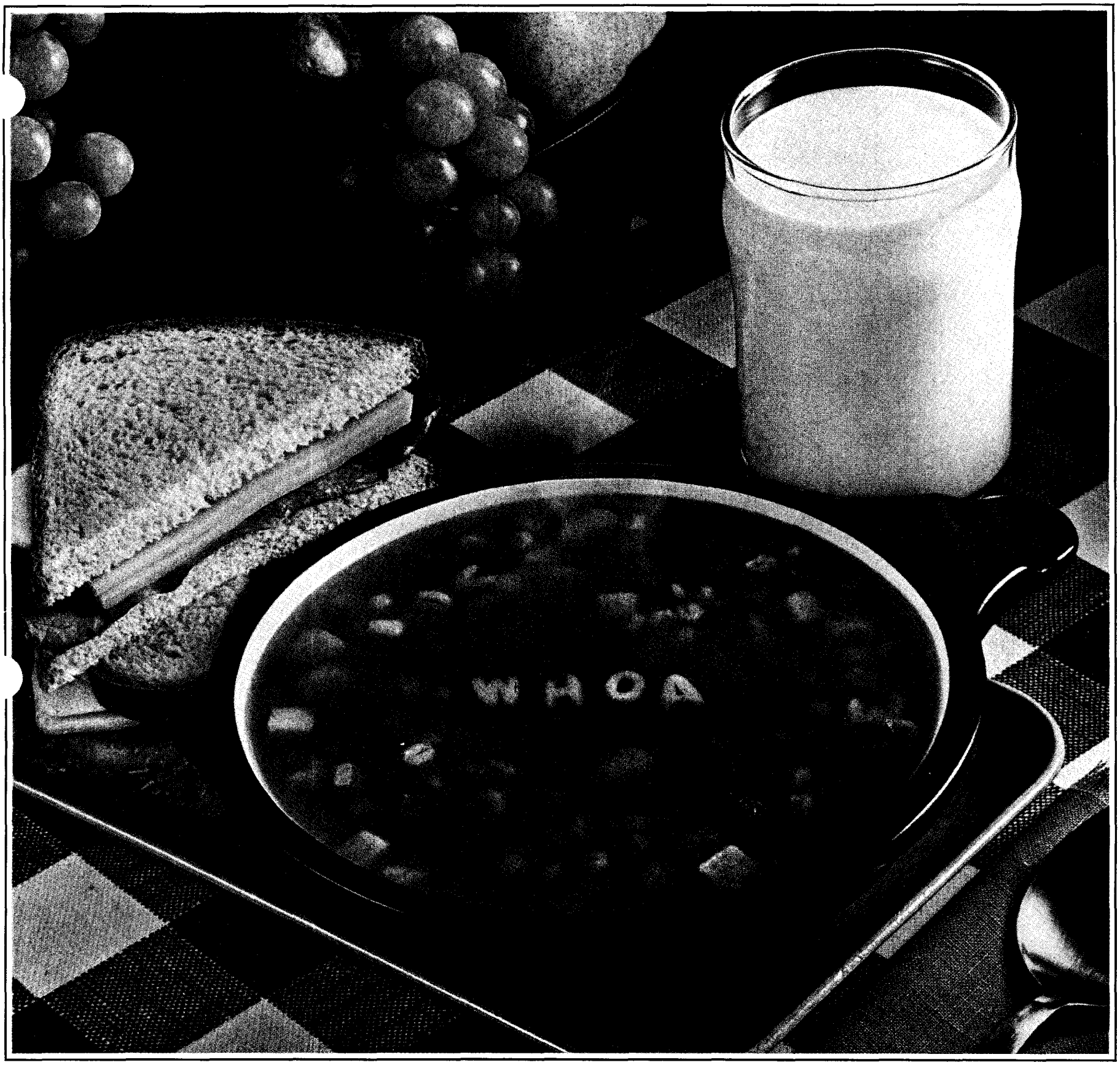

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Campbell's Soup and a sandwich (M'm! M'm! Good!)

Someone in your family treat lunch like a 50-yard dash? Make Campbell's Vegetable Soup the hot dish with a sandwich lunch. It's the soup with 15 garden vegetables in delicious beef broth. Takes 4 minutes to heat. Tastes so wonderfully good, your eat-and-run artist will slow down...and enjoy a hot, wholesome meal.

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Our stylists had a ball with this one

So will you

Some cars simply have it from the start. This one did. One look tells you our stylists fashioned the 1964 Dodge with loving care. Inside as well as outside. The interiors, for example, show an unusual concern for your good taste. They're colorful and durable. The seats show the same concern for your comfort. Some models have bucket seats, some standard seats, some have standard seats with a flip-down center arm rest that lets you enjoy the advantages of bucket seats without paying for them.

And that's only a start. Our engineers had a strong hand in this one, too. With engines—standard six or V8—that are a little larger than usual in the low-price field. So you get an extra helping of action without paying extra for it.

Then we priced it all with good old cars "F" and "C".

As you can see, we've had a lot of fun with this one. But we're quite serious in our desire to please you. So is your dependable Dodge Dealer. See him and get in on your fair share of the fun. In a new 1964 Dodge.

'64 Dodge

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findings." McClelland turned against his former protégés.

"Reports are given of deep mystical experiences," he said, "but their chief characteristic is the wonder at one's own profundity rather than a genuine concern to probe deeper into the experience of the human race in these matters. . . . One can hardly fail to infer that one effect of the drug is to decrease responsibility."

Harvard authorities urged students to avoid hallucinogens, and announced they would form a committee to supervise any future research on psilocybin. Undaunted, Leary and Alpert transferred their program outside the academic orbit. They founded a nonprofit corporation with the grandiloquent title "The International Federation for Inner Freedom." Headquartered near Harvard, "If-If," as it is familiarly called, solicits money, recruits members—about 550 so far—and publishes periodicals glorifying The Experience. According to its manifesto, it aims to make hallucinogens available to people who want "to undertake research into the expansion of their own consciousness."

If-If lacks neither wealthy supporters nor persuasive campaigners. Peggy Hitchcock, daughter of the late millionaire polo player Tommy Hitchcock, directs a New York branch of If-If. A Los Angeles yoga teacher serves as West Coast agent.

In Newton Center, a suburb of Boston, a score of If-Ifers, including married couples, with their children, occupied two large houses dedicated to "multifamily transcendental living." The notion derived from the Utopian novel, *Island*, by Aldous Huxley, a devotee of mescaline, whose recent writings and lectures have popularized The Experience. Huxley's fictional Pala islanders eat visionary mushrooms, practice Tantric Buddhism, hypnotism, eugenics and painless childbirth, and encourage their children to adopt several sets of parents.

The If-If Pala, a far-out island in a sea of far-in suburbia, lodged single men and

Strange music, dim lights and a "ground control man" to tend to necessities.

women as well as married couples with their young. "The Experience," says Alpert, "is so wonderful, so intense and so hard to talk about except to people who've had it that we like to be together and share our understanding." Music, a lot of it esoteric, floated through the houses from a dozen hi-fi sets. The lighting was dim. For inmates who craved solitude there was a "meditation room" heavily draped in batik that looked like the inside of a gypsy tea-leaf reader's tent. Rorschach-test blots adorned the kitchen walls. One living room abounded in abstract paintings and collages which the artist executed while high on LSD. The most arresting collage consisted of nudes cut out of magazines, and a bra.

Eastern mysticism vastly attracts the LSD set because their ideal drugged state, a passive, egoless union with the infinite, resembles that sought by yogis, lamas and the like. With their junkie jargon the If-Ifers mingle the terminology of Oriental sects. Those who administer LSD, drugging themselves at the same time, the better to communicate with the subject, are called *gurus* (Hindu for teachers). There is also usually present a "ground control man." Abstaining from the drug, he attends to mundane matters such as food and general physical comforts which the visionaries are too absorbed to bother about.

To guide the drug-takers through "the limitless new realities of the consciousness-expanded state," If-If adapted a manual from the Tibetan *Book of the Dead*. That abstruse breviary purports to teach the science of dying, of life after death and of reincarnation. Leary and Alpert interpret it as a guide to psychic dying, or ego loss, and psychic rebirth. Thus the hallucinated subject is told: "O, Nobly-born, you have departed from your old self. . . . Even though you cling to your mind you have lost the power to keep it. You will gain nothing more in this plastic-doll world. . . . Remember, when your body and mind were separating, you must have experienced a glimpse of the pure truth. Be not daunted thereby, nor terrified, nor awed. That is the radiance of your true nature. Recognize it."

Through the Newton Center ashram passed a wildly mixed bag of visitors—some of the ex-jailbirds Leary and Alpert were trying to rehabilitate with hallucinogens, reformed alcoholics and junkies, Hindu seers, avant-garde theologians, psychiatrists, artists. The novelist-philosopher Arthur Koestler once participated in a drug-taking soiree. So did Allen Ginsberg, the shrill, foul-tongued poet laureate of the beatniks. Ginsberg publicly shucked all his clothes, and talked of telephoning President Kennedy and Premier Khrushchev to convince them that by taking the drug they would discover the path to world peace. Koestler, however, dismissed The Experience as "instant Zen."

Neighbors complained of raucous all-night comings and goings. A dog belonging to Leary reportedly bit seven children. The Newton Center zoning board tried to oust the transcendental livers but failed to establish legal grounds.

But really serious difficulties cropped up for Leary and Alpert last spring, when the U.S. Food and Drug Administration put tough new safety rules into effect in the wake of the thalidomide disasters. Up to then, qualified researchers had been able to get drugs for testing on humans by simply applying to the manufacturer; now they had to submit an exhaustive preclinical plan for FDA approval. Knowing their methods would never win official sanction, Leary and Alpert did not trouble to draft such a plan and so could no longer legally continue their experiments in this country. Sandoz, moreover, alarmed by the furor over hallucinogens, refused to supply psilocybin or LSD to any group not working under a state or federal grant.

Meanwhile, Harvard's President Nathan Pusey had invoked for the first time since the mid-19th century the power to fire faculty members for "grave misconduct and neglect of duty." The specific offense charged against Leary was failure to keep his classroom appointments; against Alpert, breaking his word not to use undergraduates as hallucinogenic guinea pigs. But what really prompted the firings were the grisly warnings being sounded by psychiatrists all over the country. Hallucinogens are not habit-forming, they agreed, in that they build up no physiological dependence; they cause no organic damage, except in subjects with heart or liver damage, in which case they can create havoc; they pose no risk of serious psychic injury to a mentally healthy person. But latent psychotics, with their tenuous grasp of reality, might be driven over the border by the reality-exploding drugs. In fact, several people have killed themselves after taking hallucinogens, and others have required prolonged hospital care. Furthermore, the psychiatrists pointed out, nobody knows what frequent dosage may do to even normal people; anyone for whom a drug provides the only real and vivid experience might well become a psychological addict.

Dr. Theodore Rothman, professor of psychiatry at the University of Southern California, protested "impairing the intact human brain with chemicals in order to disorganize the nervous system, resulting in psychological states that may be irreversible," and denounced Leary and Alpert for "academic hipsterism."

"It tears my heart to see what's happened to them," said McClelland. "They started out as good, sound scientists. They've become cultists."

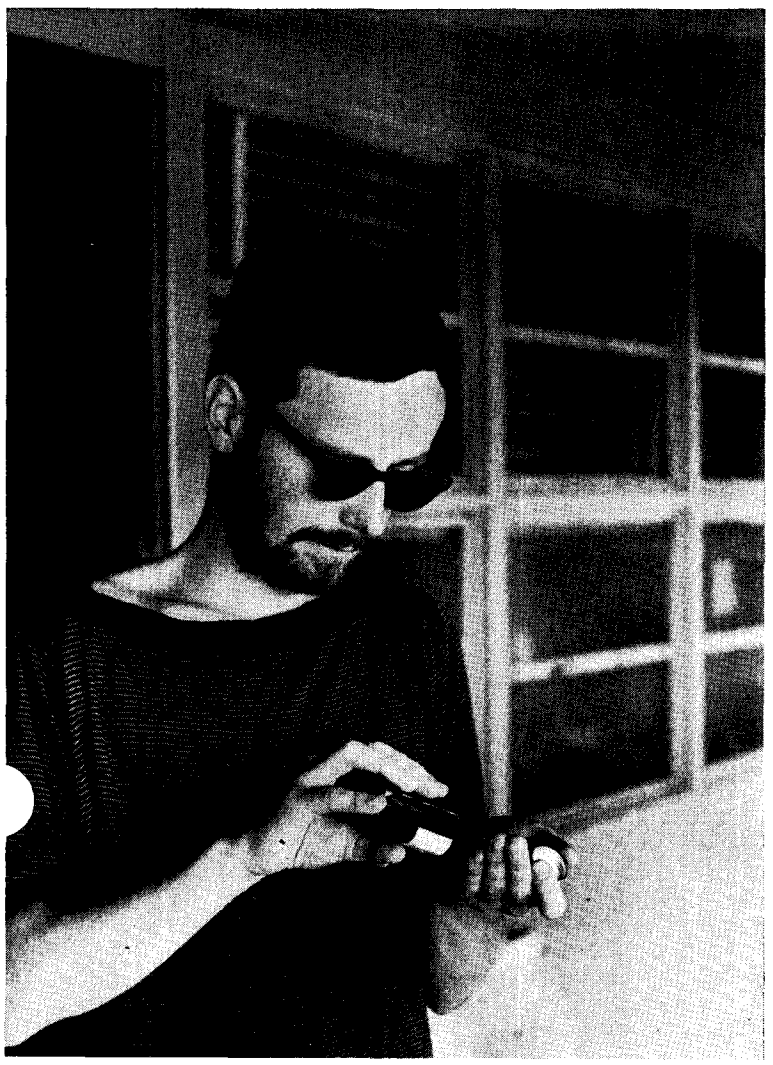
All this might have wilted less messianic spirits than Leary and Alpert. But they seemed impervious to criticism—a possible symptom, their detractors suggest, of personality deterioration wrought by self-drugging. They continued to minimize the hazards of hallucinogens and blamed the outcry against them on ignorance and hysteria.

In the tone of prophetic martyrs the ex-professors issued a joint declaration to the *Harvard Review:*

> Must we continue to jail, execute, exile our ecstatic visionaries, and then enshrine them as tomorrow's heroes? . . . Society needs educated priest-scholars to provide structure—the intellectual muscle, bone and skin to keep things together. . . . The nervous system can be changed, integrated, recircuited, expanded in its function. These possibilities naturally threaten every branch of the Establishment. . . . Our favorite concepts are standing in the way of a floodtide, two billion years building up. The verbal dam is collapsing. Head for the hills, or prepare your intellectual craft to flow with the current."

Estranged from the groves of Academe and hobbled by government restrictions, If-If had leased as a "research and training center" a small hotel, the Catalina, in a palmy Mexican fishing village named Zihuatanejo. Leary went there, taking with him some of the corporation's remaining stock of LSD. He needed no bulky container to pack all he needed for months to come. A thimbleful of the drug in pure form would suffice to send hundreds of thousands of people rocketing into fantasy. Alpert stayed behind to map propaganda and fund-raising strategy. The *If-If Newsletter* informed prospective guests of the Catalina: "Many experiments will be conducted, e.g., in rapid-learning techniques, the development of skill in the control of one's nervous system, etc."

The If-Ifers, pursuing ecstasy in the Mexican sun, were not alone. Numerous North and Central American Indian tribes communicate with their gods by chewing the buttons of the peyote cactus. Preparations of *Cannabis indica*, such as marijuana—a hallucinogen erroneously classified as a narcotic by the Federal Government—attract droves of devotees from the banks of the Ganges to the sidewalks of Greenwich Village. California,



If-Ifer Ralph Metzner measures out doses of LSD pills in Mexico.

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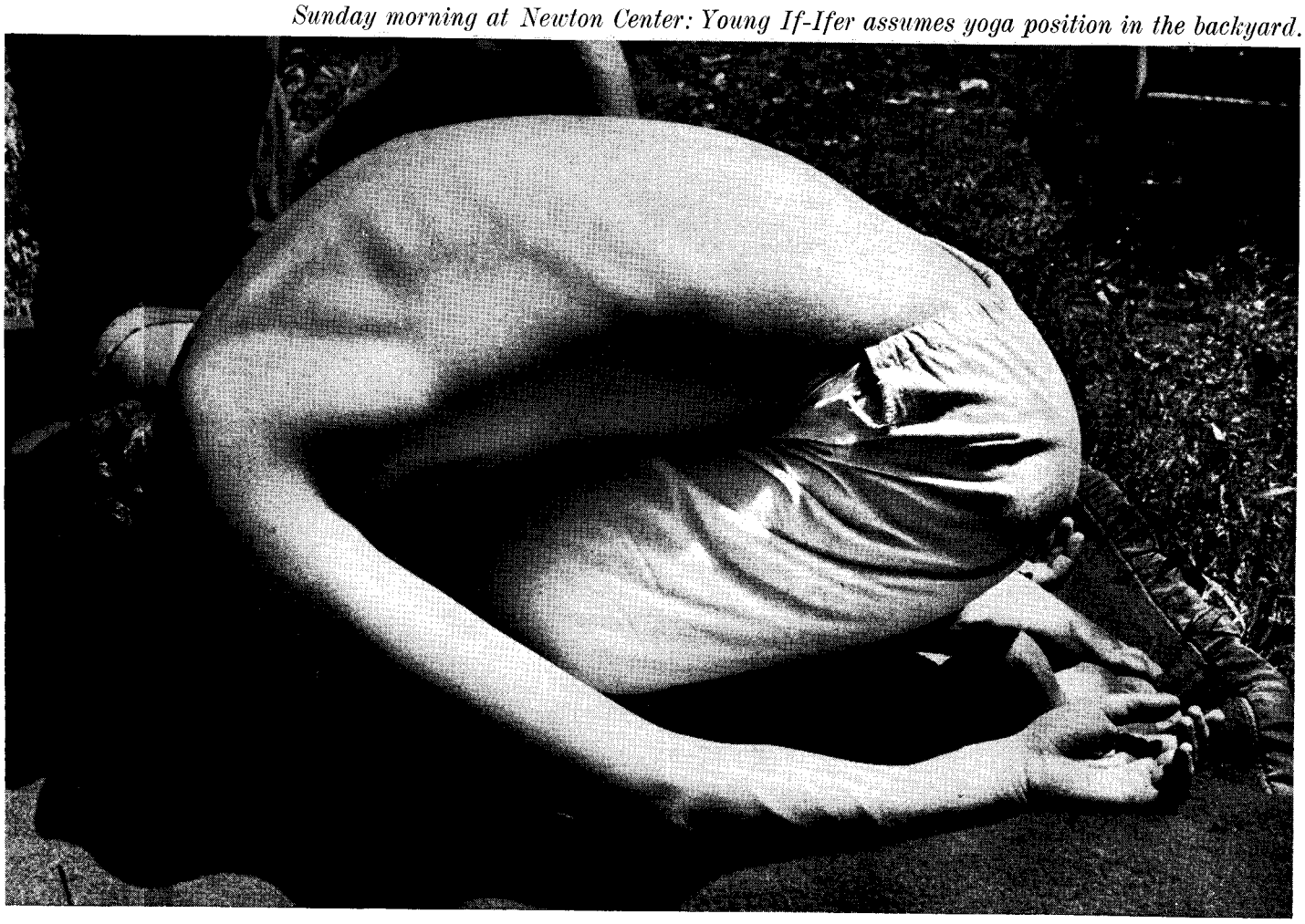
One man's kicks are another man's psychosis with LSD, which may be the key to Communist brainwashing.

"Turned on," a visitor to Zihuatanejo, Mexican LSD spa, gets absorbed in the feel of a leaf.

Sunday morning at Newton Center: Young If-Ifer assumes yoga position in the backyard.



Perilous drug

whose climate nurtures a multitude of exotics, leads the nation in di sity of hallucinogenic activities. March, San Francisco was the scene o the first federal seizure of contraband LSD, much in demand among California beatniks and a number of local psychiatrists whom Sandoz will not supply; some 8,000 200-microgram doses, worth $108,000 at the top black-market rate, were allegedly smuggled from Israel by two young Californians. In hundreds of research centers here and abroad, psychiatrists are giving volunteers LSD to observe and study their reactions.

The use and misuse of hallucinogens is as old as man's quest for a key to the riddle of the universe. Some anthropologists ascribe the origin of primitive religions to visions produced by hallucinogens, which occur in nature in many guises. There are even two species of morning-glory seeds whose recently rediscovered visionary properties started a run on them in U.S. garden-supply stores.

Synthetic hallucinogens are comparatively recent products of chemistry. The first, mescaline, was derived from the peyote cactus in 1896. Fifty years later in Basel, Switzerland, Dr. Albert Hofmann of Sandoz was running a series of experiments with lysergic acid, a component of ergot, the fungus disease that attacks rye. On his twenty-fifth trial he hit upon a combination of molecules forming what is now called LSD-25. In the process he accidentally absorbed some, possibl through his pores. The effects so puzz him that he purposely swallowed a lit more. "Space and time became disorganized," he wrote when he recovered, "and I was overcome with fears that I was going crazy." Sandoz has since spent about $2.5 million developing LSD.

The drug did, in fact, drive Doctor Hofmann temporarily crazy. Therein lies part of its value as an investigative tool. In normal subjects it can give rise to symptoms of mental disease, particularly schizophrenia, the most difficult to treat. That is why LSD poses such danger for latent schizoids, threatening to fragment their already divided psychic structure. Psychiatrists have administered LSD and observed the resulting "model psychoses," just as virologists infected volunteers with yellow fever to determine its cause and cure. Some of their tentative conclusions suggest that schizophrenia has a biochemical origin and may therefore respond to chemotherapy. But precisely how the compound acts and on what areas of the nervous system remains obscure. One of its most baffling characteristics is its elusiveness. Within half an hour of ingestion, before any effects are manifest, hardly a trace can be detected in the organism. Thus LSD does not seem to exert its power directly, but rather to trigger a chain of disturbance to the body's chemistry.

For nearly a decade, certain chemists on both sides of the Iron Curtain have been investigating LSD as a potential military weapon. It could be a devastating one. "Provided sufficient impetus is put behind it," retired Maj. Gen. William M. Creasy, former chief of the U.S. Army Chemical Corps, told the House Committee on Science and Astronautics no long ago, "I think the future lies in psychochemicals." In the Soviet Union,

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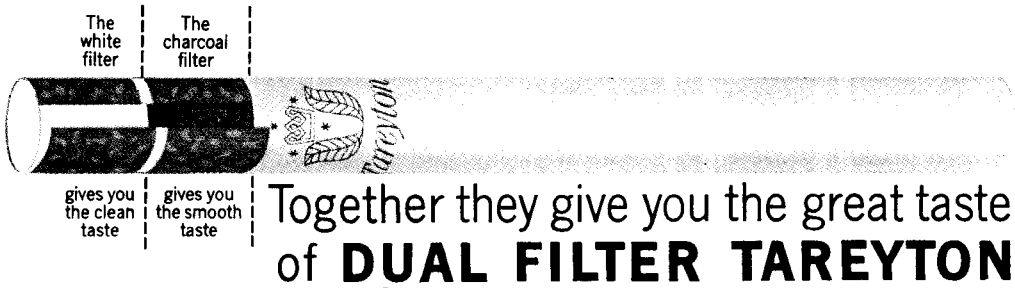

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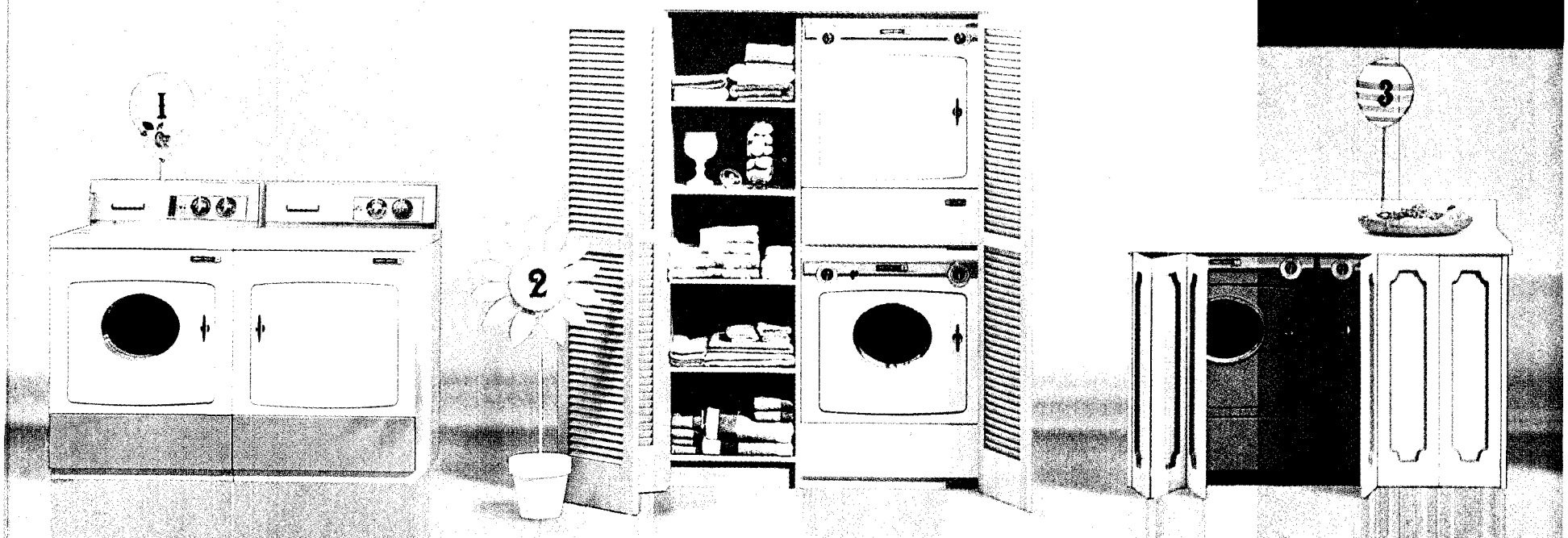

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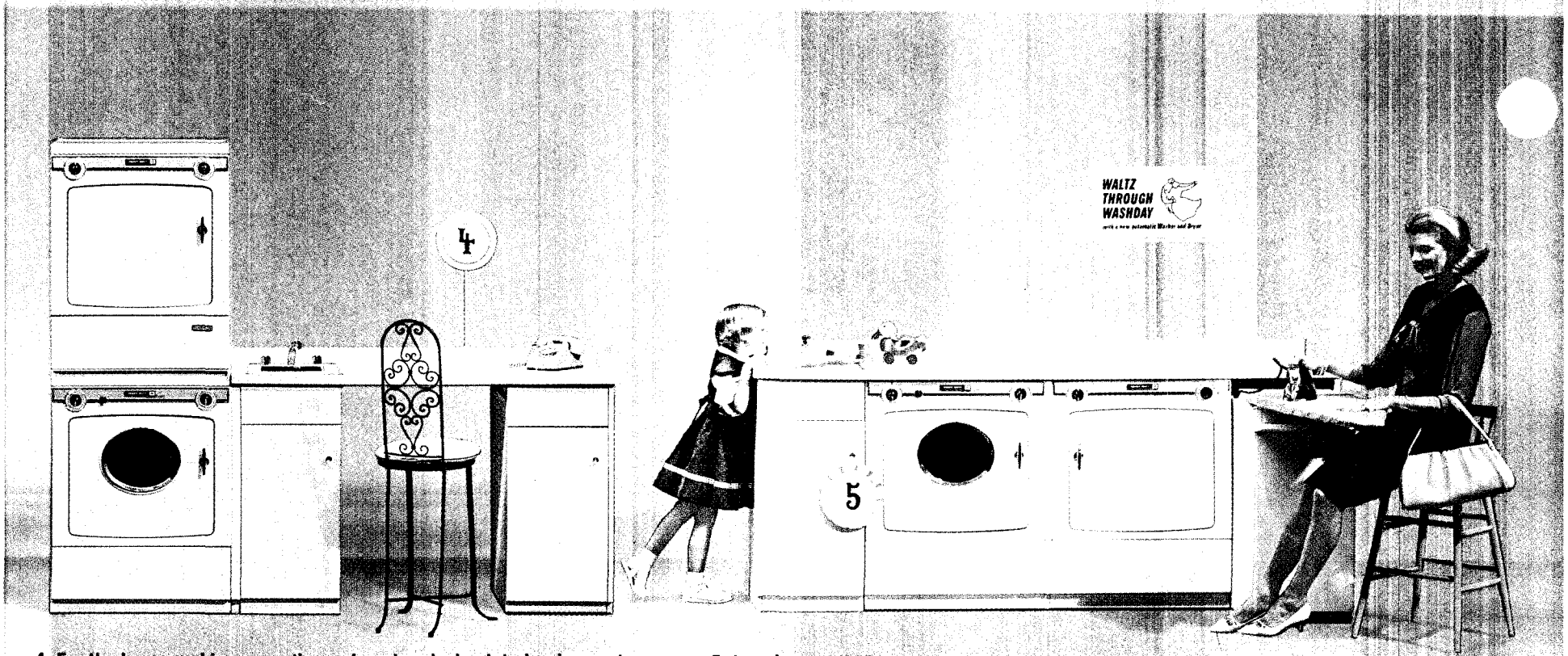
2. Stack 'em (they're only 27" wide)

3. "Peek-a-boo" them under a counter.



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Maj. Gen. V. Drugov of the Military Medical Service declared that "special interest attaches to the so-called psychic poisons."

While such military data is mostly top secret, the House committee was allowed to view a film the Chemical Corps made of one experiment. It showed troops who had been exposed to a hallucinogen without knowing it unable to follow simple orders or perform familiar tasks. Yet they remained totally unconscious of their abnormal condition. A report to the committee noted: "Introduced into a command center, there is no telling what psychochemicals would do, except the results would be disastrous." By contaminating water supplies with LSD saboteurs could probably render large populations incapable, through euphoria or terror, of resisting invasion.

In the hallucinated state the mind is so suggestible that a skilled psychological manipulator could make black look white. The brainwashed American soldiers in Korea, the political captives of Communism in Europe who confessed to crimes they never committed, may have been mentally altered by hallucinogens. Writing recently in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, Dr. E. James Lieberman, a psychiatrist and an official of the Society for Social Responsibility in Science, raised a prospect of Orwellian horror: "Virtually complete control of the individual may come to rest with governments, or with whoever possesses [psychochemical] weapons."

The fiercest controversy springs from the efforts, many of them by laymen, to use LSD as therapy. Dr. Max Rinkel, who instituted the first LSD research project in this country 14 years ago at the Massachusetts Mental Health Center, concludes: "It has no therapeutic value whatever." On the other hand Saskatchewan's Bureau of Alcoholism calls it "the most helpful remedy we've known." Since the late '50's five hospitals in the Canadian province have administered LSD to about 500 alcoholics whom neither A.A. nor psychotherapy had been able to succor. The intent was to shock them into full awareness of their degradation and a desire to reform. According to follow-up surveys, roughly half the patients have either improved or stopped drinking altogether.

In the middle of the road stands Dr. Sidney Cohen, chief psychiatrist at Los Angeles's Wadsworth Veterans Administration Hospital, who has compiled thousands of LSD case histories. "Undoubtedly," he concedes, "LSD uncovers hidden conflicts a lot faster than the analyst's couch and so, with certain patients and in careful hands, can be a useful adjunct to psychotherapy." But he adds: "The trouble is LSD attracts unstable therapists as much as it does the neurotic patient. It gives them an intoxicating sense of power to bestow such a fabulous experience on others."

Predictably, LSD gained favor among some Los Angeles psychoanalysts with a movie clientele. Two of the best known are Drs. Arthur L. Chandler and Mortimer A. Hartman, former associates in the Psychiatric Institute of Beverly Hills. Hartman's patients included Cary Grant, who said, after a series of LSD treatments, "Now I can give a woman love for the first time in my life because I can understand her."

Chandler and Hartman believe that therapists working with hallucinogens should have at least 20 to 30 ingestions themselves. As LSD grew scarce, they resorted to other mind-changers One was Ritalin, a relatively mild stimulant when administered orally, but a psychic blockbuster when heavy doses are injected intravenously according to their method. By hypodermic, Ritalin can also become habituating. One night three years ago Los Angeles police found Hartman in a stupor behind the wheel of his parked car. At the stationhouse he admitted having shot himself full of Ritalin. Upon evidence that he had long been using dangerous drugs, the State Board of Medical Examiners revoked his license for six months and put him on probation for 10 years without the right to prescribe any narcotic.

I recently visited Chandler at his combined home and office, which has all the appurtenances of the good life as lived in Beverly Hills, including a swimming pool. He is a towering, chesty man, with teeth like piano keys, who laughs frequently without apparent cause, as if at some private joke. Half a dozen boys and girls, the latter of starlet age and shape, swim-suited or draped in bath towels, were lolling at the other end of the living room I asked Chandler if they were members of his family. "No, they're patients," he replied. "They like to hang around here and talk about their experiences."

I mentioned the risk of addiction the therapist may run if he takes frequent doses of drugs like Ritalin. "Oh, yes," said Chandler, "it can be more dangerous to him than to the patient. The sorcerer may find he's only the sorcerer's apprentice." His face split into a huge grin.

"You have to fight temptation?"

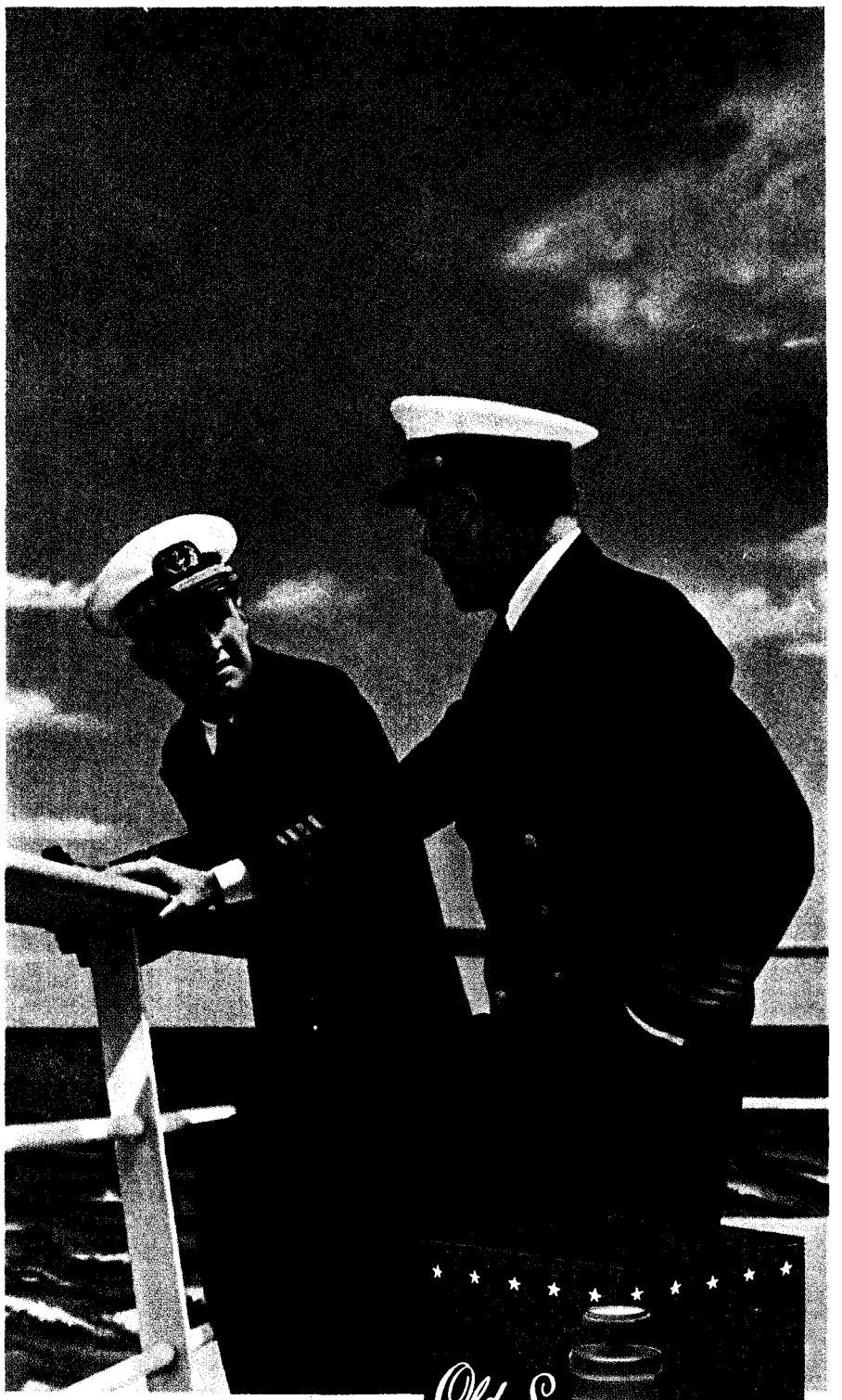
He nodded vigorously. "Who will supervise the supervisor?" Abruptly he held out his hand. "My patient will be ready now." And laughing, he left.

But no LSD proponents ever equaled the splash made by If-If's Mexican Training Center, once it got going. Almost 5,000 votaries requested reservations at the Hotel Catalina, 10 times what If-If could handle during the life of its lease. For two weeks' bed and board, the charge was $200 plus six dollars per dose of LSD. Expatriate American beatniks, beachcombing nearby and looking for new kicks, invaded Zihuatanejo, clamoring to join the fun. Leary prudently turned them away. Some of them then pitched camp on an offshore island and smoked marijuana, which grows luxuriantly thereabouts. Their proximity did not help If-If sustain an aura of earnest research in the eyes of the authorities.

The first batch of acceptable arrivals numbered a few psychologists and psychiatrists, a stockbroker, a TV actress, a French author and a yogi. They were handed the following instructions:

"The aim of the transpersonative community is to liberate members from their webs so that they can soar, at will, through the infinite space of their consciousness or throughout the infinite space/time of the energy fields surrounding them. IFIF has come 4,000 miles to get away from YOU! You may be frustrated to find people here who are uninterested in playing the game of YOU. Don't feel hurt. Climb out of your web and float after them."

During the next five weeks 36 trainees, fortified by the adaptation of the Tibetan



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SHULTON

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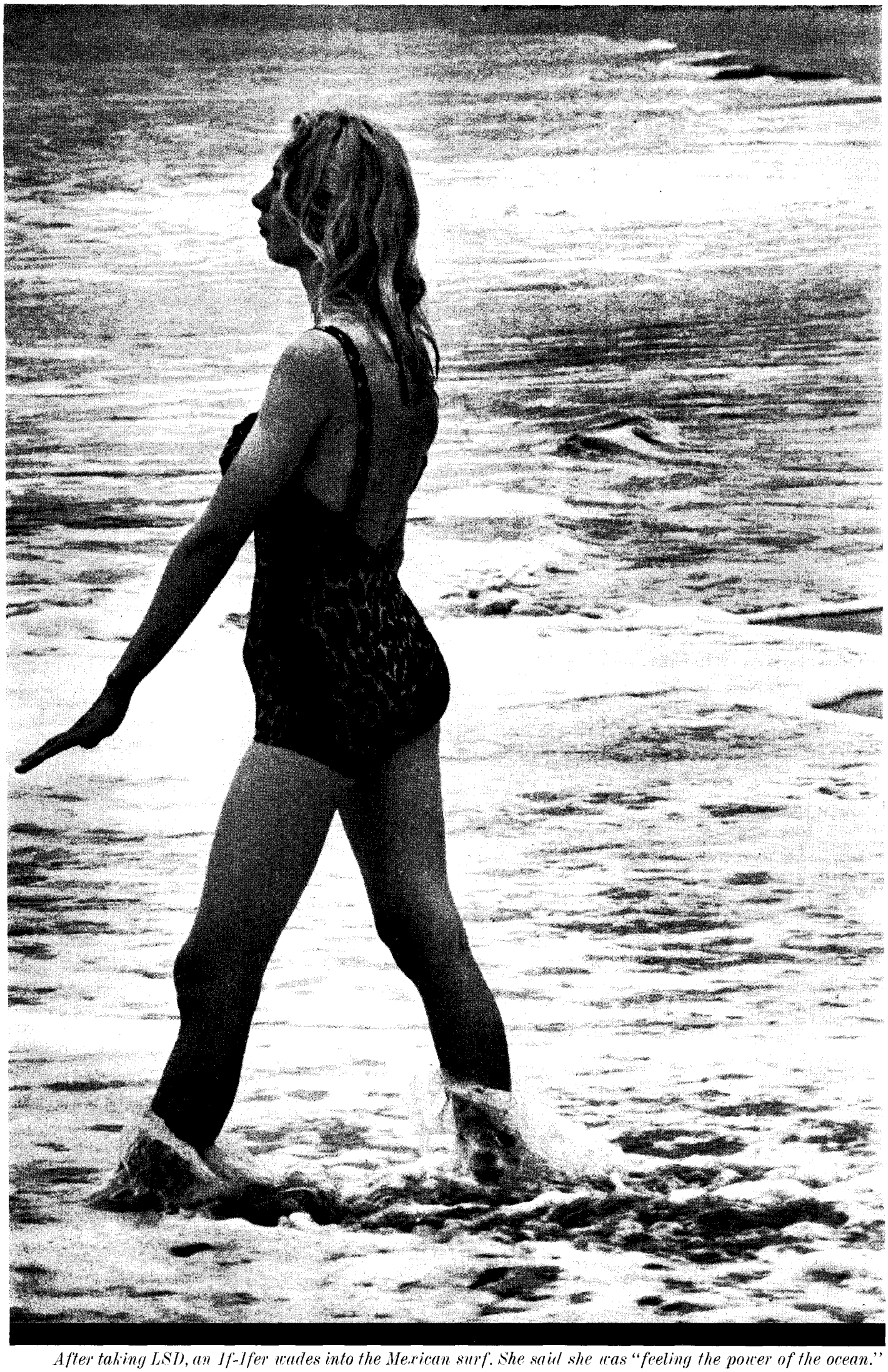
Their Mexican idyll shattered by authorities, If-Ifers are still looking for Utopia.



After taking LSD, an If-Ifer wades into the Mexican surf. She said she was "feeling the power of the ocean."

Book of the Dead, went floating. On the beach a palm-thatched wooden "transcendental watchtower" was erected, and tranced *gurus* took turns perching aloft in 12-hour shifts. "The aim of the ritual," according to the instructions, "is to ensure that one person at all times represents the highest aspirations of the group." The worldly pleasures of tropical resort life were not ignored, however. Joy, augmented by sun, sea, sand and rum, reigned unconfined. The Hotel Catalina's bartender found no dearth of customers for such heady specialties as "Zihuatanejo Zombies" and "Braying Burro Cocktails."

But the Utopian venture was foredoomed. During a trip to Mexico the year before Leary had met Dr. Dionisio Nieto, the eminent director of the University of Mexico's Medico-Biological Institute, and accepted his invitation to read a paper on LSD to a local scientific society. The reception was not a happy one. Nieto recalls, "I felt Leary had done no original work. His paper was absurd, confused, valueless. Attempting to release creative mental activity with hallucinogens is nonsense, since it is well established that no community ever achieved social or cultural progress thereby. Look at India with its hashish eaters. Look at our own Mazatec Indians with their sacred mushrooms. Nobody should encourage people to take LSD. I was tempted to protest to Harvard."

He protested to the Mexican government when Leary returned this year. As a result, the proceedings in Zihuatanejo came under investigation by public health authorities, immigration officers and the police.

On June 13 the government gave the 20 Americans then staying at the Catalina five days to clear out of the country. Shortly before the exodus began, two more guests, the first from California, the second from Connecticut, turned up, and Leary yielded to their pleas for The Experience. The Californian, misjudging distances, tumbled headlong down a flight of steps and struck a stone, seriously injuring an eye. For some time after he got back to California he remained under both surgical and psychiatric care. The New Englander ran amok, and spent four days in a Mexico City hospital. Had another expected guest arrived the finale might have been still grimmer. He was a Los Angeles osteopath who had been testing a wide variety of hallucinogens on himself. He came to favor dimethyl tryptamine, which swiftly blasts the mind into unreality. On the eve of his departure for Zihuatanejo he put a bullet through his head.

But a charter member of If-If asks, "What's a few suicides compared to the good LSD does?" And the If-Ifers are carrying on with their experiments. Still hopeful of finding some sea-girt Shangri-la, they are ensconced for the moment in a country mansion near Poughkeepsie, N.Y., leased to them by its sympathetic owner. Among their current projects is the development of an "experiential typewriter" which will enable the hallucinated to record their rapid-fire sensations, kaleidoscopic visions and soaring thoughts as quickly as they occur.

"If anybody can show us a better road to happiness, we'll drop our research," declares Leary. "But we don't think they will." THE END

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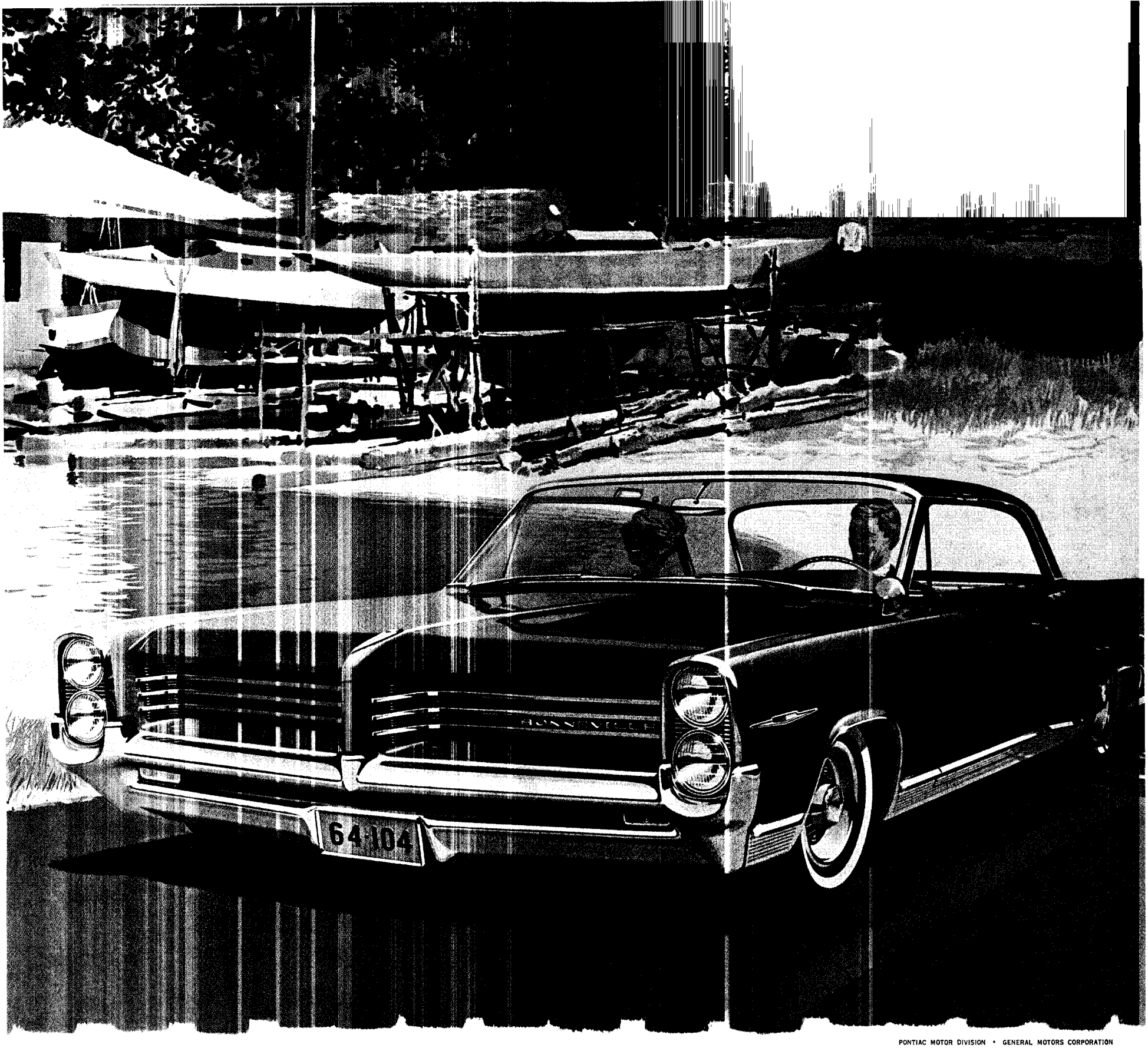

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Wherever American drivers like A. J. Foyt gather, at unknown or great tracks, the humor is macabre and defi

THE HARD, LONELY LIFE OF A CHAMPION DRIVER

By BILL LIBBY

Foyt in his Cadillac near his Houston home, homesickness hits him nights when even the card games pall.

Illusion—romantic, almost seductive—shrouds European sports-car drivers. As we read of them, they seem always to be moving among bikinied blondes, or sipping Mumm's from a silver slipper, or gunning some exotic auto through some exotic place, half a lap ahead of Death.

The *sine qua non* of illusion is distance. Take a young American of 28, who well may drive more skillfully than any European, but who pursues his craft in such unexotic locales as Houston, Tex., Gardena, Calif., and Terre Haute, Ind. What illusion does A. J. (Tony) Foyt conjure? None, really. The overwhelming majority of Americans have probably never even heard his name.

Yet Foyt, who recently clinched his third U.S. Auto Club driving championship in the past four years, who annually averages almost $100,000 tooling fast cars around assorted tracks, is a curious and compelling man, as compelling in his way as the grandest of European racing illusions—namely, Stirling Moss.

Tony Foyt is colorful and outspoken. He accepts victory trophies as his due. He loses badly. He criticizes other drivers, muses about death and, most important of all, he survives. But Tony Foyt is American, a handsome drawling kid from Texas. Champagne out of a slipper? Nuts. More likely beer out of a can.

The United States Auto Club circuit consists of a few rich long races, plus dozens of cheaper shorter ones for a variety of autos on small tracks dotted about the country. Foyt won the Indianapolis 500 in 1961, a victory that establishes a driver so that he can comfortably ease his pace and keep his purse filled by endorsing spark plugs. Since Foyt's 1961 Indianapolis victory, he has consistently driven some 50 races a year, on good tracks and bad, in fair weather and foul, for fortunes or for pennies.

His own good sense encourages retirement. His parents encourage it. His wife prays for it. His young son begs for it. But neither relatives nor reason prevails. "Who retires?" Tony Foyt asks. "The worst of us don't until we're driven to it, by injury or by fear. You're not afraid at first, or you wouldn't go near the sport. You have to want to do it so damn much, or you don't do it at all. Once you're in it, it's a way of life. It's your life. And you go against a lot to stay with it."

One day early this year, Foyt, staying with it, left his family in Houston and drove to Los Angeles for a midget-auto race. He races big cars and small. Foyt did not drive to a place in Beverly Hills or Malibu, although he has that kind of money, but to a motel in Gardena, a card-playing center outside L.A., where the track, Ascot Park, is located. He arrived a week before the race because he wanted to work on a car on which he had worked many times before and test it on a track he has driven many times before.

The race would be worth less than $1,000 to him if he won, and someone asked him why he bothered. "If you're a racing driver, you drive," Foyt said. "It's the only way to keep sharp. You drive the big ones and the little ones. Some purses are less than others, but it all adds up. It wasn't meant to be a soft sport."

Foyt adheres to this approach. On the day before he was to win the Indianapolis jackpot, he entered a minor race on a small dirt track for an $800 first-place purse. He won that race too, although to do so he had to avoid a dangerous spill as Roger McCluskey brushed the fence with his car and turned upside down in front of him.

When asked what would happen if any of Foyt's Indianapolis team objected to his taking risks, Parnelli Jones, a rival driver, shrugged and said, "Ol' A.J. would just tell them to go to hell." Later Foyt grinned and drawled agreement. "Well, suh, now ah guess that is just wha' ah would tell them."

In that year of 1961, during which he won a world-record sum of $170,809,

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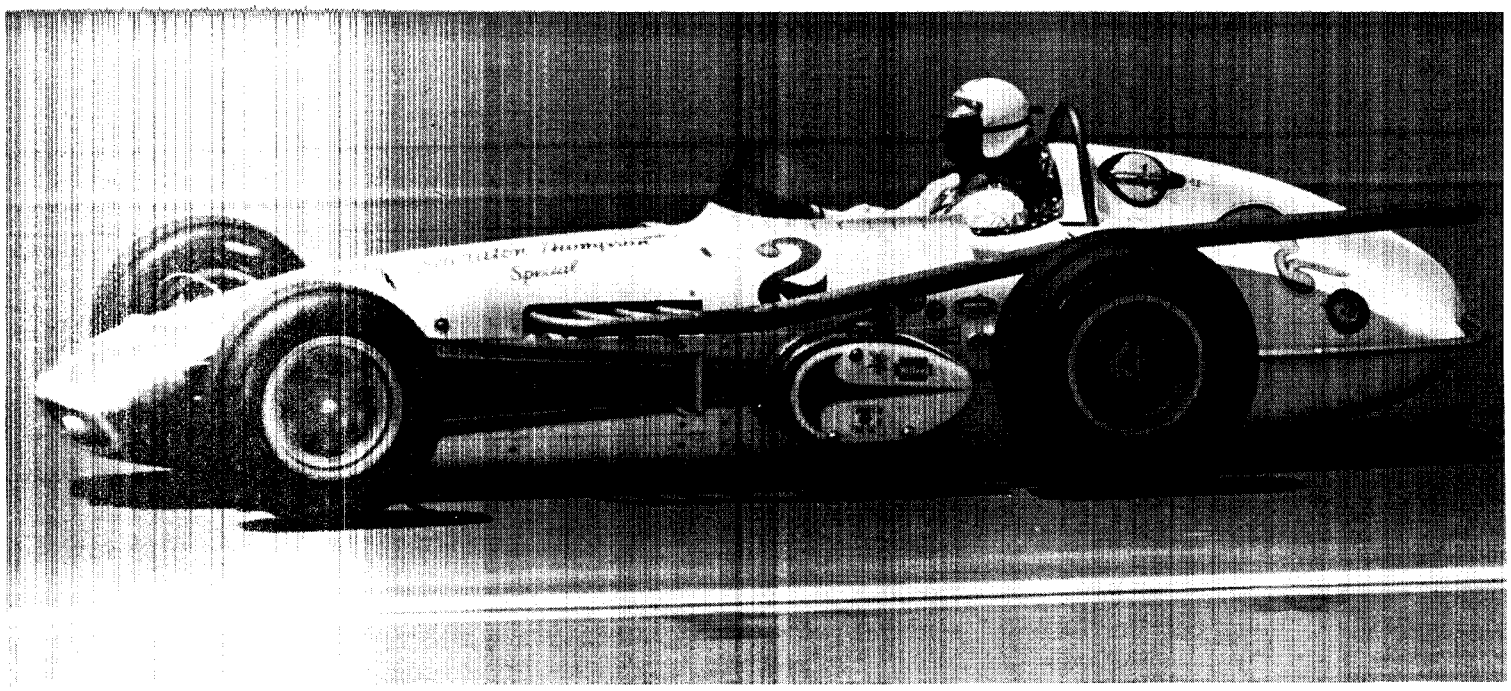
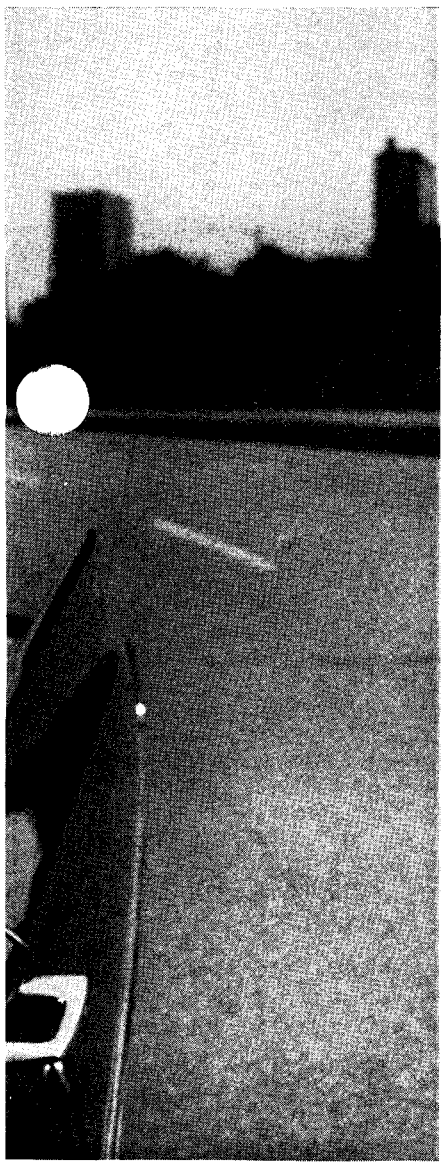


Foyt in an Indianapolis-class racing car: "I don't fear death. I don't think about it. I'm young yet. I love racing. I'm at my best."



Foyt once failed to qualify at a small track in Terre Haute.

Foyt responded by offering the last-place qualifier money to step aside. Thus paying for a chance to start last on a mediocre track in quest of $600, he finished first. "Oh, Lordy, but that burned the boys up," he recalls, laughing.

But the boyish joy is deceptive. The laughter of Foyt and the other American ce drivers is as much bitter as it is ppy. Their clowning, primarily to ease tension, is macabre and defiant. All week as the drivers moved into Gardena for the midget race, there was this laughter, strange and haunting. You heard it in the motels and the homes of the drivers who lived nearby, in the restaurants and bars, on the track and in the pits.

"That's some birdcage you're driving," Foyt told a veteran driver over breakfast.

"Run across a rut in it, you wish you was a bird," the veteran said. "But you'd drive it too, if it was the only car you could get."

Foyt shrugged.

"Ol' A.J. drives only Rolls-Royces and Cadillacs," another driver said.

"He drives his owners and mechanics crazy, that's what he drives," said someone else.

"*You* drive like a bird," a driver said to the veteran. "Last week you flipped so high I thought you was flying."

"I got up there to see the race better," the veteran smiled. "Besides, I wanted to get a good look at the guy who was making a play for your wife."

Like the laughter, the dialogue runs bitter, not funny.

At the track a driver was down on his hands and knees in the dirt, and another driver, his eye bandaged from a recent accident, asked him what he was doing. "I'm looking for your damn eye," the driver said, rolling over in the dust to laugh.

Ascot track, like most small racing tracks, is old and shabby. The racing surface is dirt turned almost to tar by years of absorbing rubber and oil. There are open wooden bleachers and old, skimpy light towers. The surrounding wooden fence is covered by faded advertising signs. But good drivers drive hard races here. A.J. was at the track daily, working on the body and engine of his car, along with his mechanic, George Bignotti, and his friend, A. J. Watson. All that week Foyt readied his car, submitted to radio and television interviews to help promote the race. He does not enjoy being a salesman. He wishes he could be left alone to race. At the motel his phone rang so often and visitors showed up so regularly that he told the switchboard operator to inform callers he was out, and took to ducking in and out of back entrances. People wanted him to buy this and invest in that. They wanted to take him out or have him take them out. Whenever he could, he sought refuge in card games with other drivers that often lasted well into the night. Then he would return to his room, take the phone off the hook and sleep well into the next morning. As the week dragged on he grew lonely, and called his wife and children.

On the morning of the race Foyt was tense but managed to eat some breakfast. Then he went out to the track. It was a cool, windy day. He warmed his car up and stood around with a big smile pasted on his face, talking to the other drivers. "I expect to win every race," he says, "but you don't win every race."

He did win his heat, charging out of the pack to the lead in the second lap and stretching his advantage to the checkered flag. Parnelli Jones won another heat race. In a third heat, Willie Swift spun, Eddie Anderson rammed into him, smashed over Swift's cockpit, flipped upside down and lay dangling from his seat. Officials rushed to the scene of the wreckage as a hush fell over the drivers and fans. Swift was unhurt. Anderson was driven away in an ambulance.

As the siren wailed into the distance, the heats resumed and Foyt stood in the infield talking quietly. (Last year six Indianapolis drivers were killed and eight others were seriously injured. Foyt himself has been upside down five times, but somehow has always landed upright.)

The ambulance wheeled back into the Ascot grounds, and the crew emerged with broad smiles. "He was laughing and kidding all the way to the hospital."

At the start of the 50-lap main event, Foyt shot immediately into the lead and turned 10 quick laps, opening up a wide lead on his rivals. However, his right rear wheel began to act up and Foyt looked back in anger. First Jones, then Johnny Tolan passed him. Bignotti motioned at the wheel, but Foyt ignored him.

Instead of stopping, he began to push harder. It was a tough job with the car performing erratically, but he began to close ground on Tolan. He had almost caught him, when his car shimmied sideways out of a curve. Foyt skidded right, left, right again down the main straightaway, got the car pointed ahead again and stamped back on the accelerator. But he had to settle for third place.

Disgusted, Foyt left the track quietly, drove home for a brief reunion, then left again for another week's hard work. Multiply the Gardena week by 20 or 30 and you see the existence of Tony Foyt.

This arduous life of a champion traces back more than two decades. When Foyt was a three-year-old in Houston, his father presented him with his first car, a blood-red, gas-powered miniature racer. "I thought that was the most beautiful thing there ever was," Foyt says. At six he was driving it 50 mph between formal races at a Houston track. At 17 he was racing motorcycles. At 18 he was racing midget and stock cars.

After that, every May for five years, Foyt scraped up money and went to watch the Indianapolis classic. He actually qualified for the race in 1958 at the age of 23, and for the next three years he was the youngest driver in the field. Most top U.S. race drivers are in their 30's or 40's. Young Tony Foyt won at Indianapolis on his fourth attempt. He was 26, which is a little like a teen-ager outpitching Sandy Koufax.

That Indianapolis victory established him. Foyt had married Lucy Zarr, a pretty blonde with pudding-soft Texas tones, in 1955, soon after they were introduced. In their eight years of marriage the couple has acquired a three-bedroom home, a summer lake house, a chicken ranch, a boat, two cars, three children and a substantial bank balance.

His rivals are behind him now. Foyt continues to dominate U.S. racing as few men ever have. But now there are new pressures, new demands.

"Pressure," Foyt says. "After a while there is too much pressure on you from every side. I get homesick. I just want to let down. But with half a break I can beat anyone, and I love racing as much as ever. I don't fear death. I don't think about it. I'm young yet. I'm at my best."

So he goes on driving, at big tracks and small, and when he's homesick, he remembers to call Lucy, but most of the time he is with other drivers.

There is no illusion, no champagne, no silver slippers, and Gardena, Calif., isn't Monte Carlo. But he's the best, and this is how the best of all the race drivers lives these days in America. Go off to Europe and the accents may have more charm and the illusion may seem grander because it's strange. But here or there, it doesn't matter, really. What matters is that auto racers live on the brink of death; and anywhere they are, if you befriend them and listen, you'll hear that same bitter, chilling laugh. THE END

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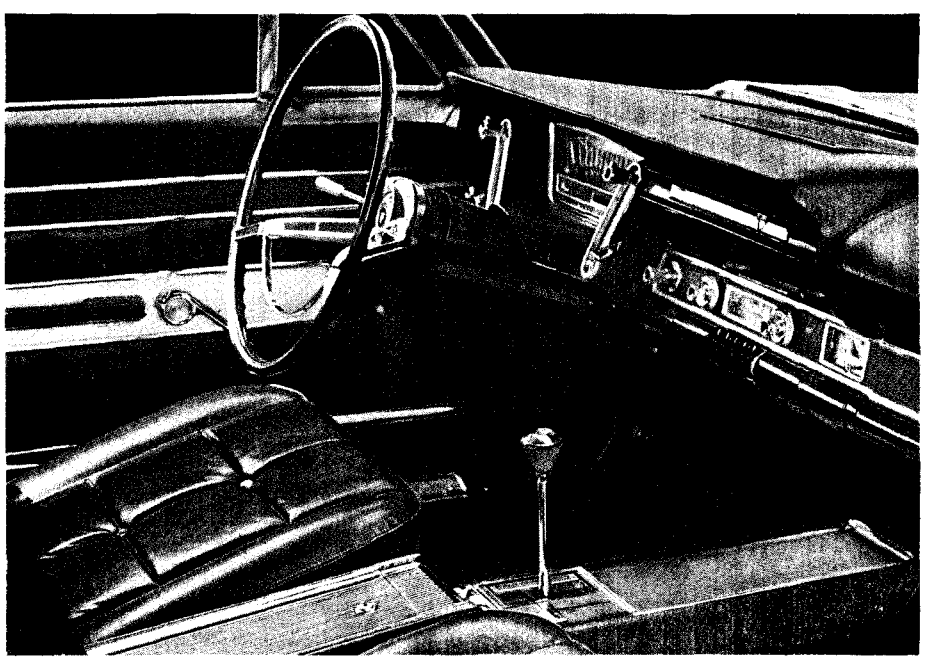

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Virtue is often its own reward.

But not always.

Especially not in politics.

POST FICTION

Room at the Bottom Room at the Top

By George Cuomo

Although he had a million things to do and had got only three hours sleep the night before, Sully arrived at the office smiling. He was easy and confident, even cocky, but he looked as though he might, if necessary, give up his life before he would let anything happen to the loose-leaf notebook he carried under his arm.

Sully greeted the receptionist cheerfully and strolled past the callers waiting to see Congressman Maxwell. From the other rooms came the chaotic sounds of a busy campaign headquarters—people talking, telephones ringing, mimeograph machines whirling and snapping. He stirred once more to the excitement that had begun three months before, back in Washington, when Maxwell had decided to run for the governorship. Now, with the nomination assured, and with Governor Jeffers appearing daily more vulnerable, Sully was eager to get to work and ready to keep working right through the night again.

He opened the first door in the hall and walked in. Jacobson, his office mate of only the last few weeks, looked up from his typewriter and nodded briefly. Jacobson was young and very serious. With so many newcomers on the staff, Sully had been asked to take one into his office, and had got Jacobson.

"Guess I'll check this over before I get into anything else," Sully said, sitting down at his own desk and patting the loose-leaf notebook. He always tried to be pleasant, even though he and Jacobson had not become friends. "Didn't finish it till pretty late last night."

"What is it?"

"The Jeffers Book. Max said he wanted it today."

"Oh? Why today?"

"I didn't ask," Sully said, but his sarcasm was lost on Jacobson, who was vigorously x-ing out a line. "I just figured that if he wanted it, he ought to get it."

"Sure," Jacobson replied vaguely.

Sully had his doubts about Jacobson. He had his doubts about all the new men: the congressman's remarkable capacity for making the right decision, for picking the right man, seemed to have faltered lately.

Concentrating closely, Sully began reading over the section of the book covering Jeffers's statements on the economic growth of the state. This was the part Sully had worked on the night before, with his wife's help.

"Do you think he'll get the nomination?" Joan had asked when he told her of the congressman's decision.

"He'll get it. *And* the election. It's going to be our year."

"Is it true he really wants to be President?"

Sully had smiled at this. "Who in Washington doesn't?"

"When do you think he'll try for it?"

"He's not even governor yet."

"But he will be, you said. And you'll be right there with him. That'd be exciting—working for the governor—and then maybe the President. And he'd deserve it too. Boy, after seeing some of those others at close range . . ."

Before he had started on the Jeffers Book, Sully had been saddled with the full load of congressional work—handling appointments, arranging schedules, acting as a buffer or as a political reconnaissance man, as general troubleshooter and administrative chief of staff—but now Congress was in summer recess, and he was eager to get into the gubernatorial campaign itself. He had missed the hours spent working closely with the congressman, the quick sandwiches over a shared desk. Of course, he did not blame the congressman: He saw the pressures increasing daily about the man. And Sully was confident that when election night came around and the results started pouring in—from all over the state this time—he would once again be at Maxwell's side in the hotel room, handling the telephone, watching the returns on television.

Of course, the Jeffers Book was part of the campaign, and had to be done by someone who knew his way around. But the work—collecting and categorizing every word Jeffers had ever uttered about anything—had been dull, almost mechanical, and Sully was impatient to move on to something more challenging. Sitting forward tensely in his chair, he worked most of the morning to get the book finished. All these weeks the campaign had been left, by default, in the hands of Jacobson and the other Johnny-come-latelies. Sully felt sorry for the congressman, and was eager to show him once more the kind of work that could be expected from a real pro.

Congressman Maxwell sat comfortably, tilting his chair slightly back, the tips of his fingers making a steeple under his chin. Across the desk the president of the State Teachers Association spoke earnestly. Maxwell listened. He listened to everyone, wishing only that people wouldn't take twice as long to explain as he took to understand. Without moving his eyes, Maxwell changed their focus: The clock stood on the mantel behind the visitor's chair. Eleven-fifteen. Three more appointments? No, four. And he would have to leave by twelve to make the luncheon. He nodded thoughtfully as the man emphasized a point.

"Of course, Jerry. If you feel that strongly, we want to know about it. I'll check into the whole fund setup and see that you get a report." He jotted briefly on a pad, then stood and reached across the desk.

His visitor rose quickly. "Well, fine. Thank you."

As the door closed Maxwell picked up the telephone. "Four more, right?"

"Yes. Mr. North has been trying to get you."

He spoke for twelve minutes to Tom North, who would be running for the congressional seat Maxwell had vacated. North had been talking to an editor in the western part of the state who said his paper might come out for the whole ticket early if Maxwell made a clear push for state-park expansion.

"I want to hold that till later," Maxwell said. "We're in good shape there, and maybe we'll need it at the end. Thanks for the tip, though. How are you doing?"

"All right, I guess. I got some of that stuff you mentioned from Sully."

"You should get all of it. I'll put him right on it."

"What he sent was fine. Very thorough."

Maxwell smiled. "Sully's very conscientious—besides knowing more about that place you're going than either of us will ever learn."

Illustration by Tomi Ungerer

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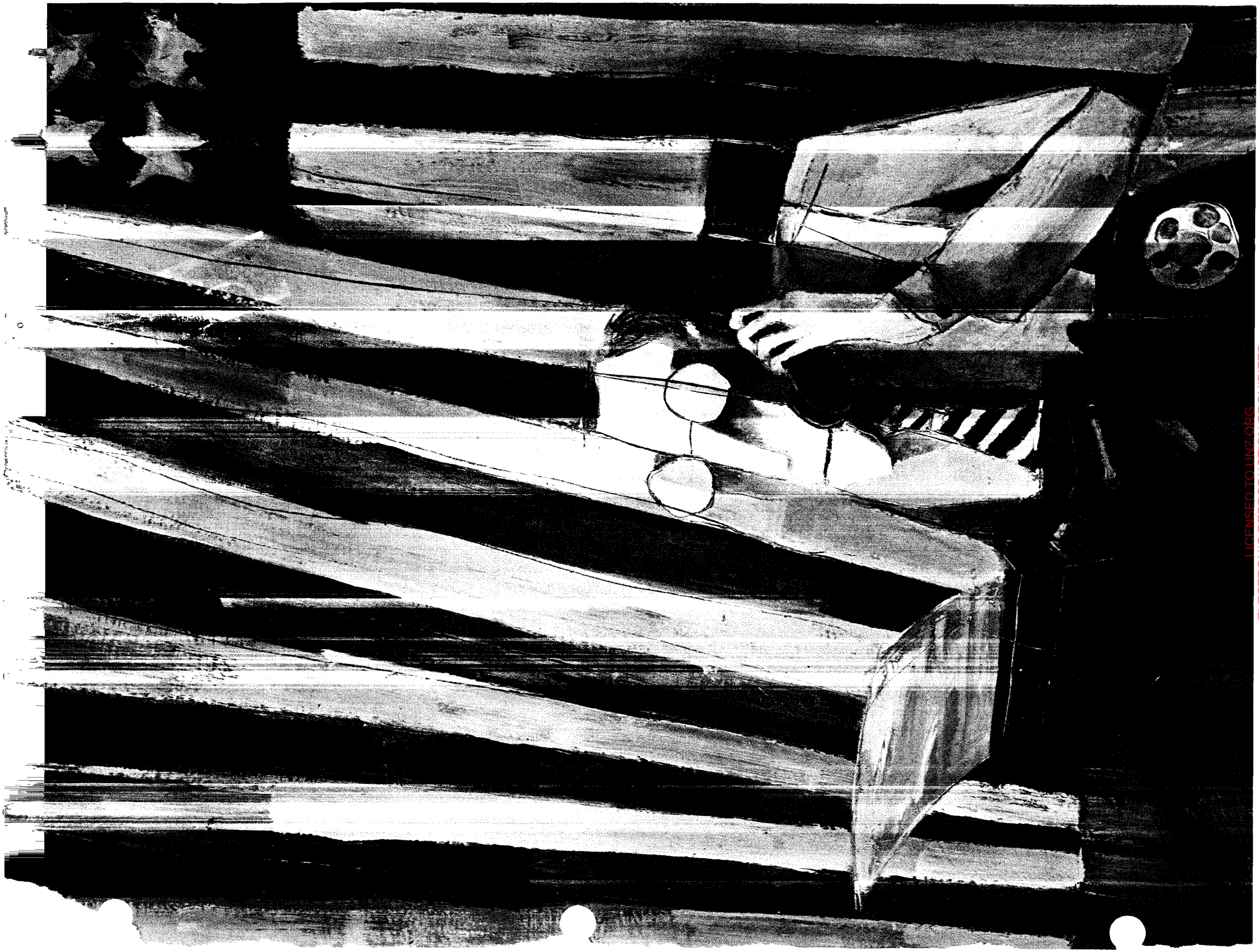

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ROOM AT THE BOTTOM

"I guess you mean hell."

"Still haven't found a number-one boy?"

"No one I want. Any suggestions?"

Maxwell paused. "Well, you'll have to get someone. Give me a little time. I've been mulling over a few things."

"I can always just take Sully," North said with a laugh.

Maxwell laughed at that too.

When North hung up, Maxwell buzzed his secretary. "Tell Sully that I'd like to see him. Right before lunch would be fine."

He was not optimistic about North's chances. The district had been changing, and his own last reelection had generally been regarded as a personal triumph. North might very well lose.

Between Maxwell's second and third visitors, Jacobson dropped in briefly. "I've been going over that tax stuff you gave me, Max, and I think maybe we ought to ditch it."

"The whole thing?"

"The rigmarole. Hell, *I* can't even follow it; what voter's going to be able to?"

"And just come out for general tax reform?"

"Maybe with a few examples—something like the dependency revision. It reads now like we're aiming at the C.P.A. vote."

"You're probably right. OK. Draft a brief policy statement for me when you get a chance."

The fourth caller left at seven minutes to twelve. Maxwell began to sign a sheaf of letters without reading them. There was a knock on the door, and Sully put his head in.

"Well, here it is, Max."

"Oh, you've got it? Good. Just send it on to him, then."

Sully blinked. "Send it on to who?"

"To North, of course."

Sully, wrinkling his face doubtfully, stepped inside, the loose-leaf book in his hands. He seemed to be offering it, making an almost formal presentation.

"What's that?" Maxwell said.

"The Jeffers Book. I finished it last night and ——"

"Oh, yes. That. Well, just drop it on the desk for now." Maxwell watched Sully move forward after a slight hesitation and place the book on the desk blotter, squarely, lining it up with the edges of the blotter.

"You said you wanted it today," Sully said.

"Did I? Well, yes, I guess I did. Look, I've got a luncheon to make. Did you send the rest of that congressional stuff to North?"

"Not yet. I've been pretty busy on ——"

"Send it on then, OK? I'm going to have to run now." Maxwell started for the door.

"Do you have anything hot for me?" Sully asked. Maxwell turned. Sully went on more casually: "I mean, well, now that the Jeffers Book is finished . . ."

"Don't you have anything to do?"

"I meant for the campaign. I've been working a little on some of the policy stands, but I thought if you had ——"

"No, that'll be fine for the time being. Just stay on that."

Sully nodded stiffly.

Maxwell stared at him for a moment. Then he smiled easily and moved a few steps back into the room. "By the way, Sully, how'd the Jeffers Book go? Any troubles?"

"Oh, no. Went fine."

"Good. I'll get a chance to look into it after . . . Thanks a lot for taking care of it."

"No strain, Max. Smooth as silk." Sully was smiling.

On his way out Maxwell glanced at the clock. Ten past twelve. That was all right; he could still make it.

Sully felt encouraged. It had been only a moment's pause, almost an afterthought, but it showed that the feeling was still there, that the congressman also regretted the loss of their old intimacy. In the really important weeks ahead, Sully decided, he would exceed even his own past performances. He would outdo the rest of the staff put together. He would be an example to them. After all, it was no longer a question of a mere congressional seat.

He decided that he could not spare time for lunch, and ate a sandwich while he worked at his desk. Jacobson, however—probably, Sully thought, because he did not want to be shown up—did the same. The two men said little to one another.

Full of enthusiasm, Sully applied himself to the most recent draft of the Labor Day speech that had been kicking around the office for weeks. Jacobson had been the last to touch it, and had bucked it along to the congressman. Fortunately Sully had managed to intercept it.

"Did he want this today?"

"He wanted it when it was finished," Jacobson said. "And it's finished; everyone's been at it."

"I'll just check it through, then, if you don't mind."

Of all the newcomers Jacobson seemed the stickiest and the most ambitious. Barely past thirty, he had moved in with nothing more behind him than a better-than-average law-school record and a few years spent bumming around Washington. Sully, on the other hand, had begun when Maxwell was still just a young lawyer running for Congress as an all-but-hopeless underdog. Since he had remained one of the really tru and dependable men on the staff, pr ably the most trusted, the most depen able, and it annoyed him to see someone like Jacobson accepting so coolly, as if were his due, all the benefits of Sully long years of devoted effort.

"Didn't you and the congressman go to school together?" Jacobson had asked pointedly, soon after joining the staff.

"We were undergraduates at the same time, if that's what you mean," Sully had replied. "With about ten thousand other kids."

"Weren't you buddies?"

"Hardly. We barely knew each other until our senior year. I was president of the pre-law club then, and he was a member."

Jacobson had smiled. "Ironic, eh? You president and him a member."

Sully had smiled right along with him; he had his own irony. He had always been the better student, and even now, though he wouldn't have said it aloud, he considered himself the congressman's equal in a lot of ways.

But Jacobson . . . Sully clicked his tongue as he read the Labor Day speech. It wasn't even a question of being a good speech or a bad one; it just wasn't a speech at all. Jacobson didn't have a political bone in his body. Sully snorted in amazement at the badness of the thing as he crossed out lines and whole paragraphs. But even that wasn't enough. He ran a sheet of paper into his typewriter.

"I don't know if I'd change that too much," Jacobson said. "Those are mostly Max's ideas. We've discussed them."

"Just brushing it up some," Sully said.

He typed excitedly. Phrase after phrase came just as he needed them—clear, sparkling, memorable. The richness of his own ideas stimulated him, and any thought of rest, any hint of weariness, disappeared. Three hours sleep—that was plenty, more than enough. He could work from now till Election Day on three

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We're collecting cookies and cake for the starving kids on this block!"

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hours a night. After all, he had been in campaigns before; he was a veteran. He would not wilt under pressure. He would see—they all would see—if the same thing could be said of Jacobson.

When the telephone rang, Sully kept typing. Jacobson, who had just got up to leave, answered it.

"For you," he said, and went out.

Karl Brannick, who was going to be their lieutenant governor, was calling. Since the congressman was out, he had asked, quite naturally, for Sully. What specifically, he wanted to know, was the congressman planning to say about the state-parks program? Sully explained in detail; he knew because he had worked on that stand a few weeks back. Karl wondered if he could use some of the material in a speech this weekend, aimed at the northern counties. Of course, Sully assured him. That would be just fine with the congressman.

Sully made a brief note of the call and left it in Maxwell's office. When he returned to his own office, Jacobson was back. "That was Karl before," Sully said offhandedly.

Jacobson said nothing.

By two o'clock Sully had the Labor Day speech ready to go. Usually the congressman made at least a few changes on everything, but Sully really couldn't see what he'd do this time. He was even tempted to show the speech to Jacobson, to show him how it should have been written. But he didn't want to give Jacobson a chance to start picking at it again and ruin it. He would take it straight to the typists and plunge right to something else. There was certainly enough to do; he didn't have a minute to waste. And that was just fine. He was full of energy, overflowing with it. The sensation was indescribably pleasant, almost euphoric. He could work forever.

Maxwell drove to the hotel for the luncheon and arrived on time. He was seated at the head table along with local and state party officials, a Methodist minister and the guest of honor, former Governor Daniel Riverton, whose eightieth birthday was being celebrated. Out of public life longer than Maxwell had been in it, Riverton was a large man with a raspy voice and unsteady hands. His face was like fine sandpaper, but highly colored, and his jowls sagged to his collar.

Maxwell was to give the main address. He sat, therefore, next to Riverton, who talked to him aimlessly throughout the meal, comfortable in his seniority. Maxwell listened carefully, studying him. For twelve years this man had been governor. Before that, senator, and never even pressed in an election. His secret? Nothing more mystical than a tug at the heart. An emotional bridge, a conduit, a free flow. The winners—Kennedy, Eisenhower, Truman, Roosevelt—had had that. The losers usually hadn't.

Always Presidents: Maxwell reprimanded himself and refocused his attention on Riverton. He would keep it there, on governors and ex-governors and would-be governors.

"So you're going to get promoted next week, they tell me," Riverton said.

"That's what they tell me too. Nominated to be promoted. I hope you don't find the prospect disturbing."

"No, you'll be all right, I think. You'll do."

From Riverton this was considerable praise, and Maxwell was pleased.

"Only don't let anyone hurt you," Riverton went on, gesturing with his fork for emphasis. "Cut them off, throw them to that wolf pack that's always yapping after the sleigh. Use whoever you can, but don't let anyone drag you down."

That was the great public misconception about the old-timers: that they were warm, bighearted, sentimental. They were none of these, only emotional. Maxwell himself was ten times the sentimentalist Riverton had ever been, and there was the danger. Brutality would never hurt you, if you were cold enough about it. Riverton had proved that time and again.

In his address Maxwell spoke of Riverton's achievements, his foresight, his awareness of human problems. It was an effective and convincing talk, principally because he believed in what he was saying, and it was well received.

"I'll come visit you after you win and move in," the old man said when they were leaving. "I haven't seen the place since the half-wit Mr. Jeffers took up residence."

"You'll be most welcome."

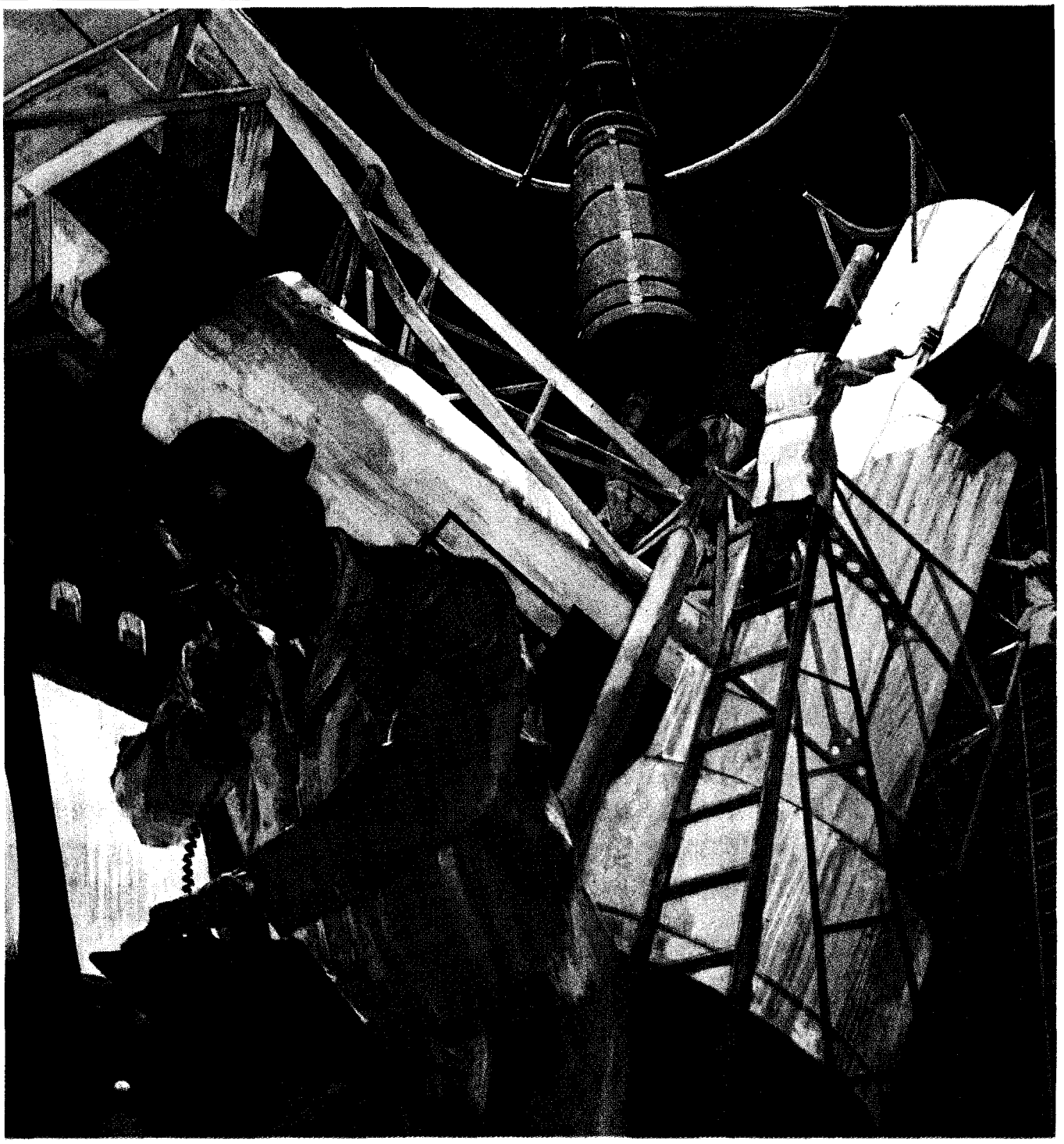
"No I won't, but I'll come anyhow."

Returning to his desk at two thirty, Maxwell found the note from Sully. "Hell!" he muttered. He got Sully on the telephone. "Hey, did you tell Karl Brannick he could go ahead and use that state-parks stuff?"

"Why, yes, I thought ——"

"We're holding off on that stand until the end. I thought you knew."

Sully's reply came slowly. "You never said anything about that to me, Max."



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ROOM AT THE BOTTOM

"I'm sorry, then," Maxwell said, but he was still angry. "Maybe—well, maybe since you haven't been on the campaign much you should check things out with Jacob ——"

"But I'll be right back on top of everything again in a few days, Max. Sorry about this with Karl; you want me to call him and ——"

"No. I'll handle it myself."

After Maxwell had called Karl Brannick, his secretary brought in a list of proposed speaking dates, to each of which he said quickly yes or no. He dictated eleven letters, returned four calls that had come while he was out, saw a reporter and three other visitors, and then, at a quarter to five, he reluctantly slid the Jeffers Book in front of him on the desk.

He stared at it without opening it. He was tired, and a dinner and conference still lay ahead. Did Kennedy ever tire? He caught himself and smiled as he re-phrased the question in his mind. Had *Riverton* ever tired? Had Riverton ever grown too weary to make the right decision, to make any decision? Probably not, because he didn't let decisions take anything out of him. They were made as needed, then dispatched, forgotten. Even Shakespeare had been wrong about that: If the head really belonged under the crown, it would lie easy enough. Riverton had enough blood on his hands to drown an army of Maxwells.

He cleared his throat, massaged his cheeks, blinked to clear his eyes, and turned his attention to the notebook. Reading the first page, he was doubtful. As he read on, he began to shake his head. Nothing was wrong, but nothing was right either. Everything was dully, ploddingly correct; every damn word Jeffers had ever said seemed to have been included, but there wasn't a hint of imagination, of initiative, anywhere. He slammed the book shut and shoved it aside. He was too tired.

Why, he wondered, had Jacobson pleaded so consistently for Sully? Was Jacobson sensitive to charges of usurpation? Did he simply like Sully? No, no evidence of that. Maybe he truly believed in Sully's value, in his abilities.

"Don't governors also need people to worry about little things?" Jacobson had argued. "Do you think you're going to have only *big* problems? You're going to be swamped with the damnedest assortment of insignificant, frustrating details you ever saw. Why not have a master taking of them?"

Here, though, Jacobson showed his youth. It wouldn't work. Sully might not belong in the parlor, but he was too proud for the kitchen.

Perhaps Jacobson was just another sentimentalist. Maybe they all were—everyone, even Riverton. Maybe the trick was to be sentimental but to regulate the sentimentality. You had to housebreak it, or it'd end up soiling something.

And Sully? Of course. That was it. Sully was the perfect, the pure sentimentalist. That explained, perhaps, why his dislike of the newcomers had turned into fear. He was afraid to stick his neck out, afraid to hurt anyone, and even more afraid of being hurt himself. He was soft; he needed protection. He was all sentimentality, without a single ounce of practical emotion. And yet Sully *was* competent—up to a point. And experienced, knowledgeable, faithful. Lord, yes—he was certainly faithful.

Maxwell shook his head; he was tired, and it was five o'clock, time to leave. Tomorrow he would consider again, freshly and for the last time, and make his decision.

He made a final survey of the pile of papers on his desk and slid out the Labor Day speech. Halfway through he flung it down in despair and grabbed the telephone. "Get Jacobson in here, you, please!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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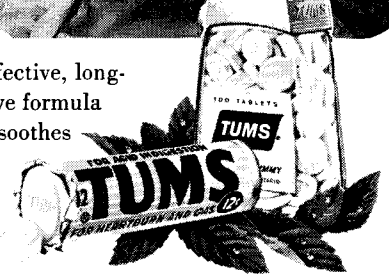

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Good God, couldn't he trust anyone any more?

A few minutes later the door opened and Jacobson walked in. "Make yourself ·mfortable," Maxwell began grimly, ching for the speech, "because you're ..i for one real prime chewing out."

Sully had decided that he was not going to let the mix-up with Maxwell about the state-parks business upset him. Except for that, he was having his best day in weeks. It was only four-thirty and already he had turned in two major projects. And he wasn't finished yet. He was just warming up. The congressman would be impressed; he'd realize that Sully was back at the helm, that things were returning to the way they had been before that whole gang of opportunists piled in. *There* was the cause of the trouble: everyone trying to edge himself in by pushing Sully out. But it wouldn't work. No, sir.

"Are you all right, Sully?"

"What? Of course I'm all right." After a moment's reflection Sully found Jacobson's question annoying. He may have been daydreaming, but he certainly wasn't sick. "All I'm doing is taking a breather for a minute. I've been going all day."

"Well, sure. Good idea. It's going to be a long campaign."

"I'm aware of that," Sully said. "You won't have to worry about me in it."

He was shuffling through the papers in his desk, looking for something important to do, when a call came from his wife.

"Yes, everything's fine," he said. Things have been snapping off just fine all day."

"Oh, good! Look, Bob and Louise want us to drop over tonight, and I told them I'd ——"

"Can't make it," Sully said.

"Oh, Sully! You didn't say anything about working. I thought maybe with the Jeffers Book finished ——"

"That was just the beginning. The stuff's piling up."

"But we haven't been out in ages. Do *you* have to do it all?"

"Sometimes I do. There are some things ——"

"You'll collapse before it's over."

"No," Sully said. "Not me. I won't be the one."

The operator rang as soon as he put down the telephone. The congressman wanted Jacobson right away. He sounded sore, the girl said. Sully told Jacobson, who nodded and left.

Sully tore through his desk drawers with even greater determination. The pressure seemed suddenly enormous; he was struggling under the burden of a million things crying out to be done, and at the same time he was searching frantically to find one of them. He slammed the drawers shut and went to the wire basket on top of the file cabinet; he and Jacobson shared it for general work that either could do. Sully shuffled through the papers. It was all minor stuff, odds and ends, and he wanted something substantial, something challenging. Then, at the very bottom, he found the campaign stand on taxes. Three words were written across the top in Jacobson's careless scrawl: "Too complex—skip."

Sully smiled. Holding the stapled sheaf of papers before him in both hands, as if it could break, he carried it to his desk. It would not be "too complex" for him. He skimmed rapidly through the first fourteen pages to get the general idea, and then turned to the graphs and charts that followed, pondering over the darkly shaded bars, the rows of symbolic moneybags. The thing *was* complicated, but Sully had a good head for detail, for figures. Intently, he began to study the statistical table at the end. He was somewhat distracted by a gnawing ache in his stomach. He would have to send out for a sandwich before the boy left. But there was no time for that now. There was never time for anything. He was always rushed, he always had too much to do.

The congressman was never rushed, never harassed, never driven to exhaustion by endless demands on his time and energy. Back in the beginning, Sully told himself bitterly, he should have aimed for the top himself instead of spending his life helping someone else get there. He could have made it, too, like the congressman. Two of a kind, people always said.

Sully groaned. Something was wrong; he would have to refigure a whole column in one of the tables. Painstakingly he did, crossing out the wrong total and writing the correct one neatly beside it. Then, with great satisfaction, he began to carry the correction through all the computations affected by it. *He* was not going to be known as the one who skipped things because they were "too complex."

Jacobson returned, and without thinking Sully drew his hand quickly over the page. But Jacobson went straight to his desk, his eyes down, and did not notice. The congressman had probably chewed him out for something. Of course. The congressman was too shrewd, too intelligent, to be taken in by anybody for very long.

"How's it going?" Sully asked cheerfully.

"OK," Jacobson said, not looking at him. He didn't sound as if everything were OK.

"Things are really moving here," Sully said. "I'm getting a second wind, it seems."

Jacobson remained silent—awkwardly so, it seemed to Sully. It must have been a pretty bad going-over. Well, if the chance came, he would put in a good word for him with the congressman. After all, he had nothing personal against Jacobson, who was probably as good as the next man. It was just that he was young; he had a lot to learn.

Sully got back to work, confidently, on the tax stand. He would go slowly, carefully, through the whole thing, and make sure everything was right. After all, he had plenty of time. He had to work tonight anyhow.

In a few minutes the telephone rang, and the girl said the congressman wanted him. He put the papers in his bottom drawer and left without saying anything to Jacobson, who was pretending, as usual, to be engrossed in something.

"Come in, come in," the congressman said, smiling up from his desk. Sully was pleased to find him in such good spirits. The bitterness of a few minutes before was forgotten. He marveled at how the congressman withstood the strain, the terrible pressures on him. Here he was at the end of a long and exhausting day looking as fresh as he had this morning. No—fresher, as if he hadn't a worry in the world, as if the work of the day had invigorated him.

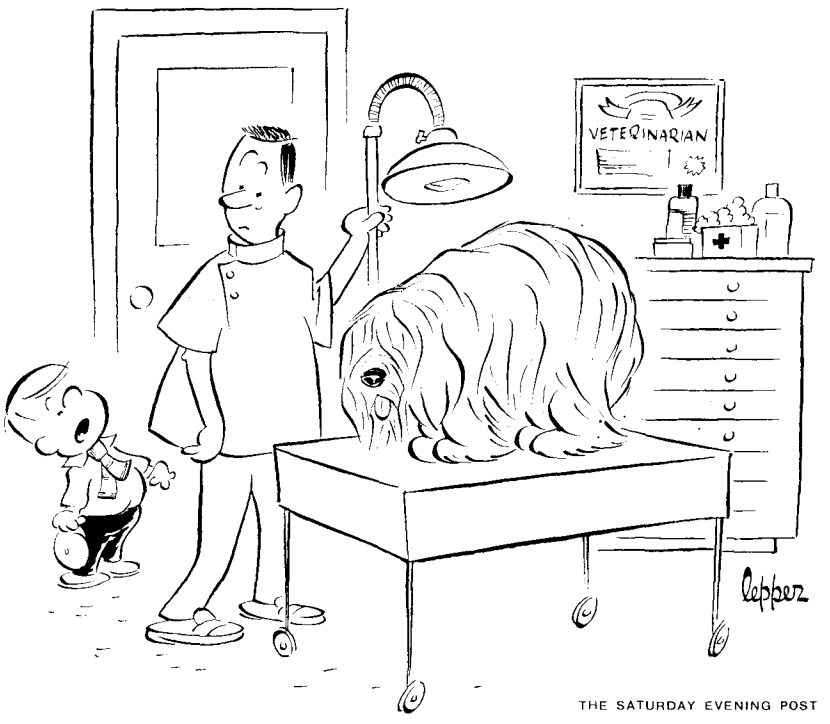
"Have a seat, Sully. Couple of things . . . First off, I managed to browse a bit through the Jeffers Book—fine job. Very happy with it."

"Glad you like it, Max. I figured it'd be OK." Sully paused. "I also brushed up that Labor Day script a little. I don't know if you've had a chance to ——"

"No, I haven't, as a matter of fact, although I'm sure it's OK. What I wanted to see you about, actually, was a dinner party. How would Thursday evening be for you people? At our place."

"Why, that sounds great, Max. Joan will love it—we haven't been getting out much lately."

"Excellent, then. Tom North and his wife will be there too. After all, it's the first time he's ever run for Congress, and I thought a little good-luck send-off might be in order. And that's why we want you there. You see," Maxwell went on, smiling, resting his chin easily upon the steeple of his fingertips, "North is going to need an experienced adviser to run his campaign, and then afterward in Washington. It's really going to be something of a celebration for the two of you, together. . . ." THE END



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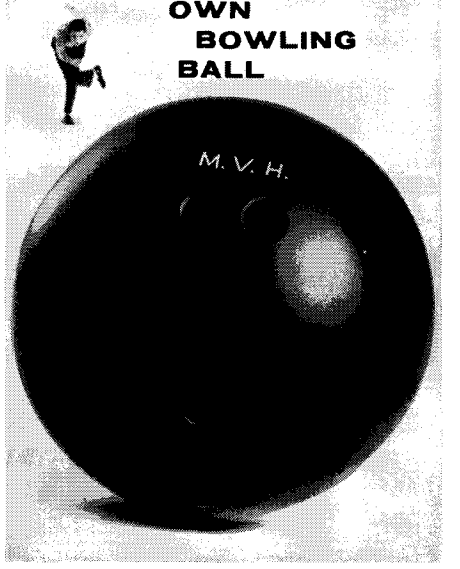

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A MAN OF PASSION

He could decipher the complexities of archaeology. But women had a different kind of mystery, and women were new to him.

By WILLIAM HARRISON

ILLUSTRATION BY JIM JONSON

They had time in the late hours, time to take walks along the frozen paths.

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Outside the circle of his work, things didn't go well in Dawson's life. They never had, and in his later years he made only two attempts to reconcile himself with the world, and both of these efforts failed. He carried on a failing courtship of a girl, Doris Metts, and an ambiguous relationship with a place, the Flathead country of Montana. Neither was his kind, and he knew it. But he tried anyway.

He had always been a scrupulous man, careful to see that his students at the midwestern university where he taught archaeology memorized a sufficient number of dates and locales. He kept a proper office: desk neatly landscaped with texts and themes and a little red box of sharpened pencils. The door was always left open, and he stayed in his office after classes so that the students, if they liked, could confer with him about their work. None of them, of course, ever did.

"Let's face it," he would tell his colleagues over coffee at the Men's Faculty Club, "I'm stuffy. How could an ancient-history man be anything else?"

He had lived for twenty years in a faculty apartment, one of the larger ones usually reserved for a young married professor. There were so many books, so many gimcracks and souvenirs and relics: a collection of horse pistols and muzzle-loaders, Dresden china, first editions of Zeller and Ritter, and the prized Dionysius of Helicarnassus manuscript fragment. There was something gray in his rooms, as if the moldiness of his subject matter had settled on all his possessions. And, naturally, there were a few jokes from year to year, especially about the chinaware. But he passed them off. A man has a right to taste and to the acquisition of fine things, he would tell himself. Besides, the world was going to pot: commercialization of everything except the soul. He made one concession to the times and bought a high-fidelity phonograph, and filled his rooms with the music of the masters.

"Romantic, yes. I suppose that's an easy enough thing for you to call me," he would argue over coffee. And he would hear the younger instructors laughing when he left, and would know they were getting at him as best they could. They displayed a general incompetence, he would remind himself, which accounted for their indiscretion. The young English teachers couldn't spell. The scientists were impossibly dull and narrow in their views, and the men in the religion department seemed to take pride in their impiety. None of them saw any need for vocabulary, and the study of history was simply a conceit. The university had lost its dignity; it was like a bus terminal, full of riffraff, everyone paying the lowest possible fare. He could only regard them as pathetic most of the time; they had forfeited so much, but were generally unconscious of it. That a man should have strong convictions was completely incomprehensible to them. At one time he had promised himself absolute isolation from them. Finally, however, he had returned to their company. His scholastic and personal pride had set him apart, but as a man he was always drawn back to them. He wanted his intellectual solitude, but without the deadly, familiar loneliness.

Doris Metts had been in the history department for two semesters before the day she presented herself to him as a new major in his field.

"Well," he had blurted. "I don't see how I could have missed knowing about you. Here, sit down. Sit down."

So she sat and they talked and he saw, there at the beginning, something important about her, something rare: her fragility, perhaps.

"Well, this is fine. Just marvelous," he kept saying. "Marvelous. You understand that you're my only graduate major?"

"So I understand," she answered.

And they talked about her background and he looked at her record, a not too impressive one but sufficient, and finally, before she left, he stood up behind his desk and said, "Well, look now, why can't we have dinner tonight and get our bearings?" He realized that the proposal was completely out of order, but she responded warmly and said yes, and then added, "We could have you over. My husband is interning at the university hospital, you see, and we just haven't the time to go out for dinner. At night he has to get back to the hospital."

"All right," he said, recovering quickly, "let's have it another way. I only live over in the faculty apartments, and I cook very well. It wouldn't take much of your husband's time, I'm sure, and it would be a real pleasure. Honestly."

"It will have to be around six," she said. "He has to get back to the ward early."

And so it had begun. After she had gone, he sat thinking about the disappointment that had swept over him when she had told him she was married. He was pleased with himself for not showing it. A bachelor nearly fifty ought to cover hurt well. Practice makes perfect. And he wondered, sitting there, about something else: wondered if she was all he had seen in her, wondered about the special quality, and asked himself if he had put it there himself, as he had done so many times before in so many things, or if she really did have it. At least, he decided, if I'm full of illusions then I'm still full of hopes. I'm still alive.

He made them a steak dinner that evening, and they talked for a long time afterward before the hearth. As the evening passed, Dawson began to study the young husband, speaking almost exclusively to him, as if he could somehow, through absolute concentration, memorize him out of existence. He listened to what Max Metts had to say, weighed it for some sign of maturity, found none, and finally contented himself with observing the boyish face: the narrow nose, the tightly drawn skin, the depthless eyes. Youth is a fine thing, Dawson kept saying to himself and to them. But he didn't mean it. They drank a bottle of his best liqueur and Max Metts told a few stories and they ended the evening with high, discordant bursts of laughter.

With young Metts kept busy at the hospital, Dawson and Doris had time to get to know each other during her visits to his office. They usually read together in silence, but now and then they would stop, make coffee in his little urn, and begin a discussion of their research, about Pliny, perhaps, or the work of Mahaffy or Dill. She was more astute, he felt, than her record indicated—perhaps even more capable of being an instructor than some of his associates. And mature: never trying to impress him with her information; willing to admit ignorance of a subject without hesitation or embarrassment, unlike so many of the others; even careful always to be light, humorous, to keep him off guard, never growing too self-serious. So many students had to confess their deepest spiritual anxieties, but not Doris.

"I'm a terrible buffoon," she would say, throwing back her head. "Trying to make a romance nowadays out of a Grecian scroll or something. Sometimes I get so tired of all this I just want to throw up my hands. But there has to be something, doesn't there? Max's medical career hasn't been allowed as grounds for divorce, so I'll just have to endure his internship, I suppose." And she would laugh reassuringly and throw the conversation back into some farfetched historical conjecture. He was allowed to see her only in little snippets of revelation.

Or was it really that way at all? Was she just a product of his old worn-thin daydreams—an imaginary character in a blur of history in which the real and the apocryphal people couldn't be differentiated? He didn't know, didn't know at all.

One thing was apparent: Max Metts had no substance of his own and had borrowed Doris's sensibilities wholesale; he owned a few scraps of art, for example, only because he sensed that, with her, it was the thing to do. She said once that he had made an attempt to learn something of music, something of the lives of artists and composers. Such conscious study, Dawson felt, only resulted in a greater misunderstanding of things.

In time, the situation was clearer still: Max was, at most, a crude boy with ambition, and there was some money in Doris's family—annuities and some property her father had left her at his death. She was being used, Dawson suspected, to finance the beginnings of Max's medical career. But of course she had been a plain girl, and probably the pressure to marry had been there.

The boy would pick her up at Dawson's office in the evening, always weaving and bobbing and rubbing his hands together, always a little high on the two or three beers he drank after work, and Dawson would wonder how such hands could ever steady a microscope slide or a scalpel.

"Let's go home and re-lax, Dorrie honey," the boy would say to her. "Let's go home so you can re-lax me." She would humor him by smiling weakly, and Dawson would tell himself: She hates

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him, despises him, and wants me to know how miserable things are for her. In time, Dawson made it a point to leave before Max came around.

Meanwhile, Doris made him ambitious in his work, and the two of them began the long and dirty project of cleaning and classifying the specimens that had been brought in in boxes and barrels over the past months. Dawson always dreaded the detail of this work, but with Doris he grew content to sit for hours brushing and fitting and washing the accumulation of sculptures, tools and artifacts that cluttered the back room of his office. He liked the way she worked: quick, graceful, decisive, always careful to watch for important items, as he had instructed her.

In the late spring they classified the last of the items, and Max and Doris invited him to spend a weekend with them in a lodge at a nearby lake. He declined, saying that he had papers to mark and a few final lectures to prepare, but of course Doris knew he wasn't so busy as he pretended.

Then a significant thing happened. Max and Doris has asked Dawson to drive them to the station from which they would take the train up to the lodge. On the platform they asked him to change his mind and come with them, and he refused, making the same excuse. But when Max went off to newsstand, one of those little clos full of chewing gum and cigars, girlie magazines and pennants, Doris asked Dawson again, altogether differently, it seemed to him, looking at him steadily and deeply. And this time he fixed his eyes on hers and said, "No, it's not possible. Just not possible. Don't you see?"

And he felt that she did see, that she had read that obscure hieroglyphic message in him and that they were standing there reviewing all the words that had ever passed between them. If Max had returned just then, he might have seen it too: the unmistakable communication that shuts out everything else. If Max had been there, Dawson realized later, there might have been a scene—or perhaps the communication wouldn't have taken place at all. But it continued until Doris shifted her glance away and began a confused, almost foolish inspection of the train schedule chalked on the blackboard on the station wall.

Driving back to the university, Dawson turned the experience over in his mind again and again. So terrible a so wonderful all at once. But had happened? Had they really read one another's minds? Or had the knowledge been only his? His hands gripped the steering wheel. He felt both the confusion of an old man and the lightheadedness of a young boy wanting to speed up and careen around corners.

Summer came, and Dawson made plans to go to Montana, halfway across a continent to visit a man and a place he scarcely knew. Doris's nearness had become almost oppressively disquieting. Even Doris seemed relieved that he had decided on a long vacation; she made elaborate and somewhat needless preparations to care for his office until the fall semester, and he gave her a key to his apartment so that she could use his books for her thesis work. In early June he took a plane to Missoula, rented a car and drove on to Kalispell, where he spent the night, then went on north to Walt Swenson's place on the Flathead River.

Within two weeks he had a long letter from Doris telling him about an incident that had occurred in his apartment. "Something you had better hear first from me," she wrote. Over her protests Max had invited a few of his friends to the apartment. There had been some drinking; toward th end of the evening things had grow rowdy, and she and Max had argued. While he was drunk, he had gone out on the porch and started firing Daw-

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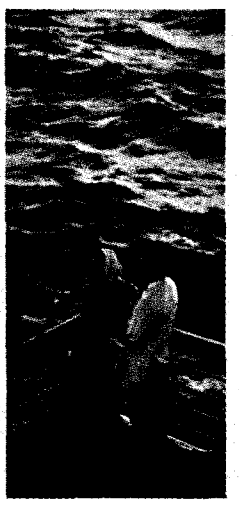

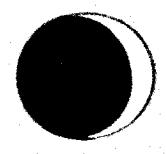

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son's old flintlock pistols, which were always kept in good working order. The university police had arrested him, but later he was released in the charge his superior at the hospital. Doris didn't say what the argument with Max had been about, and she concluded simply by assuring him that the pistols had not been damaged. The letter ended: "Have fun. Doris." Dawson kept it in his breast pocket, hoping that it would be replaced by further correspondence from her, something to substantiate his hopes, but it was his only letter of the summer.

The summer was dry and there were many fires in the forest along the river, and the roads were caked and dusty and choked with logging trucks.

Walt Swenson had inherited from his father four log cabins and a lodge, an icehouse, a small gasoline-powered generator, a smokehouse and a hundred acres of pine forest. Not being the sort of man to let an easy life escape him, he had abandoned his salesman's job in Butte and moved right in, coming to the wilderness with no qualifications, no aptitude, no feeling for the mountains and trees. His father, who had axed out this primitive sanctuary, had been as tough as a bull whip. Walt was not.

Dawson and Walt had never been close. One reason was that Walt had never appreciated his own father, a man Dawson had admired. Then, too, Walt had married Helen Vick, one of the few women who had ever meant anything to Dawson. She had died young, and Dawson had always wondered how different his life would have been if she had accepted his proposal instead of Walt's. So there were these two things: Walt's father and Helen. Because of them he had kept up an intermittent correspondence with Walt over the years.

Early in the summer he fished the rugged trout streams along the narrow, rock-cluttered hillsides where snow melted on the ridges and boomed rushing, icy water down to sweep his feet out from under him. But he did not really enjoy the fishing. Once Walt took him to Kintla Lake, and they fished a few days and shivered at night until Dawson announced that he saw little purpose in deliberate discomfort and Walt agreed and they came back to the lodge. After that they sat around reading and smoking their pipes and drinking as much Canadian Club as they could.

After a few weeks they began some of the chores that badly needed attention around the lodge: shingling the roof of one of the cabins; cleaning the icehouse; mending a gate that some tourists from over in Glacier Park, on their way to the river through Walt's property, had torn off its hinges.

"The tourists," Walt said. "They still leave their trash all over the riverfront. Dad put those big cans down there for them to use, but they still throw stuff all over the place."

"Still, you've got a lot of privacy here," Dawson answered. "A lot more than most people."

"Well, it's not so crowded in the winter. Gets lonesome, in fact. But all summer long. . . . One guy tried to drive down my road and the whole bottom of his car got ripped out. I laughed until I thought I'd die."

"But there's nobody here in the winter?"

"Still as death. Snow piles up to the roof. The mail just comes once a week, if then."

"It sounds fine."

Walt looked off toward the mountains, then struck a wooden match and held it to his pipe. "How would you like to own it?" he said.

Dawson looked at him questioningly.

"I mean it," Walt said. "I'll sell it to you. Cheap."

"Oh, I couldn't afford it. Anyway, the winters would kill me."

"You could work. Think what a hideaway this would be. It'd be perfect for you—you're always working on some old bone pile or manuscript."

"I'm afraid not," Dawson said. "Look, I've still got blisters all over my hands, just from doing a little work around here. This isn't for me, I'm afraid." He wanted to say something else to Walt, to tell him that he wasn't ready for a hideaway yet, that there was still something left to give him hope of a life elsewhere. But he had no reason to believe Walt would understand.

"This is your kind of place a lot more 'n mine," Walt said. "Let me tell you something. The doc told me last month that I've got the makings of stomach ulcers. Can you imagine? Ulcers. He said I ought to get away for a while. And I said, 'Where to, Doc? I'm living in the nation's playground right now. Glacier Park at my door and all.' It was old Doc Kenny, and he just said, 'Go on. Get outa this country. You ain't your pa, you know.'"

"Well, you didn't argue that, did you?"

"Not a bit. It's like I been telling you: This really isn't for me. If I had a good buyer, I'd be gone."

"Sorry I can't help, Walt. Really."

"I don't understand you. This'd be perfect."

"Well, maybe. I don't know yet," Dawson said.

With Dawson's help Walt finished a number of jobs on the place that he had never had the inclination to begin. They even brought out the old logging chains, cleaned the rust off them, and stored them back under the porch for some unlikely future use.

Early in August, Dawson went fishing again, first in the river, then up some of the nearby streams. At first he would go out only for a couple of hours in the mornings, justifying his excursion by collecting an assortment of berries and flowers, which he would later spread out on Walt's kitchen table and study with the aid of a college survey of botany he had discovered in Walt's desk. Before long his face and arms were red and his hands were brown with calluses.

Toward the end of the summer he was venturing farther up the streams, sometimes taking Walt's old jeep north into the rougher country in Canada. On one of these trips, up the side of a valley behind a series of beaver dams, he caught a yellow trout that weighed more than fifteen pounds.

"It's a bull trout," Walt told him. "You missed their run upstream in late spring, but this is one of the stragglers. Now and then one of the old boys will just decide to stay up in the headwaters. He'll just stop making the annual trip with the others. It's peculiar how some of 'em do that."

"Well, he was a fine catch," Dawson said. "I fought him for almost an hour. He kept swimming back under the dam trying to break loose, but he'd swallowed the fly deep."

"You like it up here now, don't you?" Walt asked.

"As I say, it was a good catch," Dawson said.

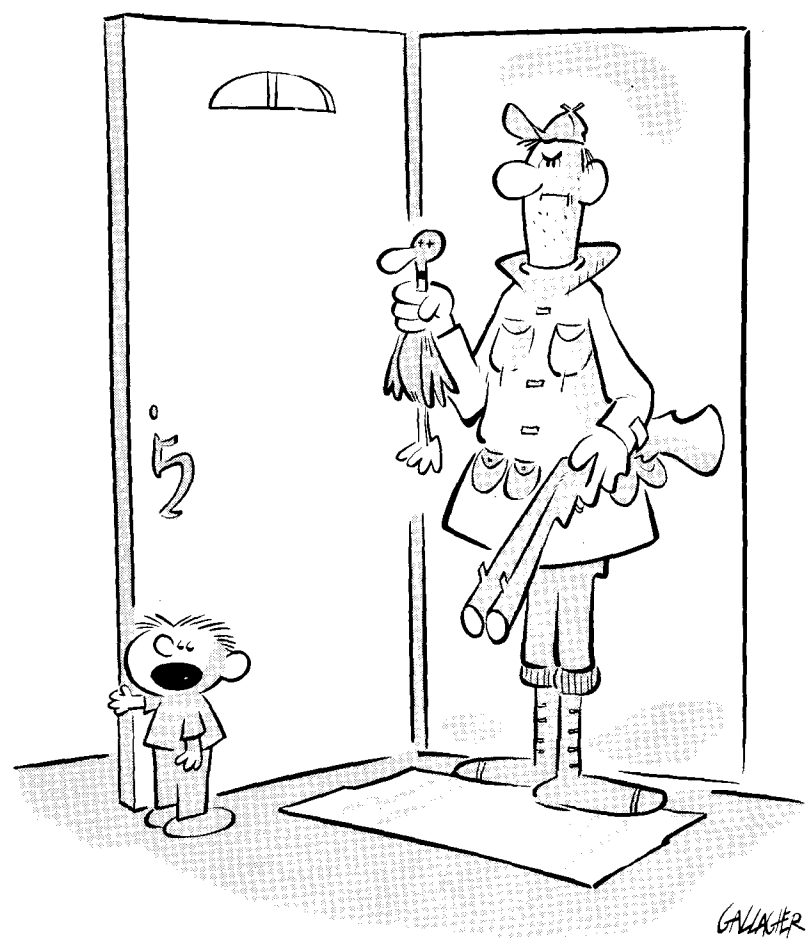
"I'll sell the whole place," Walt said. "Cheap. We could work something out."

Dawson went back to the university hopelessly in love. The summer in Montana, which he had hoped would help him to get over his feeling for Doris, had only heightened it. He felt now that something had to be resolved. He didn't know exactly how.

On the night of his return the delicate odor of her perfume was in his apartment. He lay on his sofa, staring into the museum of his rooms, his body aching as though a fever had come over him, and went to sleep full of fantasy and confusion.

In the morning he made himself toast and coffee and sat down to think. But his mind drifted back to Walt's place. He remembered how the two of them had got drunk after the uncomfortable trip to Kintla Lake, how he had tried to get drunk as elegantly as possible, sitting placidly in the big hearth chair while Walt grew red in the face and played the piano and made loud speeches full of swollen phrases about politics. The ether of that primitive frontier must have stolen into him, for in his mind was a sense of the forest: of ancient trees, of heavy, moss-cushioned earth, of pine needles underfoot, the decayed waste of centuries. Dawson slumped over the breakfast table feeling addled and tired and very old.

He didn't see Doris until the night before the semester was to begin, when he came home to find his apartment door open, and knew that she had let herself in with the extra key he had



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Big deal! Daddy shot a duck!"

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given her. She was in the kitchen making coffee.

"Hello again," he said, managing a smile.

She answered weakly, saying something he did not hear, and then their eyes met suddenly, as they had before on the station platform, and very quickly she was pressing close to him and he was holding her, unable to remember who had made the first move toward the embrace. His face was in her hair, and he was whispering, "So awful. It's been such a terrible summer. A long, terrible time."

He spent the following weeks seeking moments when they could be alone. Max was on night duty at the hospital. Occasionally they risked an evening meal in Dawson's apartment, where, by this time, many of his students and faculty acquaintances expected to find them working together.

"You and your one precious disciple," Professor Baxter would say to him. "Who would have thought you'd ever find someone to share your enthusiasm for all those boxes of bones and dust?"

Most of their time was spent at his office, where he prepared lectures and she worked on her thesis, and where they talked, talked endlessly, as if there weren't time to say all that needed saying. They never discussed Max or the future and what might happen to them, but the whole range of their lives was here; to him she seemed an avenue into a world for which he had always longed.

He tried to explain it to her. "In history there's passion," he would say. "Perhaps that's what history is: a record of the passionate moments, the crises, the daring strokes. But just look around you now: There's nothing these days. No richness, no depth of feeling, no vitality. And I just haven't wanted a watered-down version of marriage in the suburbs, the halfhearted affections of some girl. That's too much compromise. I want to believe I'm capable of love, real passion. I want to believe that, precisely because the world is what it is. I hope it's possible for me, for us together."

For a six-week period during the fall Max was on night duty again, and they had time in the late hours, time to take walks along the frozen paths of the campus after midnight, time to drive out to the less frequented restaurants at the edge of town, or simply to take long drives through the dark, snow-accented residential lanes. It was a solemn period for Dawson, a rare one; he felt that he wanted to seal those six weeks inside himself. In the back of his mind he knew that some climax would eventually be reached, that Max would have to be handled, but he tried not to think about that.

In December, Dawson read Doris's thesis and passed it on to Professor Baxter for a second reading and final signing. Just before the holidays Baxter asked to see him. The old man was sitting in his office with the windows open, as usual, his overcoat on, his pipe smoking like a chimney.

"About this Metts girl," Baxter said. "What kind of student has she been?"

"Fine," Dawson said. "Is something wrong?"

"This thesis."

"The thesis? What's the matter with it?"

"Oh, it's all right, I suppose. Not what I expected from your pet, though. A sterile sort of thing."

"I found it damned good," Dawson said. He felt defensive, and realized for the first time, as he listened to Baxter's criticism, that it wasn't really a first-rate piece of work at all.

"Well," Baxter went on, "I may have expected too much. I know this is your only major, your prize, so I won't say anything at this late date. But I've made a few notations for you."

Dawson argued stubbornly that the work was as good as anything the department turned out in the course of a normal year.

"Oh, no, you're mistaken about that," Baxter said. "But look—I'll sign it. It doesn't make that much difference. Just read it again, and see for yourself. It's not up to standard and not at all what I expected from your girl."

"I've already read it carefully," Dawson said. "It's obviously the work of a superior student. You just can't detect its worth." He wished instantly that he could take back the words.

"Dawson, my friend, don't delude yourself," Baxter replied, unruffled.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say that."

"It's all right." Baxter took a long draw on his pipe. "I know how admiration for a particular student can sometimes muddy the academic water."

"It isn't that," Dawson said.

"That's bound to be it."

The two men looked steadily at each other, and Baxter's pipe made its little spewing noise, and a good deal of time seemed to pass. Then Baxter picked up his pen, signed the thesis and said again: "Of course. That's bound to be the case."

Doris and Max went off to visit Max's parents for the holidays, and Dawson was left alone with the thesis. It depressed him, sitting there on his desk. For the first time in his career someone had questioned his academic competence, and he couldn't help being disturbed.

Christmas came and went. Dawson received two cards: one from a historical society and one from Walt Swenson. He spent his bonus on whiskey and felt like a fool for doing it. On the day before classes resumed he reread the thesis, put it in an envelope, and forwarded it to the dean's office.

He had made a resolution: to find out about her, to know if she was substantial enough to hold onto, strong enough to rescue him from his academic oblivion. He had always done most of the talking; now he wanted to listen. At the first opportunity he drove her out to a little country restaurant for lunch. The restaurant overlooked a wide valley with patches of snow and barren trees and a little gray pond. Dawson had gone there often; the waiters knew him and called him professor.

Doris talked about the terrible Christmas with Max's parents and told him how good it was to be back, and after a while he made her talk about her family. Her father had been a farmer, a prosperous one. "There's not much to say," she told Dawson. "The plain daughter of a plain farmer. Until now, of course. I feel very special with you sometimes. Like now." He made her keep talking, about a thing, just to hear her voice; it was soft and seemed for him only, intimate and private.

Later they drove down into the valley where the pond was and parked. He knew it wasn't wise to press further but he did, trying to help her reach an answer to what was perhaps an unanswerable question.

"I want you to leave Max. I don't know how to say it unless I say it outright this way. Will you?"

She didn't answer, and after a moment Dawson said, "He's a weak person. Leave him. Tell him about us, and let him go his way."

She still wouldn't say anything.

"You love me, don't you?"

"Yes. You know I do."

"Well?"

"I don't know what to say either. I feel I just can't go away and leave Max. Maybe it's *because* he's so weak."

"*Because* he's weak? What kind of logic is that?"

"He needs me. I know that."

"There are thousands of weak men. Millions. Each one needs some woman as a prop."

"I know."

"Look, I want you to understand. I'm asking you to try to achieve something better, a kind of love—with me, if we can—where no one has to be a prop."

"I know," she said. "A great love. I know exactly what you want."

"Well, I'll tell you this: To get it you have to be capable of doing injury. I want you to tell Max."

"I can't hurt him. Not now."

"You have to hurt him."

"I can't." She said it with finality and turned away.

When he realized that they weren't going to get any further, he started the car and drove back toward the university. A man must be a fool to question the quality of love, he kept thinking. A man like me, at least. Or is that sort of questioning something that always has to be done? Perhaps so. He kept his eyes on the road, and his hands held tightly to the wheel.

He had settled down that night to read and to listen to music, when she came to his apartment. She said that Max had been called back to the hospital unexpectedly, for the night. It was a risk coming, but she had to come, she said. She had been arguing with Max, and she was restless and depressed.

They made love, a slow, tender quiet love, and afterward lay close together, hands touching, not speaking. It seemed to be what she wanted, what she had come for, but Dawson was

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"The first thing I notice about a man is whether he's noticing me."

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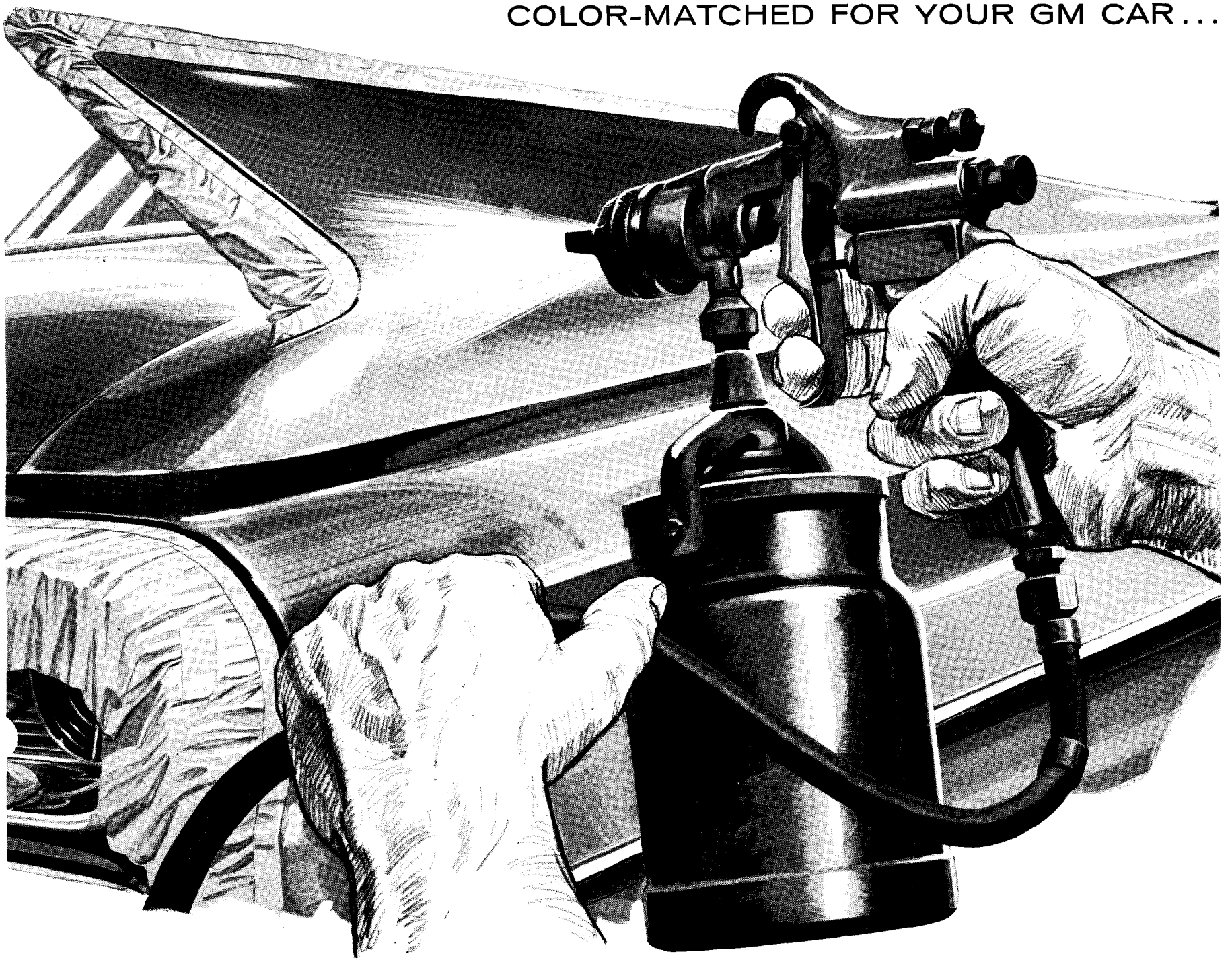

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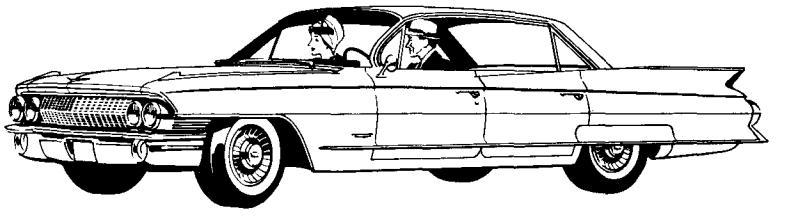

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uneasy. His mind wouldn't clear; he kept thinking of his work, of Walt's place, of his lectures. And of her. I mustn't *think* too much about us, he warned himself. Thinking reduces the moment, stifles the passion. I mustn't do it. I must let my mind go blank. Must.

With some relief he heard the telephone ring. It was a doctor at the hospital calling Doris. Max was drunk on the ward and had given Dawson's number.

They dressed and hurried over to the hospital. Dawson sat down to wait in the superintendent's office while Doris went up to see Max. From the office Dawson looked out into the waiting room at a blind man. A blind man who is sick, he thought absently. He read the Latin diplomas framed along the wall, proud that he could still remember the verb conjugations.

Soon Doris came downstairs with the superintendent, Doctor Clevenger, a big unshaven man. Max trailed behind them. There were hurried introductions and then Doris began edging Max toward the door. "I just won't have this sort of thing," the doctor said to Dawson.

"Yes," Dawson said.

"Right on the ward. Didn't have the sense to get off in a broom closet somewhere."

"Oh, well, the younger generation," Dawson said.

"He's had his last little fling. Have his wife tell him that when he sobers up."

"Well, now, you can hardly blame him, in a sense," Dawson said. "It must be pretty miserable for all the young men in this sort of thing. Late hours and all, you know. I think he's been on two consecutive shifts. Besides, the medical business would depress almost anybody." He was surprised to find himself making excuses for Max.

The doctor just gave him a straight look and grunted.

The drive back to the Mettses' apartment was tedious. Once, before he went to sleep, Max raised his head and commented ambiguously, "When there's trouble at home, there's trouble everywhere. Ain't that so, sir?" Dawson didn't answer, didn't know how to. At the apartment—a small, dark, two-room flat that smelled of grease—he helped Max into the bedroom. As he was leaving, Doris pressed his hand and thanked him. He went out into a light snowfall.

Sometime before daybreak he got up out of his bed feeling nauseated, and slumped down in a chair by his bedroom window. The wind had risen, and snow was shifting and sweeping across the campus lawn.

About a week later, during the heaviest snowstorm of the season, she came to see him in the middle of the afternoon and stayed to prepare the evening meal. The small talk was uneasy and short-lived. Before long he came to the point again.

"You're not leaving Max, are you?"

"I just can't," she said, shaking her head.

"All right. Then you can't. You can't if you say so. But there's something I want you to tell me. I've been asking myself this for a long time: Are the two of us anything alike? Are we alike and have we wanted the same thing, or has it all been a mistake? You don't have any ideas about that, do you?"

"Maybe I'm not the one to say."

"Possibly. Still, I don't know who else to ask. And I was seriously wondering. Wondering if we've made such a terrible mistake."

"You're so romantic," she said. She touched his hand, but her manner wasn't endearing. A cold chill went over him. "People use each other," she went on. "Max and I, for instance. He uses my family's money to get through medical school. I wanted—and sometimes still want—to be a doctor's wife and to live in the house on the nice street with the intelligent neighbors. You use me to test yourself. To see if you're still a man and not just a—a large collection of antiquities."

Large collection of antiquities. A carefully thought-out, even practiced, phrase, he told himself. His jaw quivered, and he felt as if his eyes were about to fill with tears. He turned away from her.

"No," she said, "I don't suppose we're the same. But does it matter so much? It doesn't need to be such a great matter, does it?"

He had wanted to say a lot more, but suddenly couldn't.

"Anyway," she went on, "things are going so badly for Max. Doctor Clevenger has given him another chance, but there's so much trouble."

"I don't care about Doctor Clevenger. I was talking about us," he snapped.

"You wouldn't want me to be cruel. Not at a time like this," she said.

"Yes. Exactly. That's exactly what you must be if you're capable of it. Be irresponsible about the weak. The world is too damned full of responsible lovers—along with the rest of the whole responsible, careful, dead, dumb crew."

"Oh, don't bring up the world," she said. "You always bring up society and beat it like a rug."

And he knew that there would be nothing else for them to say to each other, that she hadn't understood him, not ever, that possibly she hadn't ever even wanted to. And he thought, absurdly, of her thesis. The thesis. He couldn't even recall its title.

She went home, and he sat there for a long time, sipping at his coffee, looking blankly out the window at the snow. Then he roused himself and got up and cleared the table, and found a little solace in washing the dishes.

He started the next semester with a flourish, disposing of all his old notes and dedicating himself to better lectures. By late February he had completed the archaeological cataloguing, working alone because Doris was home with a virus. The work was always there, the axis of his life. He worked hard and felt useful and thought very little of her, even decided that he really didn't want to see her any more.

Finally she came to his office, looking very tired and pale and delicate. She treated him with familiarity but without warmth, and he thought: The young can afford to be indifferent with their lovers; it's a pity how indifferent they can afford to be. She sat on his desk, and when he stood next to her, she put her arm around his waist a· pressed close to him while he look across the room at the bare limbs of the trees scraping gently on the window glass. "You're so sweet," she told him. "Just what I need." And he didn't want her there, felt callous toward her for the first time, knew that the passion was gone.

"What are you thinking about so hard?" she asked him.

"Nothing," he said, and turned away from her.

The next week he went to Chicago for the meetings of a scholarly society and listened to a great many research papers being read aloud. He went out alone after the meetings to eat in little Hungarian restaurants, and he slept a full nine hours every night; his work crowded in on him again, and he thought of a thousand things he might do. Returning by train to the university, he stared out of the window, watching the farms and towns roll by. Change is the soul of the continent, he told himself. He felt old and very poetic. And he knew that he had chosen against Doris just as she had chosen against him, that perhaps the choice, for them both, had been for· ordained. But he felt damned by it all. He began counting telephone poles passing outside the train, and soon he fell asleep.

Six months later he stood in his meadow below the Kintla range and looked toward the mountains beyond the lodge. The sun was behind the crest, and an afternoon chill was gathering. The place was in good order now, worth Walt's price and more. He knew the paths, and he had learned to use the Winchester .30-'06 that Walt had left behind. When he had first moved into the lodge he had stayed outdoors all day and come back in the evening exhausted. He had lost a lot of weight in the first few weeks after leaving the university, simply because he didn't understand the basic athletic principle of pacing. For a time he seemed almost to be purging himself. He would go to Kintla Lake and back in one day, walking through the forest straight and tall so that the branches would claw across his face, as though he was too proud to crouch and angle along like an animal. But all that was over now.

A bend in the river made a peninsula of Old Man Swenson's acreage, and in the evenings Dawson toured it, inspecting the brush, policing the meadow for scraps of paper brought in by the wind and stuffing them in his pockets to burn later in the stove; he liked to see the grass blowing free and unblemished, everything green

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Actually, it started out to be socks."

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and primitive. He put up a new gate and padlocked it, and so—except for the animals, who honored nobody's fences—he restored most of Old Man ɔnson's solitude. Walt had been ˌ lazy to defend the solitude. Walt wasn't much for repairing fences or nailing up NO TRESPASSING signs, and had always wanted people to like him, even the tourists he griped about. Walt didn't understand privacy, didn't value it, and had gone off to Los Angeles incapable of living in it.

It was dusk, and night was coming on fast. Dawson quickened his pace to the lodge. As he walked, his mind picked arguments with itself, as he had trained and disciplined it to do, and he knew that such thoughts about privacy were really the worst sort of rationalization. Look at me, he said to himself. Trying to make all this significant. The truth is that I live in a lonesome place because I've thought myself out of existence. We ponder things away, take our little notes on ourselves to the last, when we find that they're really the only scraps of life about us. Such absurd note-taking. Absurd.

By the lodge porch he stripped to the waist and began washing his neck and face and new beard with cold water from the pump. But you can't ˈop the mind from running on, he ɔught. It's a damned nuisance after a while, but you can't stop it.

With his hand still on the pump, he caught a glimpse of something moving near the woods behind the lodge. Stepping back from the porch, he saw it clearly: a bear, an old black bear entering his icehouse.

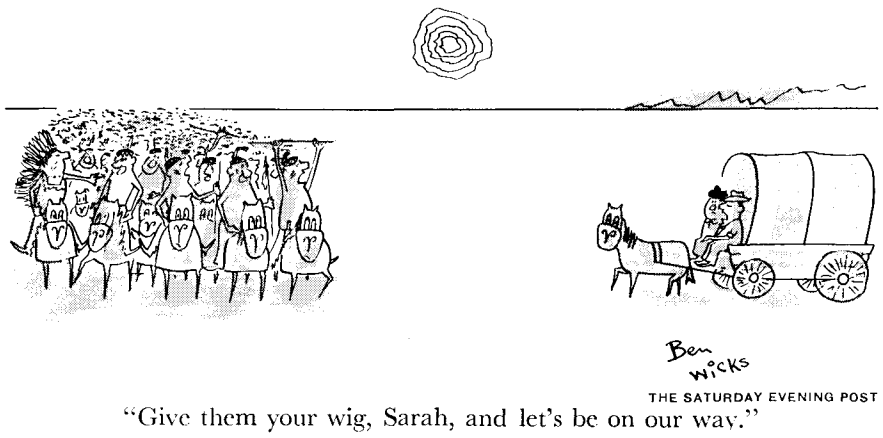
His first thought was to run into the lodge and get the .30-'06, but he didn't move. For a moment he stood looking at the icehouse, trying to formulate a plan of action. Protect the stores on the back porch, he told himself. And the fish in the smokehouse. His mind went along, considering the alternatives. Then, finally, not thinking any more, he cut across to the woodpile and picked up the ax.

At the icehouse door a sour, heavy odor met him. As his eyes adjusted to the darkness, his mind switched on again and he thought: Why did I choose the ax? And the answer: foolishness. Because I'm maybe too romantic still. Or because I'm now chasing after the greatest solitude there is. Then his thoughts shifted, came back to the problem at hand. The lantern hung outside the icehouse door. Inching backward, shortening his grip on the ax handle so that he could swing the ax with one hand if the bear rushed, he found the lantern. He laid the ax on the ground, fumbled in his pockets for matches, removed the glass, raised the wick and touched a flame to it. He hung the lantern over his forearm and picked up the ax.

Slowly, he edged up to the door again. The lantern threw a dim, wobbling light into the icehouse. Peering inside, he made out the shape of the bear crouched in a far corner of the room.

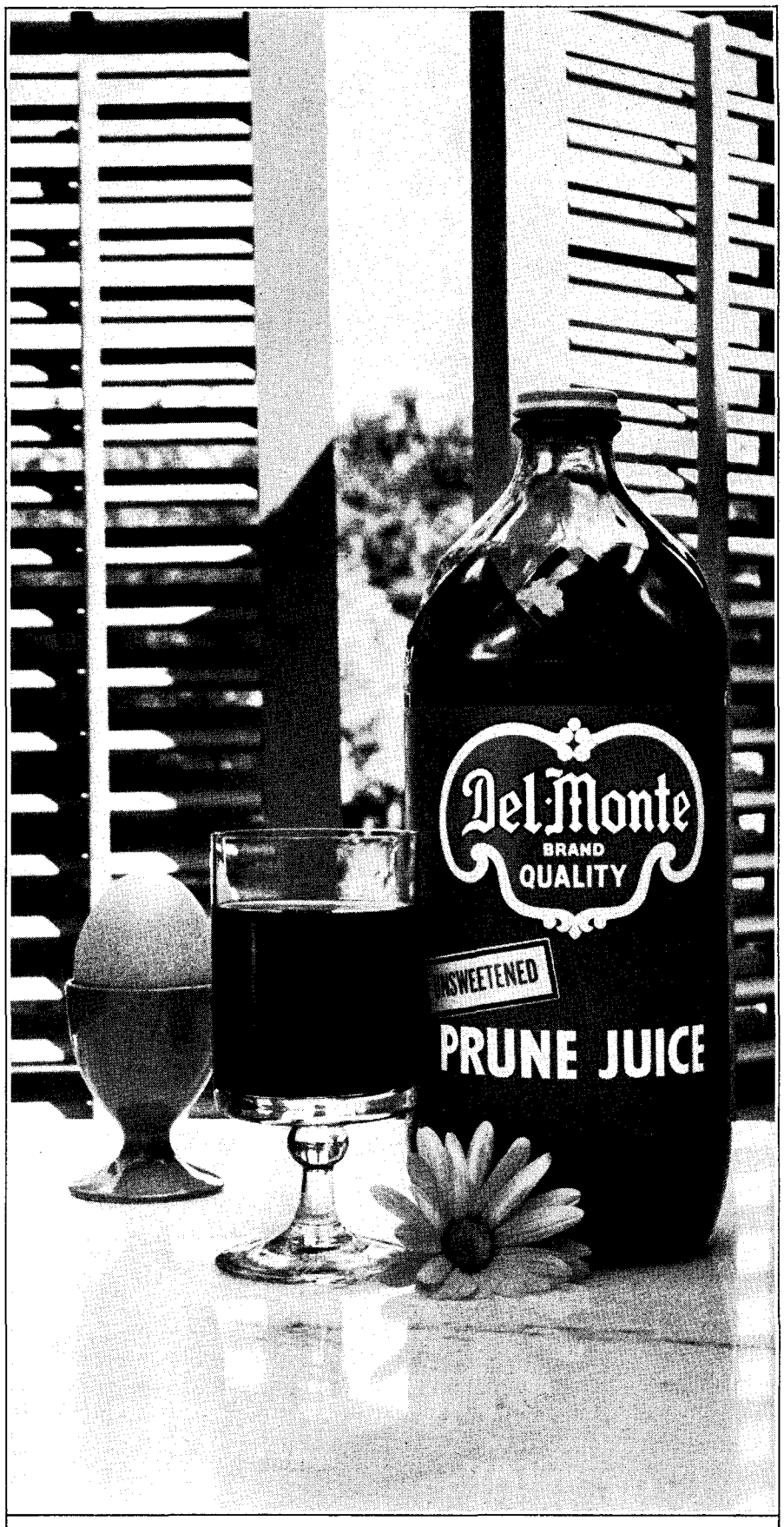
He raised the lantern wick higher, and as the room brightened he saw that the bear was dying, its head jerking, twitching on the thick, black neck, its paws lying out helplessly, dried foam in the corners of its great mouth, eyes staring blankly at the light. He watched it for a long time, then came to stand over it on the thin sawdust carpet of the floor. It looked as if it had traveled a long way before coming to rest in this dark room, this semblance of a cave. Watching it, a deep pity and horror rose up in Dawson, and he shared for a moment a kinship, a brute communion with it before he went about the necessary business of destroying it.

Afterward he went back to the lodge and stood on the porch alone in the darkness. The mountains were like old whitehaired men talking among themselves, and he thought of Doris, of the Stone Age implement he had chosen as a weapon, of the contradictions of his life, the meaning of history. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Give them your wig, Sarah, and let's be on our way."



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Outside her rented home in Beverly Hills, Calif., Carroll Baker capers with her youngsters, Blanche and Herschel.

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BABY DOLL GROWS UP

Carroll Baker, a lissome blonde who stirred up a ruckus seven years ago when she played a thumb-sucking movie nymphet, finds herself enmeshed in controversy again after playing a nude scene in "The Carpetbaggers."

By RICHARD WARREN LEWIS

Photographs by Philippe Halsman

Carroll Baker, her hair tinted Hollywood platinum, perched before the mirror of a filigreed vanity table. A single motion-picture camera ground away as she deftly powdered her face, daubed perfume on her neck and, finally, called for a dressing gown. Among those moviegoers who watch this 35-second scene in the forthcoming *The Carpetbaggers*, it is probable that few will recover from their astonishment quickly enough to notice the gown of white satin and marabou feathers that is eventually draped over her shoulders. For Miss Baker, playing a character loosely based on the late Jean Harlow, does the sequence nude.

Ordinarily, the fact that another blonde had revealed more than her psyche for movie audiences would not be considered especially noteworthy. Since the easing of Hollywood censorship regulations there has been a scramble of sorts among actresses to outstrip each other. Shortly before her death, Marilyn Monroe splashed unclad in *Something's Got to Give*. Elizabeth Taylor refused a nude stand-in for a rubdown in *Cleopatra*, Kim Novak bared portions of herself for *Of Human Bondage*, and Lana Turner bathed in the buff in *Who's Got the Action?* The champion of the sport, Jayne Mansfield, left almost nothing to the imagination in a tidbit called *Promises, Promises*.

But nudity in Hollywood largely has been the province of glamour girls with little to offer beyond their anatomy. The 28-year-old Miss Baker, a possessor of fetching but unspectacular endowments, is an actress of substantial reputation. She has won a nomination for an Academy Award, studied at the Actors Studio and received the enthusiastic endorsements of such directors as George Stevens and John Ford.

Miss Baker sees nothing extraordinary about removing her clothes for the cameras. "The whole world is preoccupied with sex, and I guess I'm part of my time," she says. "I'm interested in playing the modern woman who has become so liberated she has given way to all sorts of passions and desires. If a script calls for nudity, if it seems to be an inherent part of the character that I'm playing, then why shouldn't it be done that way?"

"The world is preoccupied with sex," says Carroll, "and I guess I'm part of my time."

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When director Jack Garfein auditioned her, he said she was the worst actress he had ever seen. A year later they were wed

Clad in floppy black hat, Carroll resembles another blonde, Marlene Dietrich.

The renowned photographer Philippe Halsman, for whom Carroll has posed in the nude, offers a more basic explanation. "If a woman has a beautiful body," he says, "she ultimately wants to show it."

Whatever her motivations, skeptics point out that Carroll's uninhibited attitude has helped boost her into a potent box-office commodity. She now holds contracts for six films which will enrich her by nearly one million dollars over the next 18 months. She earned $4,250 a day alone for her sexy performance in *The Carpetbaggers*. In the recent past similar maneuvers have earned her both handsome fees and the wrath of film censors.

Midway through *Station Six—Sahara*, a picture shot abroad last year and never shown in the United States, the camera fades in on Carroll and German actor Peter van Eyck, both apparently nude under a bed sheet. Perspiration beads their brows. The British Board of Censors would not sanction the scene because of the sweat. "Seeing Carroll lying on that man's chest, you really feel they've had an affair," says Carroll's second husband, director Jack Garfein.

Something Wild, the story of a rape's aftermath, coauthored and directed by her husband in 1961, ran into similar problems. British censors permitted views of Carroll taking a bath, but scissored out the critical rape scene. "If it had been a scrawny little girl," said a censor-board spokesman, "we wouldn't object to it. But it's Carroll Baker, a believable and a beautiful woman, and therefore the rape becomes titillating."

Ironically, if Carroll were not such a convincing actress, she probably would avoid official censure. "When Carroll does a love scene, she doesn't kid about it," says the roly-poly Garfein. "Whatever she's giving is the real thing. As a result, she must give the audience or the censor a sexual impression."

This realistic approach was never more apparent than in *Baby Doll*, her first major film. Cast as Tennessee Williams's thumb-sucking nymphet, she starred in love scenes that were so credible Francis Cardinal Spellman denounced the picture from the pulpit of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

At the time, in December, 1956, Carroll was leading a relatively secluded existence, decorating her first apartment, awaiting the birth of her first child and studying at the Actors Studio. Suddenly she found herself touted as a sex symbol. "That part caused so much hoopla that I couldn't walk around without people treating me as if I were Baby Doll," she recalls. "I wanted to be thought of as an actress who had created the part, not as a weird character who portrayed herself on the screen. I could have made a whole career posing in Baby Doll pajamas and sucking my thumb."

Baby Doll won Carroll an Oscar nomination. But instead of capitalizing on her publicity, she retreated from it. When Warner Brothers, owner of her seven-year contract, offered her only parts reminiscent of Baby Doll, she declined to work for them and bought her contract in 1959 for $250,000. She avoided the press, dyed her honey-blond hair black and even began wearing dark, dowdy clothing. "I really didn't know how to handle it," recalls Carroll. "So I ran away from everything and hid."

Her hiding place was the Actors Studio. "I was very insecure and frightened, both as an actress and as a person," she explains. Her husband adds, "Carroll had to find confidence and resolve a basic conflict. She comes from a small town and has a streak of Puritanism in her. At the same time she knows she was never like the other girls in that town. She's beautiful, seductive and sexy. She has fought this quandary for a long time."

Ten years earlier Carroll had been living quietly in Greensburg, Pa., with her divorced mother and a younger sister. At Greensburg High School she was head drum majorette, football queen and named most likely to succeed in show business, a prophecy which seemed questionable after she flunked a tryout for the Pittsburgh Civic Ballet.

But she did find work as a chorus girl and then as a one-night-stand magician on the Kemp-Time vaudeville circuit in the South. Known as Carroll Carroll and crowned with dyed red hair, she walked on stage four times a night in a skimpy corselet and performed a reverse striptease. Her gimmick was producing an evening gown from a plastic box and plucking various rhinestone jewels out of the air. Subsequently she toiled as a dancer in Windsor, Ont., and Fort Lee, N.J., nightclubs. Then, in 1954, she got her big break: a two-week tryout as a weather girl on a New York TV station. But on her first night a stagehand charged with holding the cue cards failed to appear, and the flustered Carroll stammered through a fictitious description of the temperature, humidity and cold fronts. She was fired the same night.

A few months later, however, her career took an upturn when she auditioned for the Actors Studio. The man who heard her reading was Jack Garfein, a Czechoslovakian immigrant who had spent part of the war years in a Nazi concentration camp. "You're the worst actress I've ever seen," he said. Nevertheless, he encouraged her enrollment in Studio classes and a year later she became Mrs. Jack Garfein. It was director Elia Kazan who selected her from the Studio for *Baby Doll*.

Oddly enough, it was on a European vacation in 1960—four years after *Baby Doll*—that Carroll broke out of her shell of self-seclusion. She remembers elevator operators ogling her, strangers pursuing her in the streets and film critics praising her not only for her acting ability but her sexual attractiveness. In Rome an Italian photographer casually suggested that she pose in a bikini. "A bikini!" screamed Carroll at first. "I am an actress." But she did step into an abbreviated swimsuit, and the resulting photographs dominated the covers of Italian picture magazines. They also signaled an emphatic change in her approach to her career.

Back in the United States, she began wearing pastel-colored slacks, tight sweaters and plunging necklines. "I crept out and looked around, and I felt a little more secure," she says. Carroll knew she was headed in the right direction when she overheard a comment from an old man seated in front of a Manhattan brownstone. Sighting Carroll in a gay spring dress, he murmured, "Oh, Lord. Save us from sin."

Before long she was cast as the provocative lead in *Something Wild*, and still photographs showing her stripped to a slip began making the rounds. Critics then lauded her in *Come On Strong*, a Broadway play that folded after five weeks in 1962. It is possible the critics may have been moved by a scene in which she appeared in a black chiffon nightgown. Gradually, it seemed, she was wearing less and less and reaping the dividends of more and more publicity.

Within a few months she was down to her underwear, sitting for a nude sculpture which served as a prop in *The Paradise Suite*, a drama on English TV which recounted the last 24 hours of a narcissistic movie star. The script called for Carroll to remove various articles of her apparel and drape them around the statue. Carroll took home $38,000 for her two weeks before the cameras, but she did have to leave the nude likeness of herself behind. It stands today as a centerpiece in the lobby of the Teddington-on-Thames studios near London.

Her next step was to take on a role in which she was called upon to take off all her clothes. The event took place when producer Joe Levine met Carroll last spring at a charity dance in New York. She wore a low-cleavaged, strapless white organdy gown. By the end of the evening it was announced Carroll would be leading lady in Levine's *The Carpetbaggers*.

She soon entered agreements with producer-director George Stevens and with Warner Brothers for two films and with producer Martin Ransohoff for three pictures. "She is an All-American girl with sex appeal," declared Ransohoff. "The moviegoing public still goes for glamour and sex," he added. "A Carroll has that in spades."

Not all of the new roles, however, are sex-oriented. In one film, *The Long Flight*, she'll play a Quaker girl. "Carroll is cast most successfully as a sinner or a saint," says Garfein, an exuberant and eloquent commentator on his wife's accomplishments. "There's this thing about her—a combination of purity and beauty and yet a corruption. Audiences get satisfaction out of seeing something that is pure being corrupted."

One thing is certain. The six new pictures for which she has signed will bring her more money than she earned in her entire seven-year career. Predictably, she also has received an astounding amount of publicity as well as constant offers to reveal her undraped torso. "I have to be careful about these offers, because that's all I could be doing," says Carroll calmly.

Her husband also has remained remarkably composed through it all. To critics of his wife, Garfein replies coolly, "She's not doing anything Isadora Duncan didn't do forty years ago."

It is worth noting, however, that whatever the casual attitude of the Garfeins, only two of Carroll's nine films have been deemed appropriate viewing for their children, Blanche, seven, and Herschel, six.

And there is one severe critic of Carroll Baker right in her own family—her mother. "I won't go anywhere that I can't take my own grandchildren," Mrs. Baker said to a newsman who had asked if she planned to pay a visit to the set of *The Carpetbaggers*. To Carroll herself, Mrs. Baker put it more plainly. "I don't understand you," she said recently. "You behave so well in real life. Why can't yo behave on the screen?" THE EN.

In "The Carpetbaggers" Carroll plays a role loosely based on Jean Harlow's life.

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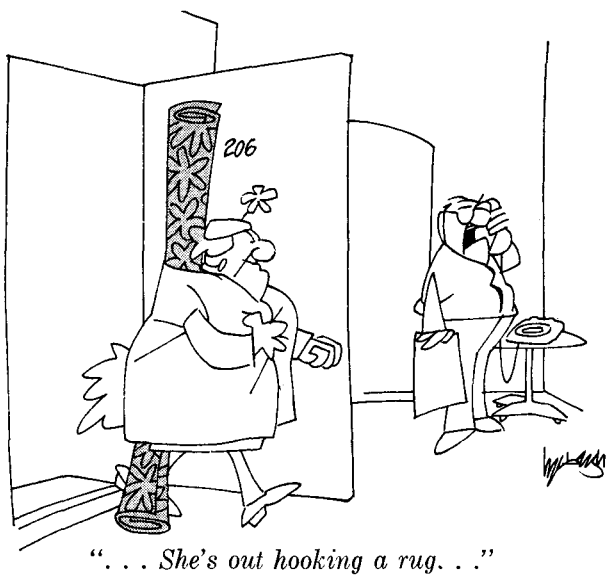
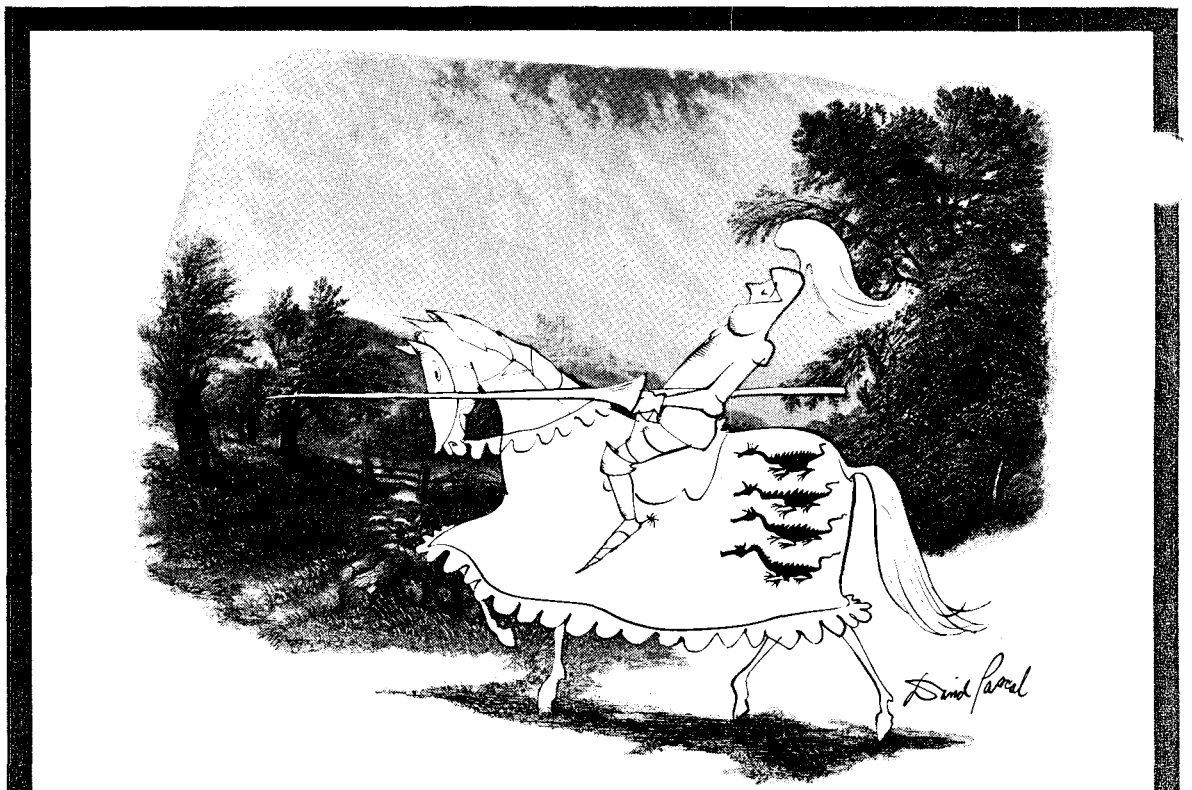
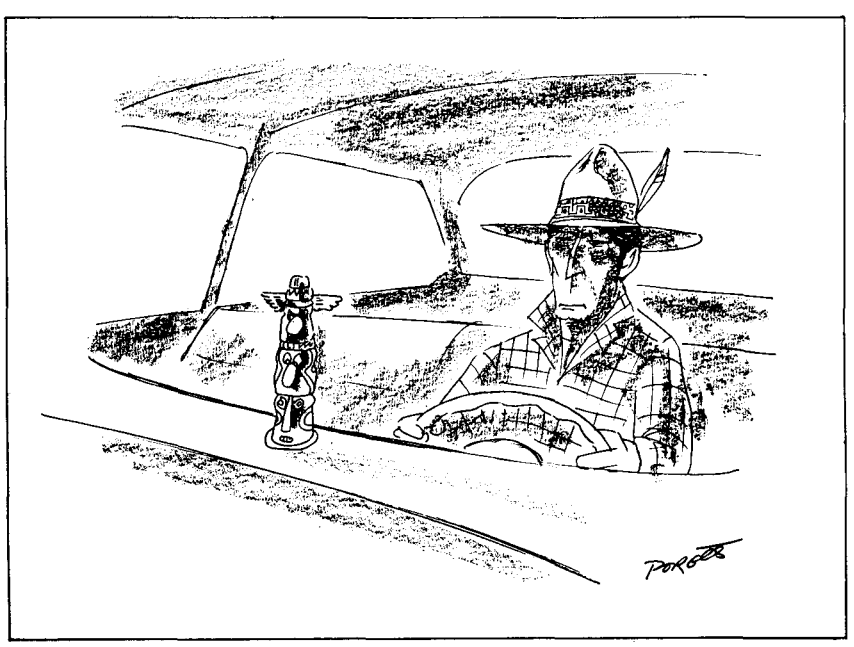
post scripts



". . . She's out hooking a rug. . ."





"Trick or treat?"

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When this happens, a member of the Exchange called a specialist, who specializes in your stock and certain others, is usually expected to enter the picture. One of his objectives is, within practical limits, to make a higher bid or a lower offer. In this way he may help make it possible for your order to be executed at a better price.

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With Shinto blessings, a varsoviana and fuming F

A knee-sore Conrad Hilton, as guest of honor at luncheon in a Tokyo restaurant, makes yet another speech.

The most widely read autobiography in current literature is a book called *Be My Guest*, written by a tall, tanned, enormously wealthy hotelman named Conrad Hilton. It has been read or scanned by tens of thousands of people, most of whom were in bed at the time. Unquestionably, one reason for its popularity is the fact that copies are placed in Hilton hotel rooms for the edification of guests, and the Hilton Hotels Corporation has 39,234 hotel rooms. The book tells how young Hilton came into a dusty Texas town with $5,000 in his jeans to buy a small hotel and went on to become the world's greatest hotel magnate—which makes better reading than the hotel ordinances on the door.

But the story is incomplete, because Conrad Hilton is constantly becoming an even bigger hotel magnate. This year, in fact, at the age of 75, he may have climaxed his career by opening 11 new hotels—in Tehran, London, Athens, Rome, Rotterdam, Hong Kong, Tokyo, Honolulu, Montreal, New Yor[illegible]d Portland, Oreg. This brings th[illegible]l number of hotels in the Hilton ch[illegible]o 60, valued at $300 million.

The hotels themselves tend to be glassy and sleek and pretty much alike inside. It is possible to gaze upon the Acropolis, the Nile, or Hong Kong harbor from a Hilton balcony and still be in Chicago in spirit; excellent plumbing and a coffee shop are only a few steps away. Under a thin veneer of stereotyped local color, everything is efficiently Americanized.

Yet each does have its own flamboyant color for the few days given over to the opening ceremonies. Where the average hotel throws a banquet or simply cuts a ribbon, a Hilton opens with something resembling a Mardi Gras combined with a convocation of the U.N. General Assembly. "The purpose of my openings is to get a flood of publicity for my hotels, which are important buildings," says Hilton, who traveled 50,000 miles and underwent an interminable ordeal of speechmaking and party-going to open this year's buildings. He did not travel alone. To stimulate the flood, Hilton invites a batch of celebrities and journalists to attend each opening, flies them to the scene and puts them up at his expense.

To open the Tokyo Hilton, for example, Hilton flew into Tokyo on a Saturday afternoon a few weeks back with a jet full of movie stars—Jeanne Crain, Irene Dunne, Bob Cummings and Ann Miller—assorted Hilton executives, and two dozen columnists, newsmen and editors. For some complicated reason of state, the group also included the mayor of Dallas, Texas, Earle Cabell, and Mrs. Cabell. Greeting them at International Airport were 20 girls in kimonos, [illegible] offered them cold *oshibori*, or wet towels. "Aren't they cute?" cried [illegible] Cabell. "They look just like dolls."

Another planeload of guests followed, and next day everyone piled into cars and

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MR. HILTON OPENS A HOTEL

or dessert, the boss made every party but one.

By RAFAEL STEINBERG

buses for a ride to Sophia University, a Jesuit institution where Hilton was to receive an honorary degree. After accepting his diploma, Hilton saluted Japan as "a miniature continent, seething with mysterious energy." The Sophia University brass band played *The Stars and Stripes Forever*, and the guests devoured champagne and sandwiches.

The official opening of the 478-room hotel took place at Monday noon. There were brief speeches in Japanese and English, and then the chief priest of the neighboring Shinto Hie Shrine, dressed in robes of green silk and accompanied by four shrine maidens and three shrine musicians, blessed the hotel, waved a sacred *sakaki* branch, and tossed bits of salt, rice, bamboo and paper over a makeshift altar. Hilton laid a *sakaki* branch on the altar. Then the U.S., Japanese and Tokyo flags were raised on separate flag poles, and everyone entered the hotel.

There were 850 guests for buffet luncheon in the Pearl Ballroom that day. They ›ed on salmon, lobster, beef, ham, pâté, ‹ey, little pizzas, cheese croquettes, ..rimp, rissoles and a Japanese chicken dish called *yakitori*. There were ice carvings, and a dance band, dressed as construction workers, on a bandstand designed like scaffolding. The light was pink under 10 gigantic chandeliers, encrusted with 300,000 pink pearls apiece. "You, multiplied nine or ten million times," Hilton declaimed to the sated guests. "The greatest sight of Tokyo is you, the restless maelstrom of your personalities projected millions of times. . . . Hilton International has come to Tokyo to catch the excitement, the energy, the strange serenity of the world's largest city, just off the continent of Asia on an island in the Pacific Ocean." The audience cheered warmly, apparently pleased to be told where they were. "Our purpose," Hilton continued, "is to start a current of good men around the world . . . sharing the wealth of knowledge and wisdom and culture with those nations who do not yet possess it. . . ."

For the good men in the ballroom, this was just an appetizer to a wealth of feasting. On Monday night, Hilton and his friends dined at a Japanese theater. Tuesday lunch was another buffet. Henry Bonner, director of public relations for Hilton International and the man who arranged all these meals, made his most ambitious plans for Tuesday night. He rented an old Japanese restaurant called the Fukudaya and assigned a team of Hilton chefs to consult with the Fukudaya's cooks. Bellboys carried out the restaurant's Western-style furniture. Hilton's lighting expert, Miss Leslie Wheel of New York, replaced the Fukudaya's fluorescent lights with more "authentic" Japanese fixtures, and little spotlights were placed among the trees and fountains of the garden. "I don't want to see anyone around here without a costume," said Bonner, and he and nine other Hilton officials were duly outfitted in samurai robes with swords, headpieces and heavy makeup. Bartenders were dressed in servant garb of the Tokugawa era, and waitresses wore colored kimonos. For all 200 guests there were blue-and-white *yukata*, or summer kimonos.

A Japanese *chindonya* band, comprising a flute, trumpet and drum, greeted the guests as they poured out of a bus. The Hilton "samurai" bowed them in, and staged a mock swordfight in the courtyard. Shoes shed, the guests were steered to any one of 20 rooms. Waiters flew back and forth down the winding corridors, in and out of the little garden teahouses, across the stone pathways and tiny arched wooden bridges, serving bourbon and Scotch, shrimp, soup and broiled chicken.

Then came the entertainers. There were 12 acts, consisting of 28 actors and 20 managers moving from audience to audience, from room to room. There were a juggler who balanced a teapot on his nose, a magician, a "lion" dancer and a koto player who made jazzlike sounds.

Despite Bonner's careful arrangements, the dinner was never completely served in many rooms, because guests began to circulate. The entertainment schedule also went awry. In the Maple Room, 15 or so elderly guests remained unentertained. They could hear the music, the shouts, the strange beat of the drum. But none of the acts came to perform in the Maple Room. The waitresses panicked. "There's been nothing here, nothing," they kept shouting to the chief waitress. The chief waitress passed the word. No one appeared, and the guests in the Maple Room sat stoically, drinking steeply.

Bonner and his staff had a bigger worry. Where was Hilton? In the courtyard an impatient samurai stood with a bottle of Dry Sack sherry in one hand, and four glasses in the other. He was to pour for Mr. Hilton as soon as he saw him. But the leader never appeared.

On the other side of town Hilton and 20 of his friends had just attended a very proper geisha party, as guests of the Japanese tycoon Noboru Gotoh, who financed the construction of the Tokyo Hilton. Gotoh's party was meant to precede the party at the Fukudaya, but was quite ample as a meal in itself. An expert dancer named Marichiyo did a pine-tree dance, because pine trees "symbolize happiness after a long life, just like Mr. Hilton." However, when she had finished and came to pour sake for the guest of honor, she offered the porcelain cup to the wrong man. In truth, no one had any idea who the guest of honor was. "Just some important guest of Mr. Gotoh's," said one girl. "It's a terribly dull party. They all brought their wives."

Sensing the Americans were uncomfortable, Gotoh suggested they pass up the Fukudaya, and go to a place "where we don't have to sit on the floor." Legs aching, Hilton agreed. They drove off to a brassy cabaret called the Hanabasha.

Guest star Bob Cummings whoops it up with Hilton executive dressed as a samurai.

"Spite, that's what it was, just spite," said an unhappy executive at the Fukudaya. "Gotoh thinks he wasn't invited to this party and he wanted to keep Mr. Hilton away." But Barron Hilton, who went with his father to the Hanabasha, offered a simpler explanation the next day. "We had just been to one geisha party, and Dad decided it was enough. I couldn't take it anymore either. Anyway, I don't dig Japanese food."

The samurai in the Fukudaya's courtyard put away his sherry. Waitresses took off the uneaten food, refilled the sake bottles and the whiskey glasses. The party plowed on, doggedly, into the night.

On Wednesday, a black-tie banquet and ball called "Summer Evening in Akasaka" in the Pearl Ballroom gave the Hilton staff an opportunity to display its catering skill for 500 people on home grounds. Waiters were mobilized in A and B platoons, identified by white and black pearl badges on their orange jackets. When A platoon carried in one dish, B platoon carried another dish out to the kitchen. When a signal was given to change courses, the band played a march step to keep the waiters moving briskly.

At one point everything came to a halt because of a split seam in Ann Miller's green-sequined sheath dress. Nothing could go forward while she was in the ladies' room repairing it, because she was a feature of the next part of the program.

Finally she emerged. It was time for another Hilton trademark, a regular feature of openings. An unseen emcee announced that there was a dance that Mr. Hilton had learned as a boy in Arizona, and wouldn't he be so kind as to dance the varsoviana for us? He would, of course, and with Ann Miller, her dress repaired and an orchid in her hair, he twirled around the floor doing the polkalike step. At Hilton's table columnist Earl Wilson sat fiddling with a tiny Japanese tape recorder he had just bought; he was trying to take notes with it, but the gadget did not work well.

Dessert was the climax: From the kitchen emerged a gaily colored locomotive, drawing a dozen pretty models in a Toonerville coach. Behind them, on a flatcar, came Mount Fuji, in papier-mâché, six feet tall with smoke curling from the crater. Then followed 80 waiters, each bearing a smaller Fuji, also smoking, surrounded by six plates of Fuji-shaped ice cream. At a signal, the waiters served 500 portions of the dish, which the menu called *Le Fujiyama*.

The stage show lasted nearly an hour. A pair of lion dancers and a good-luck two-faced masked dancer bounded about the floor, chasing evil spirits. Hawaiian girls danced the hula. A Samoan "prince" danced with a flaming sword. A Japanese-American singer named Darnell Yoshimoto tripped onto the stage in a demure kimono, to a background of Chinese music, then lit into a lusty rendition of *Mack the Knife*. There was a Japanese version of the *St. Louis Blues*. A Spanish singer sang an *Ave Maria*, and a team of Japanese cowboys burlesqued a gun duel. Finally Israeli singer Batya sang *I Believe*, to the visual accompaniment of Japanese dancers. Earl Wilson's recorder was entirely dead now and he was writing notes as he asked a transplanted New Yorker if she "really" liked living in California.

So opened the Tokyo Hilton. The festivities were not at all unusual, according to actor Bob Cummings, an old hand who had attended Hilton openings in Cairo, Madrid, Tehran and Hong Kong. "In this day of confiscatory taxes, no king, no emperor, no shah could entertain so lavishly," said Cummings. "This is honest-to-God glamour. That man Hilton, he really hit on something." THE END

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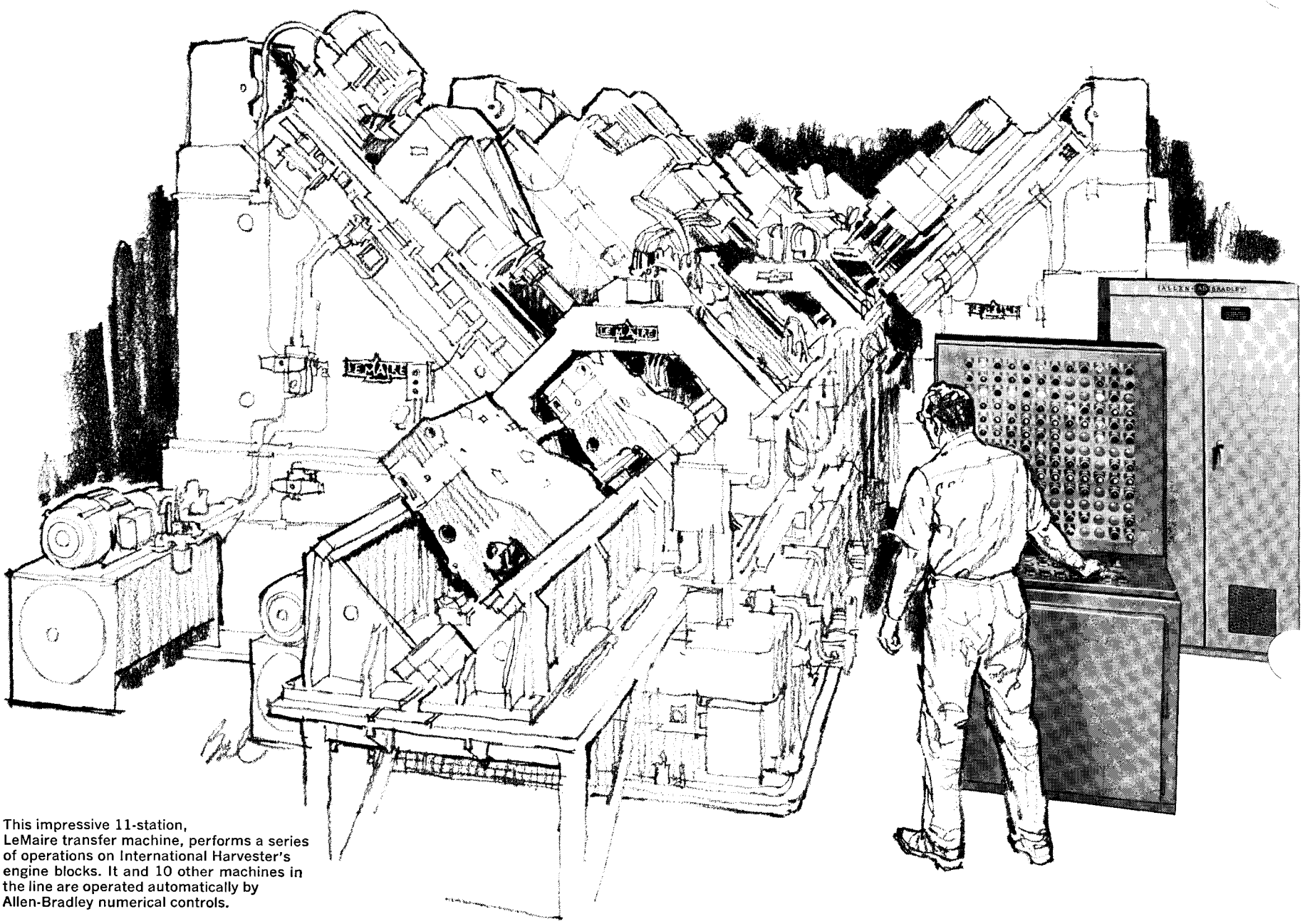
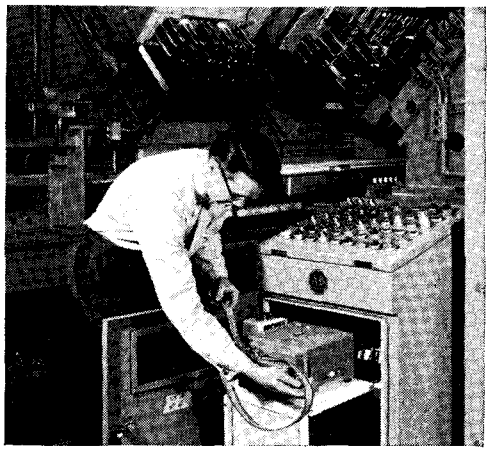
The IH multimillion dollar diesel engine block production line is ***masterminded by Allen-Bradley numerical controls***



This impressive 11-station, LeMaire transfer machine, performs a series of operations on International Harvester's engine blocks. It and 10 other machines in the line are operated automatically by Allen-Bradley numerical controls.



This is one of the individual control consoles located at each work station throughout the Allen-Bradley numerical control system. This tape controls the movement and location of the workpiece, and the operation of the machine.

■ Introducing numerical control into a diesel engine block line, International Harvester's Melrose Park Works took a giant step forward in production machinery. For both machine tool builders and users, this event marked a major development in the transition of numerical control from an individual machine to the correlated production line.

The conventional alternate to the numerical control system would have required some 65 machines—many so specialized they would have been idle much of the time. Changeover for a different engine model run would have taken a week—instead of the present 16 hours. Space requirement would have been considerably greater than that used by the numerical control installation.

The cost of this equipment was substantial. Preceded by about 5 years of painstaking investigation in fields that were new, there was little past experience to chart the course for the IH engineers. Every detail had to be studied carefully—and extremely important to the eventual success of the IH engineers' pioneering was the numerical control—the "brains" for the entire production line.

Naturally, Allen-Bradley felt highly honored to have its numerical control system selected, but—this confidence in Allen-Bradley "Quality" was justified. The Allen-Bradley control systems have proven to be reliable and relatively simple.

Allen-Bradley numerical control systems provide the reliability and simplicity necessary to keeping maintenance and downtime low. The heart of these systems is A-B's new Bulletin 1610 dry reed relays with sealed-in-glass contacts—providing complete reliability and almost infinite life.

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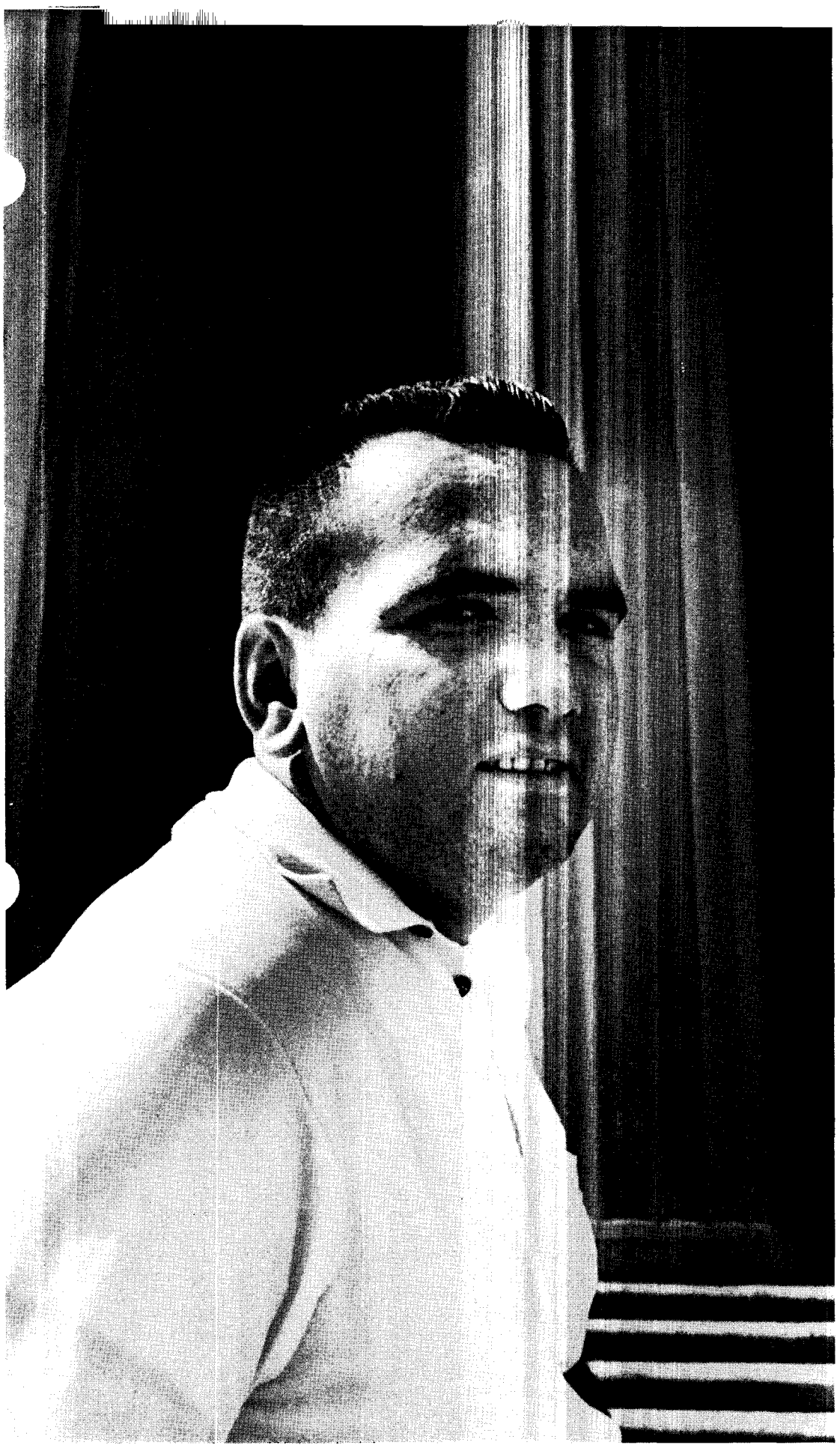

After 41 postponements, Artie Schlitz finally got to tell his story to a trial jury in Bronx Supreme Court.

LONG NIGHTMARE OF A POLICE WITNESS

For two years Artie Schlitz and his family lived in terror. He was hounded by both law and underworld, impoverished, finally jailed. His crime: preventing a robbery.

By BARD LINDEMAN

A few months ago a 25-year-old Brooklyn waiter named Arthur Schlitz Jr. was released after 114 days in New York's Civil Jail. These final months behind bars climaxed a bizarre two-year ordeal during which he found himself trapped between the powerful forces of the law and the underworld. Over this period he lost a succession of jobs, was forced to go on welfare to support his family, and lived much of his time in fear of his life. And, ironically, his troubles did not come because he had committed a crime but because he prevented one.

To most people Artie Schlitz is a hero. When his story appeared in the newspapers, a few even sent in money and praised him because he did his civic duty "at the risk of your own safety." A detective who guarded Schlitz after he and his wife and three children were threatened said, "What he did was a courageous thing. I've got to believe that." Even those who do not see him in such a heroic light agree that his experience stands as a sad commentary on what can happen to a man who tries to cooperate with the police.

Life has not been easy for Artie Schlitz. He has never been especially successful or lucky at anything, and even as a schoolboy, money gave him trouble. He grew up in quiet, residential Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, attended Catholic grade school and New York Military Academy at Cornwall, N.Y. In his junior year he suffered a football injury which left him paralyzed from the waist down for three months. He credits his father, a chiropractor, with working a miraculous cure. The following year he had charge of the senior prom. When the time came to pay the Waldorf-Astoria bill for the band, singer and dinner-dance, he found that he had gone $1,000 over his budget. The school had to send out letters asking for the extra money.

He quit Adelphi College on Long Island in his first term to join the Army, but was discharged a year later when a doctor discovered he had astigmatism. Back in the old neighborhood, he began dating Winifred Carrigry, a blue-eyed blonde he'd known in grammar school. Within a short time they decided to get married. The wedding was a catered affair, and then the couple settled down with "his" and "hers" charge accounts. They began by furnishing their three-room apartment as if it were Buckingham

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"If you testify," a voice told him, "your family will get smaller"

POLICE WITNESS

Palace: antique lamps, marble tables and a gleaming giant television. Meanwhile Schlitz took the subway to Wall Street every morning. He was a page in a brokerage house making $67 a week.

"In those days we were both fast with a dollar," he explains. "The wife and I would go to New York once a week to take in a show, and we ate out a lot. I wanted her to have the best. The only trouble was, I couldn't afford the best."

Within two years Winnie and Arthur Schlitz had gone $1,800 in the red. They owed on the TV, and there were loans outstanding with two New York banks. "Credit is too easy," Schlitz said. "The interest on all those bills murdered me." And on top of the old bills came new ones, for now there were two children.

Like the interest on his debts, trouble compounded for Schlitz. He bought a tape recorder and hocked it for quick cash. But the check for the recorder bounced—right into the 1st police precinct. Then, in the middle of the night, there was a knock on the door.

"It isn't often you like a guy you lock up," detective Raymond Devine said the other afternoon, going back over the night he picked up Schlitz. "Artie isn't a bad guy. I don't think he could help himself. He said he needed the cash for medicines and was going to pay it back.

"He's quite a talker though," the detective said. "First, he wanted us to come back and take him in the following day. When we said nothing doing, he borrowed five bucks for milk for his kids."

Schlitz has close-cropped dark hair, fair skin and a dimpled chin. Because of his astigmatism, his dark brown eyes skid from side to side. He likes to talk, especially over a good steak, good Scotch, cheesecake and coffee, and while he couldn't talk the detectives out of the arrest, he did better in court. His family made good on the rubber check, it went into the records as petty larceny, and the judge suspended sentence. Artie Schlitz walked away from court a free but chastened man.

Bad luck continued to dog him, however. He lost his Wall Street job and turned to waiting tables. By putting in 50 and 60 hours a week and working weekends and holidays, he pushed the paycheck up to $150. But no matter how much Artie made, he always managed to spend a little more.

One of the places where his money slipped away was the Oriental Lounge, a bar near his apartment which was owned by a man he knew as "Vinnie Duke." During one of his evenings there Artie also met a Brooklyn shylock known as "Sally Crash," and the three men became friendly. "If you ever need any money, kid," Sally told him on one occasion, "I can probably help you out."

With no chance of getting anything from more legitimate sources, it was inevitable that Schlitz would eventually turn to Sally Crash. And in January, 1961, he finally put in for a $300 loan at the usual rate: you borrow three dollars and pay back five. He paid this one back, but by July he was in money trouble again. This time it was Vinnie Duke who gave him the money. On July 17 he made his first payment, shaking hands at the bar with Vinnie and palming him the $50. It was about 2:30 A.M., and Vinnie invited him to have a drink at a booth in the rear. This was the beginning of a conspiracy which led to the attempted robbery of a Bronx restaurant.

Schlitz was later to give the following account of what happened at the trial of the accused conspirators. As he explained it, he went back to the booth and slid in next to the wall. Vinnie Duke moved in alongside him, and Sally Crash sat across from them. Someone sent over the drinks, and then Sally led off, saying, "You work in a nice restaurant. We're thinking of pulling a job there and want a little help."

Schlitz shook his head. "I want no part of nothing," he said. With this, Vinnie Duke reached across and grabbed him by the shirt, slamming him up against the back of the booth.

"You got a wife and family," Sally said, "and I say you're going to tell us what we want to know."

"I was scared," Schlitz recalls, talking about this night and trying to make it sound matter-of-fact, as though this sort of thing happened to everyone. "I told them I'd go through with it, but I really had mental reservations. I didn't want nobody getting hurt, especially me and my family."

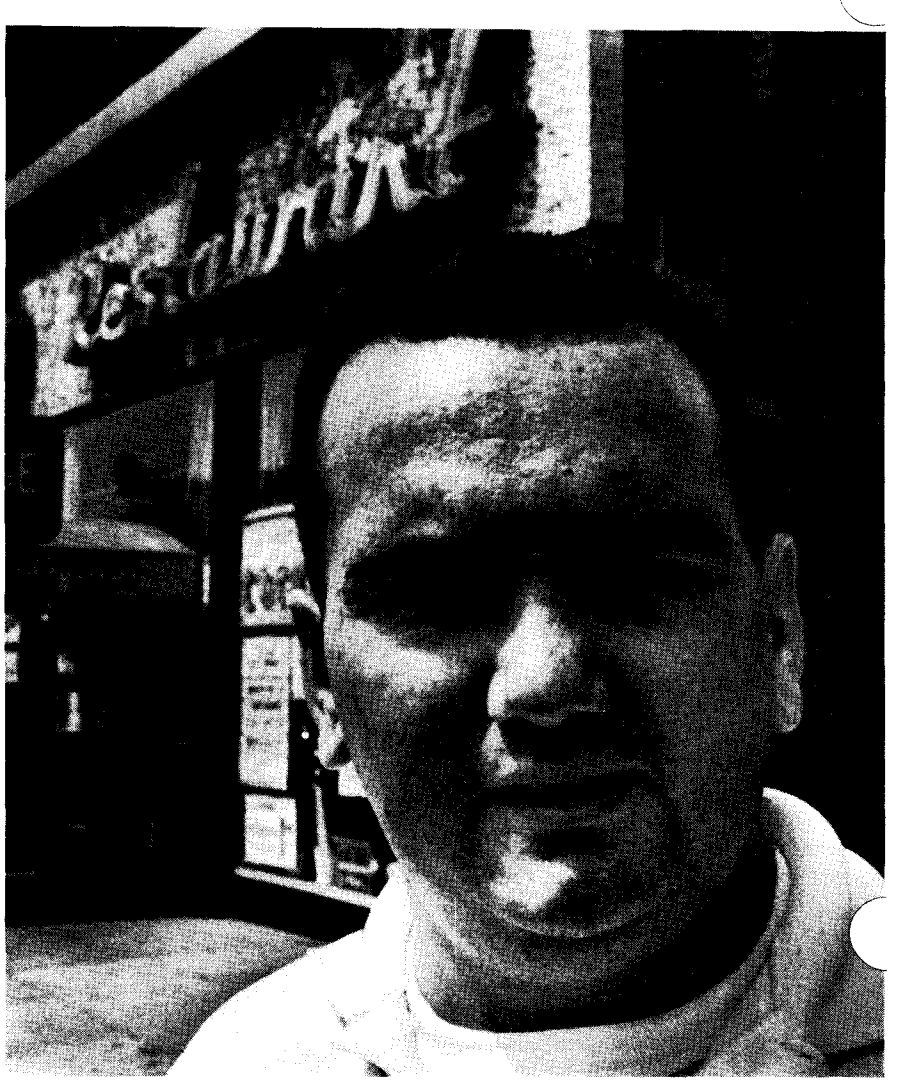
When he got home, he woke his wife and told her what had happened. "Oh, Artie, stop it and go to sleep," she said and rolled over. He lay there in the dark, wondering how he was going to talk himself out of this one. Maybe, he thought, they won't go through with it. He decided to tip off the police, but not until he learned the day on which they were going to stick up the restaurant.

Over the next five weeks Artie made his payments on time and also brought back information about the restaurant—Carol's of 2537 Grand Concourse, the Bronx. Sally said they needed to know what time it closed, who was last man out, the license number of the night manager's car and where the money was kept.

Schlitz knew he was tied in with a pair of tough guys, but he had no idea just how tough. He couldn't know that Sally Crash was Salvatore Panico (felony number: 365021) who'd been locked up seven times in the last six years for burglary, carrying a loaded pistol and violating the federal narcotics law. Vinnie Duke was Vincent Amato, and while he had no police record, Artie felt he was no man to fool with.

Schlitz was afraid to tell them what they wanted to know, but he was more afraid not to tell them. When he reported Carol's had no safe, as he later testified, they called him stupid and sent him back to look a little harder. Panico said, "There's got to be one." So Schlitz made up a story, telling them the safe was in the office upstairs.

Finally, on September 1, Panico announced, "We're going to pull the robbery on Labor Day." With the long holiday weekend, Panico said, the restaurant receipts might be as much as $15,000.



Conspirators planned to rob Carol's Restaurant, where Artie Schlitz worked as waiter.

There was no turning back now. Schlitz called detective Devine and said, "I'm in big trouble with the shylocks."

"Artie's information was very good," Devine recalled. "In fact, it couldn't have been any better if he'd planned it himself." Since it was a case for the police in the Bronx, however, the New York detective relayed the tips to his superiors.

Panico had given Schlitz detailed instructions covering his part in the plot. He was to be the last one out of Carol's before the night manager. He would wear his shirt outside his pants if everything was running according to the plan. If the shirt was tucked in, the job was off.

It would be close to two A.M. when he left the restaurant, but before this he was to call the Oriental and ask for Sally Crash. He was told to report that the coast was clear by saying the baby was sleeping. At 11 o'clock he made this call:

"This is Artie the Waiter."

"This is Sally."

"The baby is sleeping."

"All right, we'll be leaving in a half hour. Keep your shirt outside your pants."

Within a block of the restaurant, 15 detectives were staked out. Each man wore a bulletproof vest and carried two guns. From a panel truck stationed near the restaurant, four detectives covered the entrance. At 1:30 A.M. the stickup team appeared, driving past in two cars and circling the block. One of the cars, a Chevrolet carrying four men, parked a block from the restaurant. The second, a Cadillac with only a driver in it, parked across the Concourse. The driver got out and crossed the avenue, carrying a paper bag. One of the others took it from him and disappeared into an alley alongside Carol's. When he came back, he was empty-handed. The bag held two guns and eight four-foot strands of rope with a slip knot in each coil.

At two A.M. Artie the Waiter came out of the restaurant without looking up and headed for the subway. Panico had said he should meet them back at the Oriental. When his train reached the Radio City station at 50th Street in Manhattan, however, Schlitz got off and, after a drink to quiet his nerves, phoned the police. He learned that 10 minutes after he checked out, the detectives closed in and arrested the five men from Brooklyn.

He wasn't told, however, that the arrests had been made when it looked like Panico and company were turning down the job. The trap was sprung only after the five men started to go for their cars. Instead of armed robbery, the charge now was conspiracy to commit robbery, and Artie the Waiter was suddenly a big man with the Bronx district attorney. With no crime actually committed, the entire case rested on his testimony.

All along, Schlitz had pleaded, "Ke[illegible] me out of it." Now he was in.

Two days later the phone rang in the

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pay booth at Carol's. "If you testify to the grand jury," the voice said, "your family is going to get smaller." A second caller told Schlitz to save his tips—"You'll need them for the doctors' bills." Despite these calls, he did testify. Based principally on his testimony, the jury indicted Panico, Peter Yuastella, Vincent De Fillippi, Paul San Fillipo, Thomas Carew and Amato, who, detectives said, had stayed behind at the Oriental.

Schlitz asked for, and was given, a 24-hour police guard. But when the owner of Carol's saw his waiter show up day after day with a detective, who sat around looking like a cop and discouraging business, there was trouble. First, Artie was given a station in the rear. When his tips fell off, he and the boss had words. As a result, he was dropped to one table. He had to quit.

"My union didn't want to know me," said Schlitz, "and the employment agencies couldn't help once I told them about my guard. I couldn't even get unemployment insurance, because the state said that because I had quit my last job, I wasn't eligible."

The city Welfare Department said it couldn't help Arthur Schlitz; Catholic Charities explained that he didn't exactly qualify; Legal Aid discovered there was nothing in the law to help him; and his assemblyman declared, "The law must be changed so another citizen won't suffer the monetary loss Schlitz has suffered."

Meanwhile, Schlitz was drawing three dollars a day as a state's witness, and his wife was pregnant with their third child.

"Nobody in the city," he said, "knew what to do with me, yet nobody wanted to be left holding the bag if anything went wrong. Let's face it, my life was on the line. My story was going to put those guys away. And without me, there was no case, no case at all."

With two children, a pregnant wife and a detective in his three-room apartment, the days were bad for Artie Schlitz. But the nights were even worse. The detective slept on a couch in the living room. Winnie Schlitz sat up in the bedroom, afraid someone was going to throw a bomb in the window. One night a key turned in the lock, and the door slowly opened. Winnie's teen-age sister, who had come for a talk, screamed when she stepped through the door and looked down the barrel of a police service revolver. The cop gave Artie a bawling out for allowing the young girl to keep a key.

In January Schlitz finally got desperate enough to give his story to the newspapers. The public uproar persuaded city hall to order Welfare Commissioner James R. Dumpson to stretch the law and "do the decent thing." This meant the family went on home relief, and the city paid off the back rent, eliminating the possibility that they would be evicted.

At the same time Schlitz was struggling to keep his marriage together. He and his young wife, by now very bitter over their predicament, were both driven close to the breaking point as the case dragged out. Each month brought some new postponement of the trial date. An argument over money split the couple apart for three weeks.

By April, Arthur and Winnie Schlitz had lived eight months with a detective in their home. It was, they decided, long enough. They gave up the guard and moved to New Jersey, where Artie found a job. Seven months later the trial was finally scheduled and a jury picked. Then, with the end of Artie's ordeal in sight, the prosecutor became ill. It was declared a mistrial. This time Artie packed up in disgust and took his family to California. But things didn't go so well there either, so after four months they returned to Bay Ridge. With all the moving about, however, he failed to send the district attorney a change of address. The prosecutor's office now believed that he was somewhere out West.

The fact that material witness Schlitz was nowhere to be found was somehow carried to the opposition. After a year and a half of dragging their feet, the defense lawyers suddenly began clamoring for a trial. Justice Joseph A. Martinis granted the D.A. several postponements, but on April 1, 1963, he directed the prosecutor to produce the witness in two weeks, or he would throw the case out, and the six men would go free.

"Anything else?"

Using his subpoena power, the district attorney brought three members of Schlitz's family before the grand jury and asked them under oath if they knew where Arthur was. One of them broke down. Within two hours Artie was brought to Supreme Court, where he heard assistant D.A. Alexander E. Scheer, who was to try the case, ask that he be held in $50,000 bail because there was "a reasonable doubt this man will be available for trial."

Justice Martinis granted the D.A.'s application and the "Good Samaritan witness," as the papers called him, was marched off to Civil Jail while the defendants in the case went free on bail.

New York's Civil Prison is a dirty, rundown four-story brick building more than 90 years old. In 1927 it was converted "temporarily" into a jail. Legally, none of its inmates is a criminal, but they are under guard behind bars, and the court has ordered them "deprived of their liberty."

The greatest number of the inmates are there for failing to keep up with their alimony. Six of Artie's bunkmates, however, were Bowery bums, material witnesses to an investigation into deaths caused by drinking lethal alcohol.

There were visitors and fresh milk every other day, vegetables three times a week, and once a week the exterminator sprayed for bugs along the base of the walls and behind the beds. The food was bad, but Schlitz found the petty regulations and the boredom even harder.

"They treated us like three-year-olds," he said, "and there was no getting away from it. You were in there for something you didn't do."

Since they were not criminals, they could not be made to work; nonetheless, each was assigned a job. Schlitz balked at this, and so he was put in "The Hole," a cell block in the prison cellar, for four days. When he phoned the district attorney to protest, a compromise was worked out. He agreed to sweep out the day room, a job which took him only five minutes.

"Most of the time we played cards, read or watched TV," he said. "Anything to keep our minds off what was happening. I kept hoping the trial would be scheduled. The date would come close, and I'd get all excited, and then it would be postponed another two weeks."

This was the pattern of his existence through April, May and into June. He was away from his family on Easter, his birthday, wedding anniversary, Mother's Day and Father's Day. Winnie got a baby sitter and came to visit him once a week, but the visits were unsatisfactory. It was difficult to see through the heavy wire screen separating the inmates from their visitors, and with 10 or 12 other wives, speaking Spanish, Italian and even Russian, it was hard to hear.

"She got disgusted," said Schlitz, "and I don't blame her."

It wasn't until he smuggled out a letter to a newspaper that Schlitz got any action on the fixing of a trial date. After a story appeared citing the fact that 21 months had gone by since he tipped the cops, the case had been postponed 41 times, the case was ordered to trial the third week in June.

The first three days were spent picking a jury of 11 men and one woman, and then Arthur Schlitz, the lead witness, took the stand. He had washed his shirt in the shower the night before, pressed his chino pants by sleeping on top of them, and he had borrowed a tie.

"Now Mr. Schlitz," the judge began, "sit back in your chair, relax and keep your voice up."

Assistant D.A. Scheer then took him through the whole story, beginning two years before in the back of the Oriental Lounge. Artie had told this story 50 times: to cops, assistant prosecutors, reporters, the grand jury, welfare investigators, politicians, the charity people and even once down at City Hall.

Schlitz was on the stand four days as the defense harangued, shouted, accused, stalled and probed for a soft spot in his story. But no one was going to shake Arthur Schlitz, and never in his life had he been as successful as he was on the witness stand in Bronx Supreme Court. "He was an excellent witness," said District Attorney Isidore Dollinger, "and he was up against five clever defense lawyers in an atmosphere and an arena where he was unfamiliar."

For this Schlitz has a ready explanation. "I knew what I had to say. I knew my story. It was polished, sure, but why shouldn't it be? I told it enough times."

The trial dragged on six weeks and was uncommonly hard fought. At one point Scheer and a defense lawyer brushed against each other while passing in front of the bench and became so enraged they punched at each other.

But finally at 4:30 P.M. on July 30 the case went to the jury. And the court released Schlitz. He phoned Winnie and told her to get a baby sitter, they were going out to celebrate. Then he and his detective-shadow signed out of Civil Prison on West 37th Street and walked over to Broadway to have "my first beer in four months."

That night the neighborhood turned out in force to welcome him home. They crowded the Skoal Bar in Bay Ridge, the jukebox wasn't still a minute, and Eddie the bartender wouldn't let Artie buy a round. At three A.M. they got the news by phone. The jury, out eight hours, brought back a guilty verdict against four of five defendants. Only Amato was acquitted. Panico never stood trial; he was already in prison upstate for burglary. Later, the four would receive prison sentences of from three and a half to seven years.

Schlitz said, "When I heard the verdict, I relaxed. I felt then that everything I went through didn't go down the drain. They tried to knock down my character, make me a liar. Well, I guess the verdict proves I was telling the truth."

Now that it's behind him, Schlitz claims he isn't bitter, he isn't mad at anyone—but "there should be something in the law so a witness's family doesn't have to suffer." Looking back on his [illegible] nightmare, he says, "I was brought up you're supposed to come forward if you know of a crime. From now on I don't know nothing and I'm teaching my kids, 'mind your own business.'" THE END

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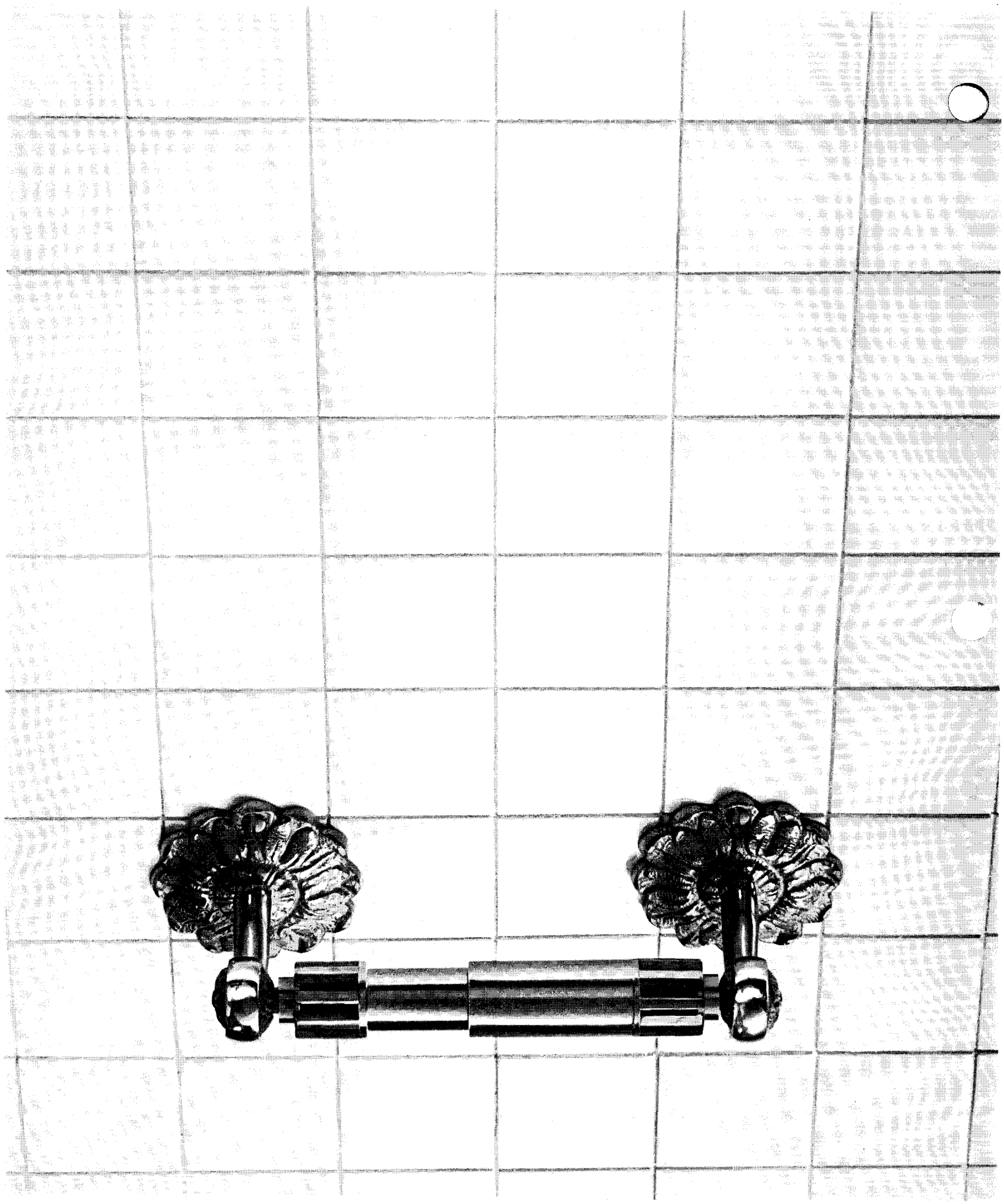

A gentle reminder: Zee is a very soft (and very economical) toilet tissue.

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Grim President Sukarno reviews crack army troops. Both Russia and the United States supply military equipment for Indonesia's armed forces.

"WE ARE GOING TO CHANGE THIS DAMN WORLD!"

Sukarno leads Indonesia to the edge of war and ruin.

Seventy thousand people are standing under the tropical sun. They are dark-skinned, black-haired, brown-eyed people. Some of the women are dressed in elegant batik sarongs and some in mended ones whose colorful designs have faded. There are men in neat Western clothes, and men in undershirts and short pants. On a platform before them in this stadium in Jakarta stands a lone man, 62 years old, five-feet, five-inches tall, 150 pounds, stocky and solid with a broad tan face and a big smile. He wears an olive-green uniform with a row of ribbons over the left pocket. On his head is a black fez-like *kopiah*. He holds a white handkerchief in his hands and mops his palms.

"Friends! Listen!" His voice comes over the loudspeakers, deep, resonant, quiet. Seventy thousand people lean slightly forward to listen. "Brothers, sisters! I will extend the Moslem greeting: *Assalamu'alaikum warachmatulahi wabarakatuh!* [Greetings to you with God's blessings!]"

"*Wa'alaikum salam!*" the crowd replies. ["The same greetings to you."]

"That is not loud enough!" He repeats the Moslem greeting.

Again the crowd responds, in one yet-louder voice.

"And now for the *merdeka* [freedom] greeting: *Merdeka!*"

"*Merdeka!*" the people shout. Freedom!

Drops of sweat emerge on the speaker's forehead, and he quickly wipes them off with the handkerchief.

Then he begins to talk again. He uses no notes. The words, now whispered, now shouted, seem to come to him in rapid flashes of inspiration. He points to himself, he points to the people; he points to the earth and the sky. He clenches his teeth and his fist, and speaks for a moment in the burst of anger. And then, suddenly, his mood shifts, and he laughs. And seventy thousand people light up in laughter. Then he weeps. And the massive audience weeps with him.

BY JERRY A. ROSE

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INDONESIA HAS THE LARGEST COMMUNIST PARTY OUTSIDE THE RED BLOC.

Suddenly the orator notices an American reporter sitting in the front row. "Once, in 1949," he says, putting his hands into his pockets, "an American reporter came up to me and asked, 'Mr. Sukarno, what are you going to do with this independence?'"

The audience laughs. So does the correspondent in the front row.

The hands come out of the pockets, and the speaker replies, emphasizing each word, "I . . . don't . . . know . . . yet!"

He asks himself, again mimicking the American reporter of 1949, "Are you going to kill the Dutch?"

With fatherly patience, he replies, "Nooo, we are *nooot* going to kill the Dutch."

Now he repeats, "What are you going to do with this independence?"

The fierce response: "We are going to *change* this *damn* world to a *new* world of happiness—to *build* the world *anew!*"

Again (rapidly): "What are you going to do with this independence?"

"I don't know yet! We are looking for a new system. Looking for, looking for, looking for! Searching, searching, searching, searching, searching!"

He says to the people, "When later I am dead, please do not write on my tombstone, 'Here lies His Excellency Sukarno, first President of the Republic of Indonesia.' No, please do not. Merely write, 'Here lies *Bung* [brother] Karno, Mouthpiece of the Indonesian People.'"

Seventy thousand Indonesian people trumpet their approval.

And their mouthpiece says, "Here I am, I, Indonesia. Where are you? Step forward. What do you want?"

But the world wonders what Sukarno wants. He speaks with the ferocity of a demagogue, hungry for power.

Sukarno is already President for Life of the Republic of Indonesia, Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces, Supreme Commander for the Liberation of West Irian, Chairman of the Supreme Advisory Council, Commander-in-Chief of the All-Indonesian Economic Operation High Command, Chairman of the National Front, Mandator of the People's Consultative Assembly, Great Leader of the Revolution, Savior of the Nation and the Republic of Indonesia, Supreme Commander of the Mental Revolution, Caretaker of the Message of the Peoples' Suffering, Creator of the Afro-Asian Peoples' Unity, Supreme Scout, Father of the Proletariat, Commander-in-Chief of the Mecca Pilgrimage, and honorary doctor (19 times over).

He is ruler of the world's fifth largest nation: a huge archipelago of 3,000 islands scattered across 3,000 square miles containing 100 million people who speak more than 200 different languages and dialects. And as if this vast island population were not enough, Sukarno scratched and fought for 15 years until last year he acquired West Irian (Dutch West New Guinea). Now he has launched the conquest of the island of Borneo—and the destruction of the new state of Malaysia.

The Federation of Malaysia includes Malaya, Singapore, Sarawak and North Borneo; 10 million people on 127,300 square miles. It was born last Sept. 16 with the voted blessing of its member states. Nevertheless, by demand of the Philippines and Indonesia, a U.N. team investigated whether the people really desired union. The U.N. found they did.

Malaya is wary of Communists through the hard knock of experience: It fought a grim 12-year war against guerrillas—and won an outright victory. The former prime minister of Malaya, now prime minister of Malaysia, 60-year-old Tunku [Prince] Abdul Rahman, is democratic and frankly pro-West. (The British left a solid foundation of friendship.)

Malaya has attracted $30 million in U.S. investment over the last four years, built some 100 new plants, is rich in rubber and tin (mines in the Kinta valley alone supply one third of the world's tin). Sarawak and North Borneo, with $135 million annual trade in timber, rubber and copra, should also profit from the federation: They already do two thirds of their trade with Malaya. Only the looming shape of Sukarno clouds the sky of their future.

Though Sukarno had agreed to accept the decision of the U.N. investigating team, he unleashed his mad mob in Jakarta the very day that Malaysia was born. The mob destroyed the British embassy, burned the ambassador's car, terrified local British residents. For three days the directed, maniacal rioting continued. And while the rioters went about their wild-dog handiwork, Indonesian troops began pouring into East Borneo (the Indonesian part of the island). Over the last year Indonesian commando raiders have struck through the jungles into the territory of Sarawak, destroying a village here, attacking a police station there, sowing terror. Now the Indonesian army is apparently preparing itself for an all-out war. And *Bung* Karno shouts, "We must fight and destroy Malaysia!"

Here is Sukarno the warmonger. Yet there is another Sukarno too, Sukarno the *bon vivant*. He is famous for his love of women; he has two official and innumerable unofficial wives. When he travels in Indonesia, and in some foreign countries, women are arranged for him. "Sukarno behaves like a sultan in the old days," observes an Indonesian, "and local officials are his pimps." Newspapers often dismiss him as the "woman-chasing Sukarno," but this is too simple. His magnetic personality is the stitching that binds together 100 million people.

He was born in June, 1901. As far back as 1926 he began to agitate against 350 years of Dutch colonialism. When he was 29, he spent the first of many sojourns—13 years in all—in a Dutch prison. In 1942, when the Japanese conquered the Indies, Sukarno played along with the conquerors. And when the Japanese were thrown out by the British in 1945, Sukarno and Dr. Mohammed Hatta (now retired from active politics) proclaimed the independence of "the nation of Indonesia." Four years of sporadic guerrilla warfare and empty treaties followed until the U.N. got the Dutch to withdraw.

The "nation" that Sukarno acquired was all but ungovernable. From 1945 to 1958, 17 cabinets rose and fell. Twenty-eight political parties jockeyed incessantly for power, and Sukarno tacitly encouraged the jockeying to strengthen his position. There were eight major rebellions on one island or another, aimed at either establishing a separate state or overthrowing Sukarno. In 1959 he finally took all power into his own hands, dissolved parliament, banned two major political parties, arrested a number of political leaders, became dictator.

Sukarno's dictatorship relies, to an extraordinary extent, on Sukarno's own words, many of which he invented himself. The bible is the Manifesto Politik, or MANIPOL. From it we acquire USDEK: U = 1945 Constitution, S = Indonesian socialism, D = guided democracy, E = guided economy, K = Indonesian identity. There is also RESOPIM: RE = revolution, SO = socialism, PIM = leadership. There is PANTJASILA, the Five (*Pantja*) Pillars (*Sila*) of Indonesia: (1) belief in God, (2) humanism, (3) nationalism, (4) sovereignty of the people, (5) justice.

"Say, *bung*, what do you think of MANIPOL?"

A taxicab driver in Jakarta looks at his questioning passenger. "*Suka*," says the driver. ["I like it."]

"And USDEK?"

"*Suka.*"

"What *is* USDEK?"

"*Tidak tahu* [I don't know]."

NASAKOM is another concept-word invented by Sukarno. It unites the main political forces in Indonesia: NAS = *Nasional* (nationalists), A = *Agama* (religious groups), KOM = *Kommunis* (Communists). Sukarno wants these three main forces to have an equal share in government. It is a concept which NAS's and A's are resisting; the KOM's fervently support the idea.

The *Partai Kommunis Indonesia* (PKI), under the leadership of D. N. Aidit, has grown from 10,000 members in 1950 to over two million in 1963. It is the largest Communist party outside the Sino-Soviet bloc. It also claims another eight million sympathizers among youth and women's groups, trade unions and farmer associations. A formidable force, the PKI can bring out half a million demonstrators on the streets of Jakarta.

Why have so many Indonesians turned to Communism? Mr. Kasim, a member of Parliament and a Communist-party member, rolls a cone-shaped cigarette as he listens to the question. "We tell the people about imperialism and feudalism."

"But what does a peasant know about imperialism and feudalism? These are not words he understands."

Mr. Kasim nods agreement, refuses a ready-made cigarette ("too weak" he says), and replies, "We speak to the people about ownership of the land."

That is something that the farmer can understand. He works someone else's land, pays high rent and receives little in return. Under Communism, he is told, he will have his own land. He does not know that the Communists said the same thing in China and North Vietnam, and that virtually no peasants own land there now.

"But when Sukarno dies, don't you think the Indonesian army will take over the government?"

"No. There will be no trouble with the army. Soldiers are only people who carry guns." Mr. Kasim implies that the army is Communist-infiltrated, that the soldiers are with the PKI.

The army is the hope of democratic, usually pro-Western, definitely anti-Communist Indonesians. It is the only force that can stop the Communists.

Pro-Western Gen. Nasution plans to succeed Sukarno.

D. N. Aidit increased Communist Party from 10,000 to 2,000,000.

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the event of Sukarno's death, the army will have to stabilize control," says Gen. Abdul H. Nasution, chief of staff of the Indonesian Armed Forces and Minister of Defense. Besides the army of 350,000 troops, Nasution has under his command a 32,000-man navy and a 15,500-man air force—largely equipped by the Soviets. But the armed forces are the great hope of the West—largely because of Nasution. Dressed in a green field uniform, looking younger than his 44 years, he has wiry hair and very round light brown eyes. It would seem that General Nasution plans to take over the Indonesian government—at least for a while—when Sukarno dies. But could he maintain power? The Communists will violently oppose him, and Nasution knows that all his armed forces together cannot resist a truly popular movement led by the Communists. The army itself must have the support of the people—but it does not. It is generally detested (until recently 60 percent of the people lived under martial law, ruled by the army).

"Among the army," admits General Nasution, "you have corruption—all the excesses that you have everywhere." But "internally there is now a big fight to purify the army." Before the Malaysian riots, Nasution set his soldiers on a civic-action program, building harbors, roads, schoolhouses, digging irrigation canals, in hopes of making the army a political strong enough to match the PKI.

Sukarno rather enjoys the competition between right and left, and he encourages similar competition on an international scale. Indonesia has received from the U.S. $615 million in economic aid since 1950 (and about $20 million per year in military aid since 1959). The Communist bloc (since 1956) has contributed $162 million in economic assistance and has promised another $139.4 million. More importantly, the Russians have given huge credits for military equipment, which proved very influential because it came at the height of the West Irian dispute. The Russians also contribute heavily to the PKI. So do the Red Chinese, though they have given only $16.4 million in economic aid. But when Sukarno visited Peking, thousands of people were turned out to greet him. The show was worth millions in goodwill.

Against this, U.S. Ambassador Howard P. Jones has worked since 1958 to make a friendly impression on Sukarno. A lean, high-shouldered Chicagoan of 64, bald except for a rim of white hair, Jones has achieved a modicum of success against tough odds. After three and a half centuries of Dutch colonialism, Sukarno and the Indonesian people harbor a deep distrust of white-skinned Westerners. Compounding the distrust was the American sympathy for the military rebels who tried to overthrow Sukarno in 1958. Furthermore, the United States repeatedly declared itself neutral in the dispute over Netherlands New Guinea, now West Irian, a question that was crucial to both national and Sukarno's personal pride.

Jones, a former newspaperman and Columbia University professor, had served before in Indonesia as chief of the United States aid mission, and he had many friends among local officials. He and Sukarno regularly breakfast together

Haranguing the crowd at a Jakarta rally, Sukarno presents himself as their savior: "Here I am, I, Indonesia."

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THE PEOPLE WENT HUNGRY WHILE SUKARNO BUILT A $17 MILLION STADIUM.

In Tokyo, legendary Sukarno hugs one of many women who await him wherever he goes.

for informal chats. Jones also won friends—and enemies in the Netherlands—by publicly shouting "*Merdeka!*" at a rally against Dutch rule in New Guinea. But the ambassador points out another handicap facing him: "We Americans don't have a party in Indonesia. The Communists do. It's not easy for us to get through to the masses."

On the other hand, though Sukarno is anti-West, he is also anti-Communist. He uses Communists in the government but keeps them from getting too strong in the top levels of administration; he is throwing his weight behind a non-Communist trade union of skilled laborers (S.O.K.S.I.) to offset the powerful pro-oriented S.O.B.S.I. union of unskilled workers; and he is giving a freer hand to the army to propagandize for support.

Yet, there is one domain where Sukarno has not even tried to keep control—the economy. "If after five years this government fails in economic progress," warns General Nasution, "that may be the chance for the PKI to take over."

"This economy approaches complete anarchy," said a despairing European businessman. He was sitting in the luxurious Ramayana Restaurant of the modern Hotel Indonesia in Jakarta (perhaps the most modern hotel in Asia). A look at the menu quickly reveals Indonesia's monetary mess: Prices are given in both the Indonesian currency (*rupiah*) and U.S. dollars (for those who sign chits). Have a dry Martini. It costs one U.S. dollar, or R500; or $11.11 or 31 cents, depending whether you are changing your dollars at the official rate (R45 = U.S.$1) or at the black-market rate (R1,300 = U.S.$1).

The hotel is an island for rich foreigners, but ordinary Indonesians, from the teacher to *betjak* driver, keep precariously afloat in a sea of inflation. A *betjak* is a pedicab, and a pedicab looks like an oversized baby stroller with half a bicycle attached to the rear. There are 50,000 *betjak* drivers in Jakarta. Nadi is one of them.

"I was once a rice farmer," he says, "but I gave it up—couldn't earn enough—so I came to Jakarta to try my luck as a *betjak* driver." Now he is 35 but seems older, with a lined and buck-toothed face which shows perpetual worry. He is very thin except for his legs. The calves and thighs have swollen into rock-hard muscles from pedaling one, two, even five people at a time around the streets of Jakarta in his *betjak*. After seven years of working at it, he thinks his luck hasn't been too bad—he owns his *betjak*: "I was so happy when I bought it! It was the first thing I ever owned."

He owns almost nothing else. With his 25-year-old wife Saryu, who was only 13 when she married, and two of his three children, Nadi lives in a rented *gubug* (hut) of bamboo and coconut leaves. The *gubug* is next to the airport, and planes roar low over the thatch roof. It has three rooms, but Nadi and his family occupy only one of them, two yards square. There they eat meager meals cooked over a tiny wood brazier—rice mixed with sweet potatoes, a little fermented bean curd, a few vegetables, seldom meat. There in one room Nadi and Saryu, their four-year-old daughter Sukirah, and their seven-year-old son Darsun, sleep together on a straw mat. It lies on a dirt floor which is crawling with spiders, cockroaches and rats (Sukirah's hair is cut as short as her brother's to make it easier to pick out the lice). The older son, Karnoto, lives in the country with his grandparents. There is not enough space for him in Nadi's home.

"*Kapan kami akan merasa senang* [When will we be happy]?" asks Saryu. "This is the most expensive year ever."

"Just have to raise the *betjak* fares again," remarks Nadi.

But there are people who cannot easily raise their "fares," people employed by the government on fixed salaries—such as Mr. Supartono, a teacher.

He and his wife sit in a small living room with plaster walls and a woven straw ceiling. The most notable item in the room is a bookcase crammed with books in Dutch, English and Indonesian.

"I teach in the mornings in a government school," says 32-year-old Mr. Supartono, "and make 2,700 *rupiahs* [about eight dollars] per month. My wife works as a midwife, and she brings us about 1,200 *rupiahs*."

"I earn more!" his wife, Nursiah, remarks with a pout. "I make 1,400!"

Everyone laughs.

"Together we get 180 pounds of free rice a month," continues Supartono.

"We need about 220 pounds," Nursiah observes. They almost never have meat, and they must feed themselves, their two children and six relatives who live with them.

"Ten people in this small house!"

"You should see my neighbor—he's a teacher too and has only one room for his whole family."

The government-built house is a mixed blessing. Though rent is only 36 cents per month, they had to pay $1,430 to a corrupt government official to get it in the first place. They are still paying the debt.

"How do you manage?"

"I teach in private schools in the afternoon," says Mr. Supartono. "I've taught as many as 72 hours in a week."

"But we've had to sell our family possessions," adds his wife, with a wan smile. "My bracelets, rings . . ."

"You see, I have no watch," Mr. Supartono says.

It is ironic that one of the few real accomplishments of independent Indonesia has been in education. When the Dutch left, only 10 percent of the people could read and write; today about 90 percent of them can. Elementary and secondary schools and universities have grown like mushrooms in fall—yet the teachers can scarcely subsist.

"It is the miracle of Indonesia's economy," said a gentleman from the Ministry of Finance, "that people can live for a month on a week's salary."

Sukarno knows little about this "miraculous" economy and seems to care less. He has economic experts, but he will not listen to them. He likes his Indonesia with its turquoise fac. "Fourteen stories of national prestige," someone called it. The Japanese built the hotel for $13 million in war reparations, and almost everything in it, from the elevators to the plastic straws in the coffee shop, is imported (sometimes Sukarno helicopters over the hotel like a proud papa). Outside the hotel the badly constructed and flood-damaged streets of Jakarta are broken like eggshells under the weight of 365,000 vehicles (Mercedes 220 cars, Honda motorcycles, Bulgarian buses—corrupt officials make money).

The president also likes his Asian Games Complex of four stadiums called *Glora Bung Karno*—the "Glory of Bung Karno"—an empty glory which cost $17 million in foreign currency (and four billion *rupiah*). Then there is the National Monument, its 341-foot-high steel skeleton towering above the city. Still unfinished, it has cost $221,840 so far. And a monument to the "liberation" of West Irian has just been started.

Place these status symbols in an economy where the price of rice in 1962 rose 17 percent, eggs 139 percent, sugar 239 percent. Since 1940 Indonesia has gone from the world's third largest producer of sugar to a point at which it had to import sugar last year—production is off 66 percent. The same is true of all agricultural commodities: Rubber duction is 25 percent less than 1940, fee and tea 50 percent less, tobacco 60 percent and copra 75 percent less. Only oil production rose (by 3.5 percent)—oil is managed mainly by foreigners.

Obviously, something must be done. A year ago last August a six-man American economic team submitted a report recommending grants and loans of at least $197 million. They said the money should be used for agricultural development and the replacement and repair of machinery. Money would help, but the shortage of trained technicians (worsened by the sudden nationalization of Dutch private enterprises in 1957) can scarcely be solved without an active encouragement of foreign investment. Moreover, money does not cure the diseases of inefficiency and corruption. Sukarno himself must do the doctoring. Instead, he is spreading the disease.

The United States is well aware of Indonesia's economic problems, but a number of high officials are deeply suspicious of Sukarno's policies, and they question the value of aiding his regime. Gen. Lucius D. Clay and his 10-man foreign-aid committee were even more critical of Indonesia. "We do not see how external assistance can be granted to this nation by free-world countries, unless it puts its internal house in order, provides fair treatment to foreign creditors and enterprises, and refrains from international adventures." Now the U.S. has "frozen" its aid. Sukarno obviously continues on his "international adventures." Today there is Malaysia. Tomorrow, what next? Portuguese Timor? Australian East New Guinea? Both are Sukarno's neighbors, and no doubt he covets th But first comes Malaysia—and So east Asia may soon erupt in chaos. An there will be suffering for all, but particularly the Indonesians. THE END

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Unchecked by police, howling mob burns British ambassador's car. Sukarno touched off riots when he denounced British-backed Malaysian Federation.

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INDUSTRIAL LAXNESS AND SPACE WASTE

Back in January Adm. Hyman G. Rickover had some pointed things to say (Is INDUSTRY LAX? *Post*, Jan. 19) about the laxness of some portions of U.S. industry and its failure to maintain adequate quality controls. "During the past few years," the admiral said, "hundreds of major conventional components, such as steam generators, have been produced for naval nuclear-propulsion plants. Less than 10 percent have been delivered on time. Thirty percent were delivered six months to a year or more later than promised. . . . Reinspection showed that over 50 percent had to be reworked to meet contract requirements."

Early last month, when the National Aeronautics and Space Administration issued its 444-page report on Project Mercury, Admiral Rickover's charges against American industry were reinforced by a whole new catalogue of glaring examples of industrial laxness and inefficiency.

On the surface, Project Mercury seemed like a model of efficiency, even though the project was marked by such suspenseful mishaps as the sinking of Astronaut Gus Grissom's capsule, loss of contact with Astronaut Scott Carpenter in the final stages of his flight and the electrical failure that forced Gordon Cooper's manual reentry. Beneath the surface calm, however, there were numerous equipment failures. The first manned orbital flight (John Glenn's) was delayed 22 months by slow deliveries of equipment and problems encountered in development and qualification tests. "During 1962 and 1963," says the NASA report, "approximately 50 percent of component spares were rejected after testing. . . . There was an average of 10 spacecraft component malfunctions or failures per manned spacecraft mission despite the level of effort to disclose and correct all anomalies prior to flight."

Gordon Cooper's backup spacecraft set some sort of record for faulty parts. "A total of 720 system or component discrepancies were recorded of which 526 were directly attributed to a lack of satisfactory quality of workmanship. Of this number, 444 required specially scheduled time to correct."

Motion pictures of the inside of an orbiting spacecraft early in the program showed "washers, wire cuttings, bolts and alligator clips floating in the cabin." Defective batteries, improperly soldered joints, contaminated water and oxygen for use by the astronauts, dirty gas-pressure regulators and improperly installed valves were encountered in the project. Thanks to the determination of Mercury officials that no single malfunction should cause the failure of a mission, the project was remarkably successful. U.S. industry, however, can scarcely be proud of the malfunctions and defective parts reported by NASA.

NASA itself can scarcely be proud of a part of its record in recent years. The day the Space Agency issued its Project Mercury report, the General Accounting Office in Washington released a report indicating that mismanagement of the Atlas-Centaur and related programs by NASA and private industry (the primary contractor was General Dynamics; Pratt and Whitney made the engines) had cost the taxpayers more than $100 million, and set back the unmanned lunar-exploration program two years. The GAO report confirmed the account of mismanagement of the Atlas-Centaur program by Stuart Loory (ARE WE WASTING BILLIONS IN SPACE? *Post*, Sept. 14).

Shortly after the GAO issued its report the House Appropriations Committee whacked $250 million off NASA's budget authorization for fiscal 1964, bringing the figure to $5.1 billion, which was later approved by the House. Predictably, NASA howled. Director James Webb said the cut would mean that the United States would not put a man on the moon in this decade. Another space official told *The New York Times*, "We can live with $5.35 billion, at least until the next fiscal year. We can't live with $5.1 billion." Maybe not, but the way they throw money around, it's going to be hard to convince anyone that a quarter of a billion dollars really matters.

MRS. GLORIA RICHARDSON'S POINT

The referendum in Cambridge, Md., resulting in the defeat of the public-accommodations amendment by only 274 votes, was most unfortunate. Fewer than half of the town's 1,535 registered Negroes voted. Nearly every pundit in the country blamed Mrs. Gloria Richardson, the fierce, intractable leader of Cambridge's Negroes. But for her campaign against the amendment, Negroes today might well enjoy the full rights of citizenship in Cambridge. The prospect of further violence no doubt would have abated.

Mrs. Richardson is an exceedingly difficult woman. As Robert Liston reported in *The Post* (WHO CAN WE SURRENDER TO? Oct. 5), she has reneged on promises and insured further violence by doing so. At times she has appeared to oppose the very progress her people are struggling to achieve. But before this orgy of self-righteous breast-beating goes further, we must say that in her contention that it is wrong to submit "the constitutional rights of our people to the whim of a majority," Mrs. Richardson has a point, and a very good one at that.

Negroes are entitled by their citizenship to the full enjoyment of public accommodations. This right, as Mrs. Richardson says, should not be subject to a vote. The citizens of a town should not be permitted to deny other citizens the use of public accommodations by a referendum or any other means. To do this is to establish a precedent by which any town could take a vote, exclude Negroes from public accommodations and say, "There, we did it democratically." The remedy for the problem is for Congress to pass a law prohibiting discrimination in public accommodations. The Senate Commerce Committee has reported out a strong public-accommodations bill. We hope the Congress will adopt such a measure.

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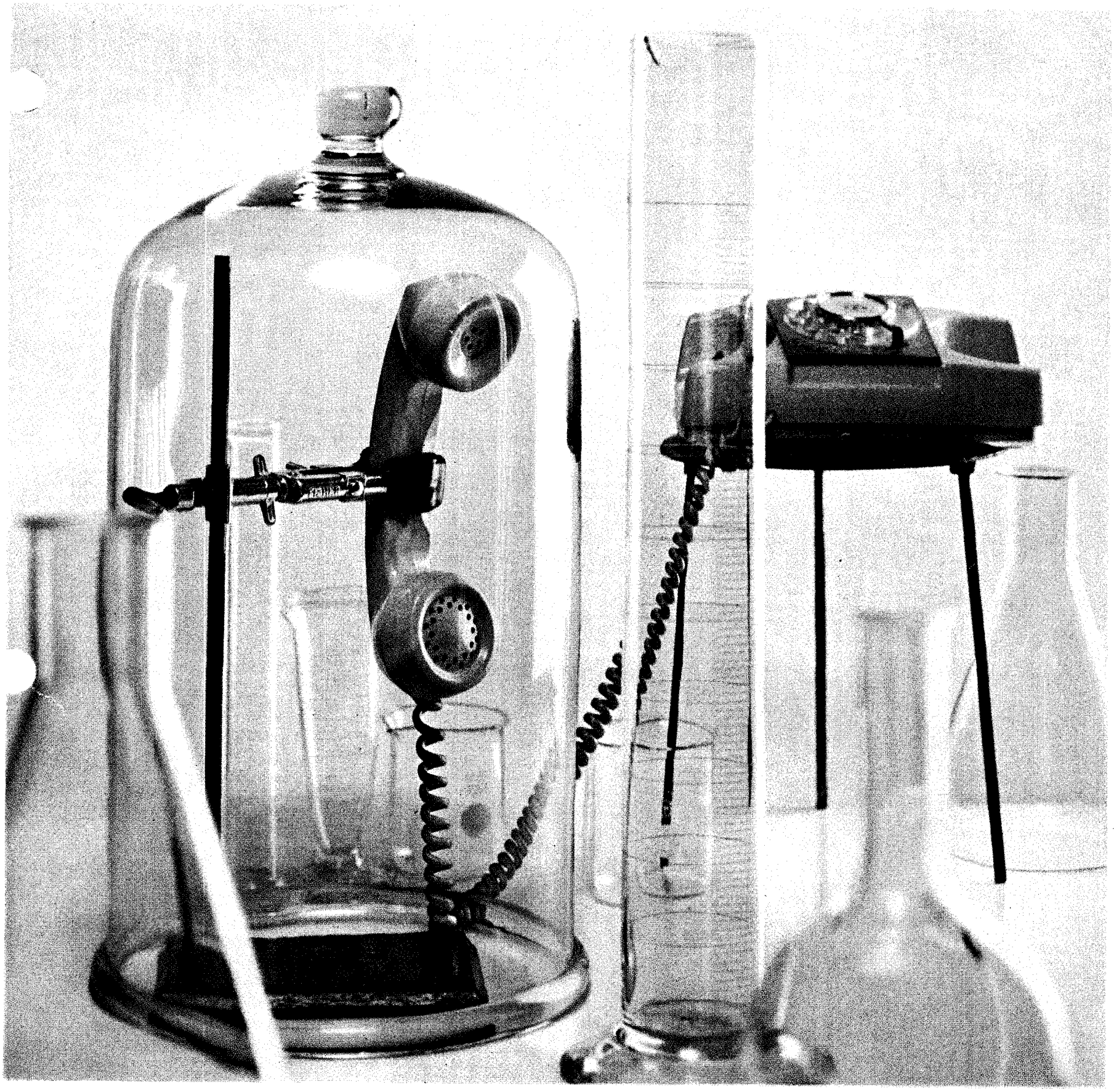

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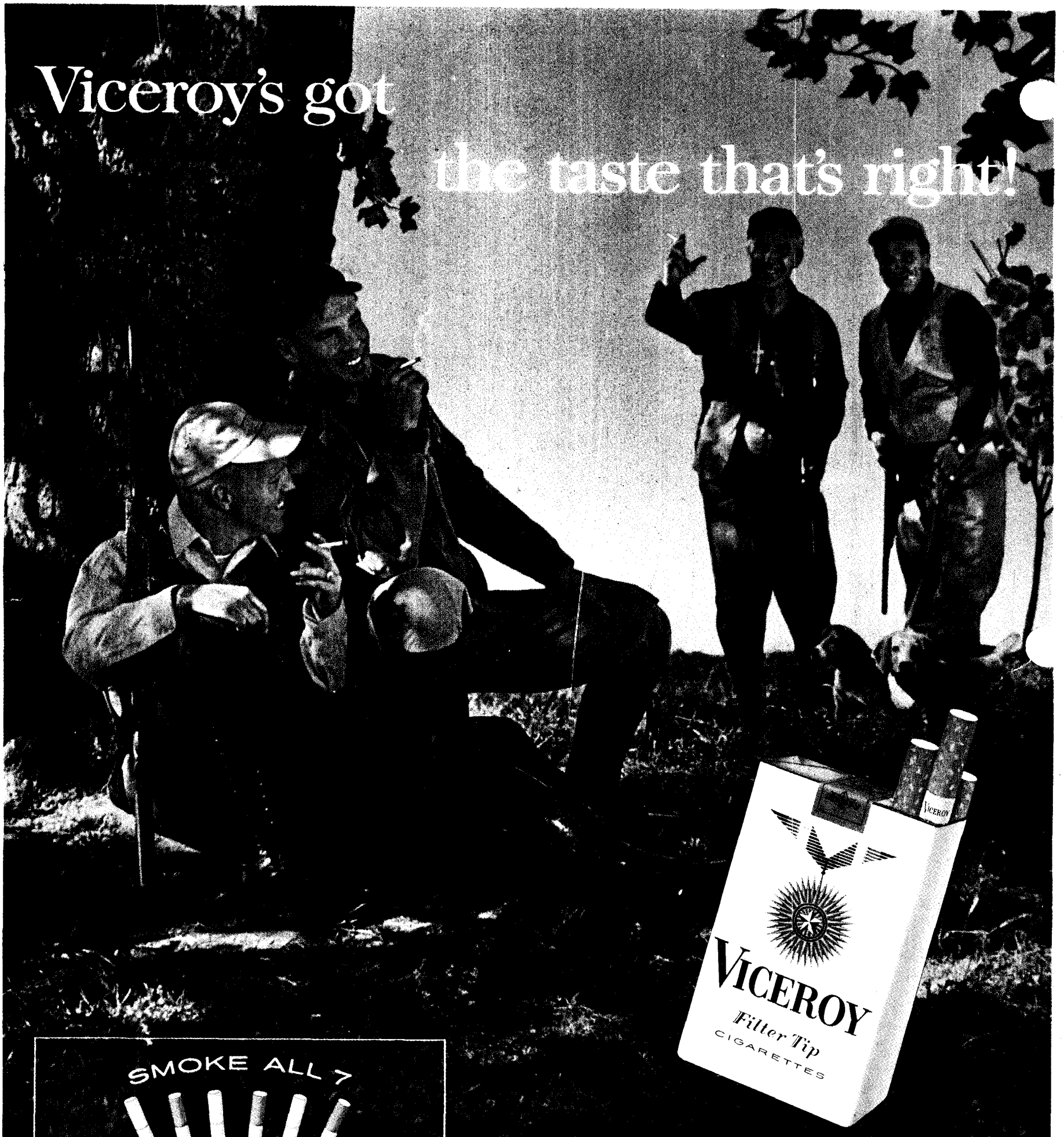

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